



# ELOCUTION

SELECTIONS FROM  
LEADING AUTHORS AND DRAMATISTS

WITH  
RULES AND INSTRUCTIONS  
AND CAREFULLY GRADUATED EXERCISES

BY  
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## PREFACE

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A new edition of this work being called for, it has been thought advisable to have the book thoroughly revised and considerably extended.

The Rules and Instructions have been rewritten and simplified, and should prove of great value, as they are the outcome of thirty years' experience in teaching Elocution. The extent of the book has been increased, and many of the pieces which appeared in previous editions have been withdrawn, so that room has been found for a very large addition of new reading matter. The selection of these new extracts has been very carefully made, and the book now includes Readings from the works of some of the best known modern authors, and from many of the most popular dramas. In order to meet the wants of Heads of Schools and Colleges a number of dramatic scenes have been so arranged that they can readily be performed by a number of the older pupils.



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# READING AND RECITING.

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## GENERAL HINTS TO READERS.

Stand easily, the shoulders thrown well back, and the head erect without stiffness. Hold the book in your left hand, and at a moderate distance from you. Turn over to the next page before reading aloud the last few words on the one preceding.

Open the mouth well. Never read with the teeth closed. Breathe silently and through the nostrils. Take a deep inspiration before commencing; raise the chest well and keep the lungs supplied with air during the longest utterance.

Always read the piece carefully over before attempting to read it aloud, so as to have some reliable guide for accent, emphasis, and tone.

Always have the picture you are describing, clearly before you in your mind's eye. This is of the first importance.

Endeavour, as far as you can, to identify yourself with your characters, and carry this principle out, even in reading the description of them.

Always read with deliberation, and, as a general rule, more slowly than you usually speak. Haste is a fruitful cause of blunders.

Suit your tone to the size of the room, and bear in mind that sound takes time to travel.

Raise your voice until you see that the person furthest from you appears to be hearing.

Try to read as if you were talking. Be Accurate, Firm, Deliberate, Distinct, Fluent, remembering at the same time that no beauty of speech will atone for pedantry or affectation.

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## TWELVE SIMPLE RULES.

### RULE I.—SPEAK OUT.

IN READING THE EXERCISES CONNECTED WITH THIS RULE BEGIN IN A MODERATE TONE, AND LET THE VOICE INCREASE AS THE SIZE OF THE TYPE INCREASES.

The SMALL type indicates the ORDINARY tone; the NEXT type, LOUDER; and the next, still LOUDER; and so on.

† The Exercises setting forth this Rule are arranged solely for practice in the strengthening of the voice.

NOTE.—Declamation does not mean shouting. What is wanted in the voice is QUALITY, not quantity. Power consists in being heard distinctly, and with melodious force. The power of a pianist consists not in his thumping of the piano, but in his judicious sounding of the best keys.

### Exercises.

#### THE SUN

Welcome, thou lord and lamp of day;  
 Welcome, thou harbinger of pleasant May;  
 Welcome, thou quick'ner of the flowers' sheen;  
 Welcome, thou fosterer of the herbs, I ween;  
 Welcome, thou ruler of the now bright year;  
 Welcome, thou cheerer of young hearts that fear;  
 Welcome, thou speeder of the homely plough;  
 Welcome, thou parent of wood, tree, and bough;  
 Welcome, thou limner of the blooming meads;  
 Welcome, thou life of everything that spreads.

#### THE SEA.

Great Ocean! strongest of creation's sons,  
 Unconquerable, unrepoused, untired,  
 That roll'd the wild, profound, eternal bass,  
 In nature's anthem, and made music, such  
 As pleased the ear of God! original,  
 Unmarr'd, unfaded work of Deity.  
 From age to age enduring and unchanged,  
 Majestical! inimitable! vast!  
 Uttering loud satire day and night, on each  
 Succeeding race, and little pompous work  
 Of man!—unfallen, religious, holy sea,  
 Thou bow'dst thy glorious head to none; feard'st  
 none;  
 Heard'st none; to none did'st honour.

## OMENS.

Away, ye dreams! what if it thunder'd now!  
Or if a ~~h~~aven cross'd me in my way!  
Or, now it comes, because last night I dream'd  
The council-hall was hung with crimson round,  
And all the ceiling plaster'd o'er with black!  
No more blue fires, and ye dull rolling lakes,  
Fathomless caves, ye dungeons of the night,—  
Phantoms, begone; if I must die, I'll fall  
True politician, and defy you all.

## THE ORATOR.

Elate he stood, with frank and earnest mien,  
No measured cadence heard, or motion seen;  
No art scholastic, no theatric grace,  
Unmeaning gesture, passion out of place,  
Mouthing, false emphasis, or labour'd leer.  
Nothing superfluous, nothing insincere,  
But man-like moved, and bore him in discourse  
Ardent and grave, and tempering still his force,  
With arms stretch'd forth, or folded, or at rest,  
As will'd the power by whom he seem'd possess'd,  
And with spontaneous sallies bright and bold,  
Resistless streams of oratory roll'd.

## CLARENCE'S DREAM.

As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloster stumbled, and, in falling  
Struck me (that thought to stay him) overboard  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!  
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in the holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,—  
As 'twere in scorn of eyes,—reflecting gems,  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Often did I strive  
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood  
Stopped in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

My dream was lengthen'd after life;  
O, then began the tempest to my soul!  
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;  
Who cried aloud,—“What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?”  
“Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjured  
Clarence,  
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—  
Seize on him, Furies, take him unto torment!!”  
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,  
I trembling waked.

#### A STORM AT SEA.

The sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific. Every appearance it had then presented, bore the expression of being *swelled*: and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in in interminable hosts, was most appalling. I saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next to me, pointed with his bare arm to the wreck.

Then, O great Heaven! I saw it, close in upon us! The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of  
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broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once. She was parting amidships. There was a great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast.

There was a bell on board. As the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, the bell rang; and its sound was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone.

The agony on shore increased: men groaned, and clasped their hands, women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for "HELP" where no help could be.

At length a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound—and THE SHIP WAS GONE!

## RULE II.

### SPEAK CLEARLY

SOUND YOUR VOWELS. Avoid clipping words.

There are FIVE VOWELS and TWO DIPHTHONGS, out of which we get SEVENTEEN Sounds:—

A has Four Sounds, as in *fate, far, fat, fall*; E has Three Sounds, as in *me, met, her*; I has Two Sounds, as in *pine, pin*; O has Three Sounds, as in *note, not, move*; U has Three Sounds, as in *tube, tub, bull*; OI has One Sound, as in *oil*; OU has One Sound, as in *pound*.

In the following Exercises the words printed in small capitals are to be sounded clearly, according to the vowel sound in preceding table.

### Exercises.

#### FIVE MINUTES TOO LATE.

MY UNCLE (not m'uncle) Jonathan was well to do in the world, and as his nephews were his NEAREST (not nirrest) relations, we had REASON (not rissen) to expect that his property would come



among us. He had, HOWEVER (not h'ever), one peculiarity, which effectually shut his door against me:—HE never was five minutes too late in an appointment in his life, and thought most contemptuously of those who were. I REALLY (not rilly) BELIEVE (not b'lieve) that I was somewhat a favourite with him until my unfortunate failing justly offended him.

He had OCCASION (not occashun) to go a journey, and I was directed to be with him at seven in the morning, to carry his portmanteau to the COACH. Alas! I was “five minutes too LATE” (not let), and he had left the house.

I hurried AFTER him, and, running till I could scarcely stand, arrived at one end of the STREET (not strt) just in time to SEE the COACH (not cauch) go off with my uncle at THE OTHER (not th'other)! Dearly did I pay for being “FIVE MINUTES TOO LATE.”

My Uncle Jonathan never FORGAVE ME, fully BELIEVING that I had done it on purpose to get rid of the trouble of carrying his PORTMANTEAU (not purtmanter). Years ROLLED AWAY, and I was not so much as permitted to enter his door.

TIME, however, HEALS (not hils) many a sore, and while it ruffles many a SMOOTH brow, smooths many a ruffled temper. My Uncle Jonathan so far relented that, when about to make his will, HE sent ME to call upon him exactly at ten o'clock. Determined to be in TIME, I set off, allowing myself some minutes to spare; and, pulling out my watch at the door, found that for once in my LIFE I had kept my appointment to the second. The servant, to my SURPRISE, TOLD me that MY UNCLE Jonathan had ordered the door to be shut in my FACE, for BEING behind my time! It was then I found out that my watch was too slow, and that I was exactly “FIVE MINUTES TOO LATE!”

Had I been earlier on that occasion I might have been provided for; but now I am a poor man, and a poor man I am LIKELY to REMAIN.—*Dr. John Brown.*

## THE WRECK OF THE “HESPERUS.”

“It was the SCHOONER “Hesperus,” that SAILED the wintry SEA; and the skipper had taken his little daughter to bear him company. Blue were her EYES as the FAIRY-flax, her CHEEKS like the dawn of DAY, and her bosom WHITE as the hawthorn buds, that OPE in the month of MAY. The skipper he stood BESIDE the helm, his PIPE was in his mouth, and he watched how the VEERING flaw did BLOW the smoke now west, now south. Then up and SPAKE an OLD SAILOR,

had sailed the Spanish MAIN, "I PRAY thee, put into yonder port, for I fear a hurricane. Last NIGHT, the MOON had a GOLDEN ring, and to-night no MOON we SEE!" The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe, and a scornful laugh laughed HE. COLDER and colder blew the wind, a GALE from the north-east; the SNOW fell hissing in the BRINE, and the billows frothed like YEAST. Down CAME the storm and SMOTE amain the vessel in its strength; she shuddered and paused, like a FRIGHTED STEED, then LEAPED her CABLE'S length. "Come hither! come hither! my little daughter, and do not tremble so; for I can weather the roughest GALE that ever wind did BLOW." He wrapped her warm in his seaman's COAT against the stinging blast; he cut a ROPE from a broken spar, and bound her to the mast. "O FATHER! I hear the church-bells ring; oh, say, what MAY it BE?" "'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound COAST!"—and he STEERED for the open sea. "O Father! I hear the sound of guns; oh, SAY, what may it be?" "Some ship in distress that cannot live in such an angry SEA!" "O Father! I see a GLEAMING light; oh, say, what may it be?" But the father answered never a word,—a frozen corpse was he. Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark, with his FACE turned to the SKIES, the lantern GLEAMED through the GLEAMING SNOW on his fixed and glassy eyes. Then the MAIDEN clasped her hands and PRAYED that SAVED she might be, and she thought of Christ, who stilled the WAVE on the LAKE of Galilee. And fast through the MIDNIGHT dark and drear, through the whistling SLEET and snow, like a SHEETED ghost, the vessel swept towards the REEF of Norman's Woe. And ever the fitful gusts BETWEEN a sound came from the land; it was the sound of the trampling surf on the rocks and the hard SEA-SAND. The breakers were right beneath her bows, she drifted a DREARY wreck, and a WHOOPING BILLOW swept the crew like icicles from her deck. SHE STRUCK—where the white and FLEECY waves looked soft as carded wool; but the cruel rocks, they gored her SIDE like the horns of an angry bull. Her rattling shrouds, all SHEATHED in ice, with the masts, went by the board; like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,—HO! HO! the breakers ROARED! At DAYBREAK, on the BLEAK SEA-BEACH, a fisherman stood aghast, to SEE the form of a MAIDEN fair lashed close to a drifting mast. The salt SEA was FROZEN on her breast, the salt TEARS in her eyes; and he saw her HAIR, like the brown sea-WEED, on the billows fall and rise. Such was the wreck of the "Hesperus," in the midnight and the SNOW! CHRIST, SAVE US all from a death like this, on the REEF of Norman's Woe!—*Longfellow.*

## RULE III.

## SOUND THE CONSONANTS.

Consonants are formed by the Vowel sounds coming into contact with various organs of the mouth, thus:—

P B are sounded chiefly through the LIPS.

F V by the UNDER LIP pressing slightly against the UPPER TEETH.

T D by the *tip* of the TONGUE against the ROOF of the MOUTH.

M N Ng are sounded chiefly through the *nostrils*, etc., etc.

Consonants which are to be sounded *pecially* are in italics.

## Exercises.

## WHICH WAS SHOT?

A duel was once fought by two men named *respectively* Shott and Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumour that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott, was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot, shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot, shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot, shot not Shott but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

## VICTIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Mr. Herbert Tomlinson was a widower with a grown-up daughter, who was eighteen years older than himself. Mr. Tomlinson was thirty years of age. Georgina, his daughter, fat and fair, was forty-eight. Mr. Tomlinson had married for money; his wife had departed a twelvemonth previously, bequeathing him as her only legacy, her daughter by her first husband. Mr. Tomlinson endeavoured "to marry her off;" but to no purpose. In vain did he speak to gushing young strangers of having a little "Popsey" at home when brought face to face with Georgina, the stoutest heart quailed. Mr. Tomlinson, tantalized by so many failures in contracting a matrimonial engagement for his child, determined, as a last resource, to negotiate nuptials for himself. But here he was doomed to be discomfited.

Georgina was a bombshell, whose devastating influence was felt far and wide. Whenever Mr. Tomlinson presented his daughter to the object of his affections, there was an end of him. Seven times had he been engaged, the day actually fixed, when his daughter's age and appearance shook, and finally shattered the promised heritage. Driven to desperation, Mr. Tomlinson secretly engaged himself to a young lady—Miss Ada Tumbleton—who lived with her papa in a pretty cottage in a rural village in the west of England. Down in Devonshire Herbert and Ada were to be married. Mr. Tomlinson was equipped for a trip to Torquay, to be married the following day. The cab was already in waiting to convey him to the terminus, when a heavy pair of creaking boots, and the pattering of two very small thin ones, were heard ascending the stairs, and Mr. Thomas Tumbleton, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Ada Tumbleton, entered the room. "I've just arrived from the terminus," said Tumbleton; "you know how ill I've been, only fancy, now! Every time I eat, and, indeed, I may say every time I don't eat, I feel a sort of a—all down here, and then all through here, and all round here, a kind of a ——" "What!" impatiently demanded Tomlinson. "That's the point! I don't know; my daughter don't know; my doctor don't know. So Ada decided we should take a trip to town, and that I should get cured at St. George's Hospital, she should get married at St. George's Church, and we'd stop at your house in the meantime." "What an idea!" thought Tomlinson. "Tumbleton's a widower as well as myself, he shall help me. I'll turn my father-in-law into my son-in-law! I'm going to marry his daughter; why shouldn't he marry mine?" That very night, exactly as the dining-room timepiece chimed half-past eleven, Tomlinson and Tumbleton faced each other. The crisis had come. Ada had encountered Georgina Tumbleton had met Tomlinson's thunderbolt. The old gentleman had mistaken her for Tomlinson's mother. Tumbleton dived into the dining-room and laughed; Ada bounced into the parlour and pouted; Georgina double-locked herself in her bed-room and screamed; and Tomlinson sought each and all by turns. His rounds had terminated in meeting Tumbleton in the dining-room. "Done!" exclaimed Tomlinson sitting down in despair. "I don't object," answered Tumbleton. "But your daughter does. Is there nothing that can induce her to hold her engagement still?" "Only one thing." "What is it?" eagerly asked Tomlinson. "Cure her father!" answered Tumbleton, "and I'll guarantee she's yours. My doctor's not to be found; you told me that you had been a bit of a doctor." "Of course," responded Tomlinson, "but I confined

my studies to intellectual disorders." "Mine's intellectual!" echoed Tumbleton. "Imagine to yourself, whenever I eat, and whenever I don't eat ——" Mr. Tomlinson advanced, took Tumbleton's right hand within one of his own, turned back the cuff of the old gentleman's coat with the other, and felt his patient's pulse. "Humph!" he muttered, drawing his hand across his chin, "Frequent, Intermittent, Inconsistent, Indolent, Eloquent." "Bless me!" exclaimed Tumbleton, starting. "How old are you?" inquired Tomlinson. "Fifty-four last birthday," answered the trembling Tumbleton. "I thought so. Had the measles?" Tumbleton nodded. "I thought so. Mumps?" Tumbleton shook his head. "I thought not." Tomlinson planted his hands firmly on his hips as he surveyed his victim, and replied, "The case is clear; your attack is a *chronical complication of epidemical sensations, acting through the nervous membranes, associated with the diaphanous cuticle, covering the inner metempsychosis of the periosteum.*" "THAT'S IT!" cried Tumbleton, jumping up, "that's where my complaint lies! It's the PERIOSTEUM! Where is it situated?" he asked. "Everywhere," answered the young practitioner. "Is there a remedy?" "Out of nine patients I lost eight." "But the ninth?" "Cured." "I MARRIED HIM. Of course," pursued Tomlinson, "Cause of complaint—the nerves! The nerves disarranged can only be reduced to order—calmed and soothed by a soft and winning wife." On a bright May morning, a month from that date, Mr. Thomas Tumbleton was married to Miss Georgina; and Mr. Tomlinson was engaged in a similar ceremony with Miss Ada. Mr. Tomlinson blessed *his* children, the late Miss Georgina and Mr. Thomas Tumbleton; and Mr. Thomas Tumbleton blessed *his* children, Mr. Herbert Tomlinson and the late Miss Ada Tumbleton. From subsequent correspondence of a year's later date, we learn that the nerves of Mr. and Mrs. Tumbleton received a terrible shock by the announcement that a son and heir had been bequeathed to the house of Tomlinson; Mr. Tumbleton has since suffered severely from an attack of mental exhaustion, consequent on endeavouring to decide what relation the new-comer bears towards him. Being conscious that he, Tumbleton, being now Tomlinson's *father*, has also become by marriage Tomlinson's *son*, it occurs to him now that his, Tumbleton's *daughter* has now become his *mother*; so the question is whether the infant Tomlinson, born to his daughter, is in point of law his *grandchild* or his *brother*!

## RULE IV.

## SOUND THE SYLLABLES.

First, Middle, and Last syllables should be sounded mostly as they are spelt. In the following Exercises these syllables are marked in italics; as in *Obedience*.

## Exercises.

## VALUE OF SYMPATHY.

Whenever we are formed by *Nature* for any *active purpose*, the passion which *animates* us to it is *attended* with *delight* or a *pleasure* of some kind, let the *subject* matter be what it will: and, as our *Creator* has *designed* that we should be *united* together by so strong a bond as that of *sympathy*, He has therefore *twisted* along with it a proportionable quantity of this *ingredient*; and *always* in the *greatest* proportion where our *sympathy* is *most wanted*,—in the *distresses* of others. If this passion was simply *painful*, we should shun, with the *greatest* care, all persons and places that could *excite* such a passion; as some, who are so far gone in *indolence* as not to *endure* any strong *impressions*, *actually* do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind: there is no spectacle we so *eagerly pursue*, as that of some *uncommon* and *grievous calamity*; so that, whether the *misfortune* is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in *history*, it *always* touches with *delight*; but it is not an unmixed *delight*, but *blended* with no small *uneasiness*. The *delight* we have in such things, hinders us from *shunning* scenes of misery; and the pain we *feel*, prompts us to *relieve* ourselves in *relieving* those who suffer: and all this (*antecedent* to any *reasoning*) by an *instinct* that works to its own purposes, without our concurrence.—*Burke*.

## GINEVRA.

She was an only child—her name *Ginevra*, the joy, the pride of an *indulgent* father; and in her *fifteenth* year became a bride, marrying an only son, *Francesco Doria*, her playmate from her birth, and her first love. She was all *gentleness*, all *gaiety*, her pranks the *favourite* theme of every tongue. But now the day was come, the day, the hour; now, *frowning*, *smiling*, for the *hundredth* time, the nurse, that *ancient* lady, preached *decorum*; and, in the lustre of her youth, she gave her hand, with her heart in it, to *Francesco*.

Great was the joy; but, at the nuptial feast, when all sat down, the bride herself was wanting. Nor was she to be found! Her father cried, "Tis but to make a *trial* of our love!" and filled his glass to all; but his hand shook, and soon from guest to guest the panic spread. 'Twas but that *instant* she had left Francesco, laughing, and looking back, and flying still—her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger. But now, alas! she was not to be found; nor from that hour could anything be guessed, but that she was not!

Weary of his life, Francesco flew to Venice, and embarking, flung it away in battle with the Turk. Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have seen an old man wandering as in quest of something, something he could not find—he knew not what. When he was gone, the house remained awhile silent and tenantless,—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten; when, on an idle day,—a day of search 'mid the old lumber in the gallery,—that mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said by one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra, "Why not remove it from its lurking-place?" 'Twas done as soon as said; but, on the way, it burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton, with here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone, a golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold! All else had perished—save a wedding-ring, and a small seal, her mother's legacy, *engraven* with a name, the name of both—"GINEVRA." THERE THEN HAD SHE FOUND A GRAVE! Within that chest had she concealed herself, fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy; when a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there, fastened her down for ever!—*Rogers*.

## RULE V.

### SOUND THE DEFINITE ARTICLE.

THE should be sounded FULL as "THEE" before a word beginning with a VOWEL or H mute, and SHORT as TH' before words beginning with CONSONANTS.

### Exercises.

#### THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in *the* air, no stir in *th'* sea, *th'* ship was still as she could be, her sails from heaven received no motion, her keel was steady in *the* ocean. Without either sign or sound of their shock, *th'* waves

flowed over *the* Inchcape Rock; so little they rose, so little they fell, they did not move *the* Inchcape Bell. *Th'* worthy Abbot of Aberbrothok had placed that bell on *the* Inchcape Rock; on a buoy, in *th'* storm it floated and swung, and over *th'* waves its warning rung. When *th'* rock was hid by *th'* surge's swell, *th'* mariners heard *th'* warning bell; and then they knew *th'* perilous Rock, and blessed *the* Abbot of Aberbrothok. *Th'* sun in heaven was shining gay; all things were joyful on that day; *th'* sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around, and there was joyance in their sound. *Th'* buoy of *the* Inchcape Bell was seen, a darker speck on *the* ocean green, Sir Ralph *th'* Rover walked his deck, and he fixed his eye on *th'* darker speck. His eye was on *the* Inchcape float: quoth he, "My men, put out *th'* boat, and row me to *the* Inchcape Rock; I'll plague *the* Abbot of Aberbrothok!" *Th'* boat is lowered, *th'* boatmen row, and to *the* Inchcape Rock they go, Sir Ralph bent over from *th'* boat, and he cut *th'* bell from *the* Inchcape float. Down sunk *th'* bell with a gurling sound, *th'* bubbles rose and burst around; quoth Sir Ralph, "*Th'* next who comes to *th'* Rock won't bless *the* Abbot of Aberbrothok." Sir Ralph *th'* Rover sailed away, he scoured *th'* seas for many a day; and now, grown rich with plundered store, he steers his course for Scotland's shore. So thick a haze o'erspreads *th'* sky they cannot see *th'* sun on high; *th'* wind hath blown a gale all day, at evening it hath died away. "Canst hear," said one, "*th'* breakers roar? for methinks we should be near *th'* shore!" "Now where we are I cannot tell, but I wish I could hear *the* Inchcape Bell." They hear no sound, *th'* swell is strong; though *th'* wind hath fallen they drift along, till *th'* vessel strikes with a shivering shock—"Oh, Fate! it is *the* Inchcape Rock!" Sir Ralph *th'* Rover tore his hair, he cursed himself in his despair; *th'* waves rush in on every side, *th'* ship is sinking beneath *th'* tide. But ever in his dying fear one dreadful sound could *th'* Rover hear. a sound as if with *the* Inchcape Bell *th'* Fiends below were ringing his knell.

—*Southey.*

## AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS DAY.

On Christmas morning grandpapa and grandmamma, with as many of *th'* children as *th'* pew will hold, go to church in great state: leaving Aunt George at home dusting decanters and filling castors, and Uncle George carrying bottles into *th'* dining-parlour, and calling for cork-screws, and getting into everybody's way.

When *th'* church-party return to lunch, grandpapa produces a small sprig of mistletoe from his pocket, and tempts *th'* boys to kiss



their little cousins under it—a proceeding which affords both *th'* boys and *the* old gentleman unlimited satisfaction, but which rather outrages grandmamma's ideas of decorum, until grandpapa says that when he was just thirteen years and three months old, he kissed grandmamma under a mistletoe too, on which *th'* children clap their hands, and laugh very heartily, as do Aunt George and Uncle George; and grandmamma looks pleased, and says, with a benevolent smile, that grandpapa was an impudent young dog, on which *th'* children laugh very heartily again, and grandpapa more heartily than any of them.

As to *th'* dinner, it's perfectly delightful—nothing goes wrong, and everybody is in *th'* very best of spirits, and disposed to please and be pleased. Grandpapa relates a circumstantial account of *th'* purchase of *th'* turkey, with a slight digression relative to *th'* purchase of previous turkeys, on former Christmas-days, which grandmamma corroborates in *th'* minutest particular. Uncle George tells stories, and carves poultry, and takes wine, and jokes with *th'* children at *th'* side-table, and exhilarates everybody with his good humour and hospitality; and when, at last, a stout servant staggers in with a gigantic pudding, with a sprig of holly in *th'* top, there is such a laughing, and shouting, and clapping of little chubby hands, and kicking up of fat dumpy legs, as can only be equalled by *the* applause with which *the* astonishing feat of pouring lighted brandy into mince-pies is received by *th'* younger visitors. Then *th'* dessert!—and *th'* wine!—and *th'* fun! Such beautiful speeches, and such songs! Even grandpapa not only sings his annual song with unprecedented vigour, but on being honoured with an unanimous *encore*, according to annual custom, actually comes out with a new one which nobody but grandmamma ever heard before. And thus *the* evening passes, in a strain of rational good-will and cheerfulness, doing more to awaken *th'* sympathies of every member of *th'* party in behalf of his neighbour, and to perpetuate their good feeling during *the* ensuing year, than half *th'* treatises that have ever been written, by half *th'* philosophers that have ever lived.

—*Dickens.*

## O'BRAZIL—THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

On *the* Ocean, that hollows *th'* rocks where ye dwell, a shadowy land has appeared, as they tell: men thought it a region of sunshine and rest, and they called it, "O'Brazil, *the* Isle of *th'* Blest." From year unto year, on *the* ocean's blue rim, *th'* beautiful spectre showed

lovely and dim; *th'* golden clouds curtailed *th'* deep where it lay,—and it looked like an Eden,—away, far away! A peasant, who heard of *th'* wonderful tale, in *th'* breeze of *the* Orient loosened his sail; from Ara, *th'* holy, he turned to *th'* West, for, though Ara was holy, O'Brazil was blest! He heard not *th'* voices that called from *th'* shore—he heard not *th'* rising wind's menacing roar: home, kindred, and safety he left on that day, . . . and he sped to O'Brazil,—away, far away! Morn rose on *th'* deep!—and that shadowy Isle o'er *th'* faint rim of distance reflected its smile; Noon burned on *th'* wave!—and that shadowy shore seemed lovelily distant, and faint as before; lone Evening came down on *th'* wanderer's track, and to Ara again he looked timidly back:—oh! far on *th'* verge of *the* ocean it lay, yet *the* Isle of *th'* blest was away, far away! Rash dreamer, return! O ye winds of *th'* main, bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again! Rash fool! for a vision of fanciful bliss, to barter thy calm life of labour and peace; *th'* warning of reason was spoken in vain, he never revisited Ara again! . . . Night fell on *th'* deep, amidst tempest and spray, and he died on *th'* waters, away, far away!—*G. Griffin.*

## RULE VI.

### READ BRIGHTLY.

Let the voice FALL only at the end of a PARAGRAPH. Pause slightly, and sustain the voice at COMMAS; hold it on LONGER at COLONS and SEMICOLONS; RAISE it at BREAKS and NOTES of EXCLAMATION.

The COMMAS are marked over words thus: , SEMICOLONS and COLONS ;, BREAKS and PERIODS —. Let the voice fall slightly at PERIODS.

### Exercises.

#### OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

They were a young lad of eighteen or nineteen, and his mother, a lady of about fifty, or it might be less. The mother wore a widow's weeds, and the boy was also clothed in deep mourning. They were poor—very poor; for their only means of support arose from the pittance the boy earned by copying writings for booksellers. They

had removed from some country place and settled in London; partly because it afforded better chances of employment for the boy, and partly, perhaps, with the natural desire to leave a place where they had been in better circumstances, and where their poverty was known. They were proud under their reverses, and above revealing their wants and privations to strangers. How bitter those privations were, and how hard the boy worked to remove them, no one ever knew but themselves. Night after night—two, three, four, hours after midnight—could we hear the occasional raking up of the scanty fire, or the hollow or half-stifled cough, which indicated his being still at work; and day after day, could we see more plainly that Nature had set that unearthly light in his plaintive face which is the beacon of her worst disease. A few shillings now and then were all the mother could earn. The boy worked steadily on; dying by minutes, but never once giving utterance to complaint, or murmur. One beautiful autumn evening we went to pay our customary visit to the invalid. His little remaining strength had been decreasing rapidly for two or three days preceding, and he was lying on the sofa at the open window, gazing at the setting sun. His mother had been reading the Bible to him, for she closed the book as we entered, and advanced to meet us. We sat down by the head of the sofa, but said nothing, for we saw that the breath of life was passing gently but rapidly from the young form before us. At every respiration his heart beat more slowly. The boy placed one hand in ours, grasped his mother's arm with the other, drew her hastily towards him, and fervently kissed her cheek. There was a pause. He sank back upon his pillow, and looked long and earnestly in his mother's face. "William, William!" murmured the mother after a long interval, "don't look at me so—speak to me, dear." The boy smiled languidly, but an instant afterwards his features resolved themselves into the same cold, solemn gaze. "William, dear William! rouse yourself, dear; don't look at me so, love—pray don't! Alas! alas! what shall I do?" cried the widow, clasping

her hands in agony—"my dear Boy! he is Dying!" The boy raised himself by a violent effort, and folded his hands together—"Mother! dear, dear mother, bury me in the open fields—anywhere but in these dreadful streets. I should like to be where you can see my grave, but not in these close crowded streets; they have killed me; kiss me again, mother: put your arm round my neck—" He fell back, and a strange expression stole upon his features; not of pain or suffering, but an indescribable fixing of every line and muscle. THE BOY WAS DEAD.—*Dickens.*

### ADVICE TO PLAYERS.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand—thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings. who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.—Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.—*Shakspeare.*

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## RULE VII.

## READ NATURALLY.

Questions should be read as if you were asking, not reading them.

*N.B.*—Practise asking a number of ordinary questions before reading the following ones, and you will find that you will, without being aware of it, RAISE your voice at the end of questions which can be answered by YES or NO. At others you will occasionally drop the voice so; as, Is John a good boy? Where were you yesterday? Are they of the seed of Abraham? So am I.

## Exercises.

## THE STUMP ORATOR

"You are a slave," said the red-faced man, "and the most pitiable of all slaves. Are you not a willing slave? Are you not resigning the dearest birthright of your liberty? Does it not stand imploringly before you? Does it not point to your helpless infants? but in vain. What is a man? What is an Englishman? Is he to be trampled upon at everybody's bidding? Is he to be knocked down by every oppressor? What's freedom? Not a standing army. What's a standing army? Not freedom. What's general happiness? Is it universal misery? Liberty is not the income tax, is it? The lords are not the commons, are they?"

## MRS. CAUDLE ON UMBRELLAS.

"That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it,

I say? Oh, you do hear it? Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse. Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella! But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No: and I won't have a cab. Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least—sixteen-pence! two-and-eightpence, for there and back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; I can't pay for 'em, and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas! Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow: I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way,—and you know that will give me my death. Nice clothes I shall get, too, trapesing, through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once,—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go like a lady. Oh! that rain, if it isn't enough to break in the windows. And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me

that I said I would go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we sha'n't have at all—because we've no umbrella. The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet: for they sha'n't stop at home—they sha'n't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't: you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They shall go to school, mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault—I didn't lend the umbrella."—*Douglas Jerrold.*

## HAMLET AND HORATIO.

### THREE SPEAKERS.

HAMLET, . . . . . Prince of Denmark.

HORATIO, . . . . . his Friend.

MARCELLUS, . . . . . a Soldier.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen, Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch, in the dead waste and middle of the night, been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father, armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pie, appears before them, and, with solemn march, goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd by their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes, within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd almost to jelly with the act of fear, stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me in dreadful secrecy impart they did; and I with them the third night kept the watch: where, as they had deliver'd, both in time, form of the thing, each word made true and good, the apparition comes: I knew your father; these hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.* My lord, I did; but answer made it none; yet once, methought, it lifted up its head, and did address itself to motion, like as it would speak: but, even then, the morning cock crew loud, and at the sound it shrunk in haste away, and vanished from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true; and we did think it writ down in our duty, to let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me. Hold you the watch to-night?

*Mar.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?

*Mar.* Arm'd, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*Mar.* My lord, from head to foot

*Ham.* Then saw you not his face?

*Hor.* O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fixed his eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have much amaz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like. Very like: Stay'd it long?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

*Mar. & Ber.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw it.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzled,—no?

*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life, a sable silver'd.

*Ham.* I will watch to-night; perchance, 'twill walk again.

*Hor.* I warrant it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person, I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape, and bid me hold my peace.

—*Shakspeare.*

## RULE VIII.

### AVOID MONOTONY.

SMALL WORDS, such as *and*, *at*, *what*, *which*, *was*, *there*, *that*, *in*, etc., or words comparatively unimportant to the sentence, should be read quicker than the rest.



Let the metre in poetry be heard by pausing, but not dropping the voice, at the end of the lines; as,

"She sat beneath the birchen tree, her elbow resting on her knee." .

In the following Exercises the words which must be read more quickly than the rest are printed in smaller Roman type.

### Exercises.

#### THE SHERIFF OF SAUMUR.

Once when the king was travelling through his realm, as kings were wont to do in ancient times, when royalty was deemed a goodly sight to see, it chanced the Sheriff of Saumur (a city in the royal tour) was chosen by the magistrates to meet the monarch at the gates, and in a handsome speech declare how glad and proud the people were to see his majesty; and say such compliments as subjects pay, as being but the proper thing on such occasions, to the king. "Sire!" said the sheriff (so the speech began, of course,) "Sire! we beseech your gracious majesty to hear the humble words of hearty cheer with which—great Sire!—with which, through me, the people greet your majesty. We are so glad to see you, Sire, that—that—" and here the speech hung fire! "So glad—the people of our town—that—that—" and here the man broke down! Whereat a courtier said, "I'm sure these worthy people of *Saumur* are glad, my liege, to see you here; *that* seems to me extremely clear; and don't his Honour's speech confess it? So glad, indeed, they CAN'T EXPRESS IT!"—*J. G. Saxe.*

#### THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

One of the Kings of Scanderoon, a Royal Jester, had in his train a gross buffoon, who used to pester the court with tricks inopportune, venting on the highest folks his scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes. It needs some sense to play the fool, which wholesome rule occurred not to our jackanapes, who consequently found his freaks lead to innumerable scrapes, and quite as many kicks and tweaks, which only seemed to make him faster try the patience of his master. Some sin, at last, beyond all measure, incurr'd the desperate displeasure of his serene and raging highness whether he twitch'd his most revered and sacred beard, or had intruded on the shyness of the Seraglio, or let fly an epigram at royalty, none knows; his sin was an occult one; but records tell us that the Sultan, meaning to terrify the knave, exclaimed—"Tis time to stop that breath; thy doom is sealed: presumptuous slave! Thou stand'st condemned to certain death. Silence, base rebel! no replying! But such is my indul-

gence still, that, of my own free grace and will, I leave to thee the mode of dying." "Thy royal will be done—'tis just," replied the wretch, and kiss'd the dust; "since, my last moments to assuage, your Majesty's humane decree has deign'd to leave the choice to me, I'll die, so please you—OF OLD AGE!"—*Horace Smith.*

### ELIZA'S ESCAPE.

The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound; every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. The child slept. At first the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but his mother so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking to sleep—"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?" "No, my darling; sleep if you want to." "But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let him get me?" "No! so may Heaven help me!" said his mother, with a paler cheek, and a brighter light in her large dark eyes. "You're sure, an't you, mother?" "Yes, sure!" said the mother, in a voice that startled herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within that was no part of her. An hour before sunset, she entered a village by the Ohio river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side. It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro and formed a great undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore. Eliza saw at once this must prevent the usual ferry boat from running, and turned into a small public-house on the bank to make a few inquiries. "Take him into this room," said the hostess, opening into a small bed-room where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hands in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thoughts of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters, that lay between her and liberty. In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three-quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the pursuing party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back,—the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door. A

thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly to Sam and Andy, 'he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground, and an instant brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came, and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond! The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake,—stumbling—leaping—slipping—springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone—her stockings out from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

## RULE IX.

### UNDERSTAND! READ AND MARK.

THINK over the *meaning* of the piece before you read aloud, and EMPHASISE accordingly. AVOID emphasising any words *not necessary* to bring out the sense, especially pronouns and prepositions and articles and conjunctions. EMPHASISE both PREDICATE and OBJECT when they are mentioned for the *first time*. Avoid emphasising them *afterwards*, as:—

*Tom struck his brother.* When Tom struck his brother there was no one *near*. The FEWER words you emphasise the more force you will give to the passage. Try this with some sentences; such as—

"I come to *Bury* Ceasar not to *Praise* him."

Remember all sentences and all words are but for the purpose of conveying ideas.

Try first to grasp the idea, and then emphasise ONLY the words which serve to render the idea clear.

Emphasise more or less strongly in the following Exercises, according to the type.

## Exercises.

## THE DAY IS DONE.

The *Day is done*, and the *darkness* falls from the wings of Night, as a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in his flight. I see the *lights of the village* gleam through the *rain* and the *mist*, and a *feeling of sadness* comes o'er me, that my soul cannot resist: A feeling of sadness and longing, that is *not akin to pain*, and resembles *sorrow only* as the mist resembles the rain. Come, read to me some *POEM*, some simple and heartfelt lay, that shall *soothe* this restless feeling, and *banish the thoughts of day*. Not from the grand old masters, not from the *bards sublime*, whose distant footsteps echo through the corridors of Time. For, like strains of martial music, *their mighty thoughts suggest* life's *endless toil* and endeavour; and to-night I long for *REST*. Read from some *humbler poet*, whose songs *gushed from his heart*, as showers from the clouds of summer, or tears from the eyelids start; who, through *long days of labour*, and nights devoid of ease, still *heard* in his soul the music of wonderful melodies. *Such songs* have power to quiet the restless pulse of care, and come like the *benediction* that follows after prayer. Then read from the treasured volume the poem of thy choice, and lend to the *rhyme of the poet* the *beauty of thy voice*. And the *night* shall be filled with music, and the *cares* that infest the day, shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, and as *silently steal away*.

—Longfellow.

## SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the *South* at *break of day*, bringing to Winchester fresh *dismay*, the affrighted air with a shudder bore, like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door, the terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar, telling *the battle was on once more*—and *Sheridan twenty miles away!* And *under* still those billows of war, thundered along the horizon's bar; and *louder* yet into Winchester rolled the roar of that red sea uncontrolled, making the blood of the listener cold, as he thought of the *stake* in that fiery fray,—with Sheridan *TWENTY miles away!* But there is a road from Winchester town, a good broad highway leading down; and *there*, through the flush of the morning light, a *steed* as black as the steeds of night, was *seen to pass*, as with eagle flight, as if he *knew the terrible need*; he stretched away with his *utmost speed*; hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay—with Sheridan *FIFTEEN miles away!* Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South, the dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth; or the trail

of a comet sweeping faster and faster, foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster. The *heart* of the *steed*, and the *heart* of the *master* were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls, impatient to be where the battle-field calls; *every nerve of the charger* was strained to *full play*, with Sheridan only *TEN miles* away! He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray, with Sheridan only *FIVE miles* away! The *first* that the General saw were the *groups of stragglers*, and then, the *retreating troops*!—What was *done*?—what to *do*?—a glance told him *both*, and striking his spurs, with a terrible oath, he *dashed down the line*, 'mid a storm of huzzas, and the wave of *retreat checked its course there*, because the sight of the *master compelled* it to *pause*. With *foam* and with *dust*, the black charger was *gray*; by the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play, he seemed to the whole great army to say, "I have brought you Sheridan all the way from Winchester down, TO SAVE THE DAY!"—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

### PUNISHMENT OF A SPY.

It was under the *burning influence* of *REVENGE* that the wife of Macgregor commanded that the hostage exchanged for her husband's safety should be brought into her presence. They dragged forward at her summons a *wretch already half dead with terror*, in whose agonized features I recognized, to my horror and astonishment, my *old acquaintance* MORRIS. He fell *prostrate* before the female chief with an effort to clasp her knees, from which *she drew back*, as if his touch had been *pollution*; so that *all* he could do, in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to *kiss the hem* of her *plaid*. With *cheeks as pale as ashes*, *hands compressed in agony*, *eyes* that seemed to be taking their *last look* of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, *his total ignorance* of *any design* on the *life of Rob Roy*, whom he *swore* he *loved* and *honoured* as *his own soul*. In the inconsistency of his terror, he said *he was* but the *agent of others*, and he muttered the name of RASHLEIGH. He prayed but for *life*—for *LIFE* he would give all he had in the world; it was but *LIFE* he asked—*LIFE* if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations: he asked only *BREATH*, though it should be drawn in the damps of the lowest caverns of their hills. It is impossible to describe the *scorn*, the *loathing*, and *contempt* with which the wife of Macgregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence. "I *could* have bid you live," she said, "had life been to *you* the same weary and wasting burden that it is to *me*. But *you!* Wretch! you could creep through the world *unaffected* by its

various disgraces, its ineffable miseries—you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed—while nameless and birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and long-descended: you could enjoy yourself, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of; you shall DIE, base dog, and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun." She gave a brief command in Gaelic to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered. As the executioners dragged him along, he recognized me, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, "Oh, Mr. Osbaldistone, SAVE ME! SAVE ME!" The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck. Half naked, and thus manacled, they hurried him into the lake, drowning his last death-shriek with a wild halloo of vindictive triumph.

—Sir Walter Scott.

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## RULE X.

### READ WITH EARNESTNESS.

In order to read with effect you must FEEL what you read.

SUIT your voice to the nature of the SENTENCE, and sometimes to certain WORDS.

When we speak to any one, we never speak two consecutive sentences and rarely two consecutive words in exactly the same TONE. For instance, in speaking of any one for whom we feel aversion we utter words of dislike, as *cruel, mean, hard, stingy*, in a very different tone to that we use in speaking of one that we love and respect. Of God's love we should speak *softly*, for all love conveys an idea of gentleness; tenderly, when we allude to a mother's fondness; and in a soft tone when uttering such words as *gentle, peaceful*, etc. We use a bright, sharp, decisive tone in alluding to *courage, firmness, hardness, strength*. It must be a very impassive person who would say he *hated* somebody in the same tone as that in which he said of somebody else he *admired him immensely*. We should never, for instance, complain of a day being *cold* in the same tone that we should of its being *too warm*. The tone would correspond exactly to our feelings in regard to the subject. It would be in agreement with the effect the weather produced upon us. If we are speaking of any mysterious occurrence

we naturally lower our voice. If we are *angry* or *indignant* we raise your voice. If we are *sad* our voice *sinks* as we tell of everything and everybody connected with our grief. If we are *resigned*, our tone will be *calm*. If we wish to force a conviction on a person we shall unconsciously lay a *stronger* stress, and tone on the convincing words. If we notice well, in fact, HOW we SPEAK when we are in *earnest*, we shall soon learn how to seem in *earnest* when we read. EVERY feeling will soon find its own tone, and that tone will tend to raise a sympathetic feeling in the minds of listeners.

### Exercises.

(Suit the Tone to the Words Italicised.)

#### OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME.

Moderate force  
Soft  
Loud and quick.  
Soft  
Slow and soft.

Quicker

Loud.

Soft.

Slow.

Soft.

Quick.

Slow.

Moderate.  
Slow  
Moderate.

There is a land, of *every* land the *pride*, beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside; where brighter suns dispense serener light, and milder moons emparadise the night; a land of *beauty—virtue—valour—truth, time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth*; the wandering mariner—whose eye explores the wealthiest isles, the most *enchanting shores*—views not a realm so *bountiful and fair*, nor breathes the spirit of a *purser air*; in every clime, the magnet of his soul, touched by remembrance, trembles to *THAT* pole; for in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace, the *heritage* of Nature's noblest race, there is a spot of earth SUPREMELY blest—a *dearer, sweeter* spot than all the *rest*, where *man*—creation's tyrant—casts aside his *sword and sceptre, pageantry, and pride*, while in his softened looks benignly blend the *sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend*;—Here *WOMAN* reigns—the *mother, daughter, wife*, strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life! In the clear heaven of her *delightful* eye, an angel-guard of loves and graces lie; around her knees *domestic duties* meet—and *fire-side pleasures* gambol at her feet. “Where shall that land, that spot on earth be found?”—Art thou a *MAN*?—a *PATRIOT*?—look around; O thou, shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam, that land *THY COUNTRY*, and that spot thy *HOME*.—*Jas. Montgomery*

# ORLANDO AND ROSALIND

## TWO CHARACTERS.

ROSALIND, . . . disguised as a Young Man.

ORLANDO, . . . her Lover.

### SCENE—A Forest.

*Ros.* I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. (*Aside*)—Hem! Do you hear, forester?

*Or.* Very well; what would you?

*Ros.* I pray you. . . what is't o'clock?

*Or.* You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no *true lover* in the forest; else *sighing* every minute, and *groaning* every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

*Or.* And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Or.* I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a *se'nnight*, Time's pace is so hard that it *seems the length of seven year*.

*Or.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one *sleeps easily*, because he cannot study; and the other lives *merrily*, because he feels no pain.

*Or.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a *thief to the gallows*; for, though he go as *softly as foot can fall*, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Or.* Who *stays* it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation. for *they sleep between term and term*, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Low tone.

Loud.  
Quick, middle  
pitch

Quick.

Moderate tone

Middle pitch.

Middle pitch.

Middle pitch.

Middle pitch.

Slow and low.

Light, high, and  
quick



*Or.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Slow  
Quick and high.

*Ros.* With yon shepherdess, my sister; here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Or.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Slow

*Ros.* I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank my stars I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Light.

Slower.

*Or.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Quick and light.

*Ros.* There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

*Or.* I prithee, recount some of them.

Slow.

*Ros.* No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, *deifying* the name of "Rosalind." If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the *quotidian* of love upon him.

Dejectedly.

*Or.* I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Laughing.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

*Or.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek,—which you have not; a blue eye and sunken,—which you have not; an *unquestionable spirit*,—which you have not; a beard neglected,—which you have not; (but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:) then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a *careless desolation*. But you are no such man; you are rather point-

Change to high  
pitch.

devise in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

*Or.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired? Laughing.

*Or.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that *unfortunate* he!

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

*Or.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it—by counsel. Quick, laughing.

*Or.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine ME his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I—being but a moonish youth—*grieve*, be *effeminate*, *changeable*, *longing*, and *liking*; *proud*, *fantastical*, *apish*, *shallow*, *inconstant*; full of *tears*, full of *smiles*; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything—as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now *like* him—now *loathe* him; then *entertain* him,—then *forswear* him; now *weep* for him,—then *spit* at him; . . . that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to *forswear* the full stream of the *world*, and to *live in a nook* merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as *clean* as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Or.* I would not be cured, youth. Alternate.  
high and low,  
slow and fast, and  
suit the tone to  
the nature of the  
word.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me. Moderate.  
High and quick.

**Laughing** Or. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

**Very bright** Or. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay! you must call me Rosalind.

*Scene from "As You Like It."*

## HAMLET AND THE QUEEN.

### TWO CHARACTERS.

HAMLET, ..... Prince of Denmark.

GERTRUDE, ..... the Queen, his Mother.

### SCENE—*The Queen's Chamber.*

**Medium force**

*Ham.* Now, mother, what's the matter?

**Gradually increase.**

*Qu.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

**Medium force.**

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended.

**Gradual increase**

*Qu.* Come, come! you answer with an *idle* tongue.

**Loud.**

*Ham.* Go, go, you question with a *wicked* tongue.

*Qu.* Why, how now, Hamlet!

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

**Soft and slow**

*Qu.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.* No, by the rood, not so! you are the Queen! your husband's brother's wife; and—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

**Firm.**

*Qu.* Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

**Quick and low.**

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge; you go not till I set you up a glass where you may see the inmost part of you!

**Loud.**

*Qu.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not *murder* me?

**Slow and strong**

*Ham.* Leave *wringing* of your hands! Peace! sit you down, and let me wring your heart; for so I shall, if it be made of penetrable stuff; if wicked custom have not brazed it so, that it is *proof* and *bulwark* against sense.

**Indignant.**

*Qu.* What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue in noise so rude against me?

**Deep and strong.**

*Ham.* Such an act that *blurs* the grace and blush of *modesty*; calls Virtue, Hypocrite; takes off the *rose* from the *fair forehead* of an innocent love, and sets a

**Middle pitch.**

*blister* there; makes marriage vows as *false* as dicers' oaths; Oh, such a deed as from the body of contraction plucks the very soul; and *sweet Religion* makes a *rhapsody of words!* Ah me! that act!

*Qu.* Ah me, what act, that roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

*Ham.* Look here, upon this picture;—and on this. The counterfeit presentment of two brothers. See, what a *grace* was seated on this brow!—*Hyperion's* curls; the front of *Jove* himself; an eye like Mars, to threaten and command; a station like the herald Mercury, new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill; a combination, and a form, indeed, where every god did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a MAN. This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:—Here is your husband,—like a *mildev'd* ear, *blasting* his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? Could you on this *fair Mountain* leave to feed, and batten on this *Moor?* Ha! have you eyes? you cannot call it *Love*; for, at your age, the hey-day in the blood is *tame!* it's *humble!* and waits upon the judgment! And what judgment would step from this to this! O *shame!* where is thy blush?

*Qu.* O Hamlet, speak no more! thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul; and there I see such *black* and *grained* spots, as will not leave their tinct.

*Ham.* Nay, but to live stewed in corruption, honeying and making love over the nasty sty,—

*Qu.* O, speak to me no more! These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears; no more, sweet Hamlet!

*Ham.* A *murderer* and a *villain*; a *slave*, that is not twentieth part the tithe of your precedent lord:—a *Vice* of kings; a *cutpurse* of the empire and the rule, that from a shelf the precious diadem *stole*, and put it in his pocket—

*Qu.* No more!

*Ham.* A king of *shreds* and *patches!*— [Enter Ghost] Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, you heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

*Qu.* Alas! he's mad.

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide, that, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by the important acting of your dread command? O, say!

Low, strong and slow.

*Ght.* Do not forget: this visitation is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose. But, look! amazement on thy mother sits: O, step between her and her fighting soul; conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;—speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

High and quick.

*Qu.* Alas, how is't with you, that you do bend your eye on *vacancy*, and with the *incorporal air* do hold discourse? O, gentle son! upon the heat and flame of thy distemper, sprinkle cool *patience*. Whereon do you look?

Slow and deep

*Ham.* On him! on him!—Look you, how *pale* he glares! His form and cause conjoined, preaching to *stones*, would make them capable.—Do not look upon me: lest, with this piteous action, you convert my stern effects: then what I have to do will want true colour; *tears*, perchance for blood.

*Qu.* To whom do you speak this?

Low

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

Astonished.

*Qu.* Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Qu.* No, nothing, but ourselves.

Middle pitch, quick, deep, and strong

*Ham.* Why, look you there! look how it steals away! My FATHER, in his habit, as he lived! Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [Exit Ghost]

*Qu.* This is the very coinage of your brain: this bodiless creation ecstasy is very cunning in.

Quietly.

*Ham.* Ecstasy! My pulse, as yours, doth *temperately* keep time, and makes as healthful music: It is not madness that I have uttered: bring me to the test, and I the matter will re-word; which madness would gambol from. Mother! for *love of grace*, lay not that flattering unction to your soul, that not your trespass, but my madness speaks: it will but *skin* and *film* the ulcerous place; whilst *rank corruption*, mining all within, infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven: *repent* what's past; avoid what is to come.

With increasing earnestness.

*Qu.* O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Slow middle

*Ham.* O, throw away the worse part of it, and live the purer with the other half. Good night! And, when you are desirous to be blessed, I'll blessing beg of you. So, again, good night!—*Scene from "Hamlet."*

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a *spreading chestnut tree* the *village smithy* stands; the SMITH, a *mighty man* is he, with *large* and *sinevy hands*; and the muscles of his *brawny arms* are STRONG as iron bands. His *hair* is *crisp*, and *black*, and *long*, his *face* is like the tan; his *brow* is wet with honest sweat, he earns whate'er he *can*; and *looks* the whole world in the FACE, for he *owes not any man*. Week *in*, week *out*, from morn till night you can hear his bellows blow; you can hear him swing his heavy sledge, with *measured beat* and *slow*, like a sexton ringing the village-bell, when the evening sun is low. And *children* coming home from school look *in* at the open door; they love to *see* the flaming forge, and hear the bellows roar, and catch the burning *sparks* that fly like chaff from a threshing floor. He goes on *Sunday* to the *church*, and sits among his boys; he hears the parson *pray* and *preach*—he hears his DAUGHTER'S VOICE singing in the village choir, and it makes his heart REJOICE. It sounds to him like her MOTHER'S voice, singing in Paradise! He needs must think of her *once more*, how in the GRAVE she lies; and with his *hard, rough hand* he wipes a *tear* out of his eyes. *Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing*, onward through life he goes; each morning sees some task *begin*, each evening sees it close: something *attempted*, something DONE, has earned a night's repose. THANKS, THANKS to thee, my worthy friend, for the *lesson* thou hast taught! thus at the flaming forge of life our *fortunes* must be wrought; thus on its sounding anvil shaped each *burning deed* and *thought*.—*Longfellow*.

Moderate

Load and firm

Soft

Slow

Very soft

Brighter

Loudier

## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

The refrain should be read in imitation of the ticking of a clock.

Somewhat back from the village-street stands the *old-fashioned country-seat*; across its antique portico tall poplar-trees their shadows throw, and from its station in the hall, an ANCIENT TIMEPIECE says to all,—“FOR EVER—NEVER! NEVER—for EVER!” Halfway up the stairs it stands, and points and beckons with its hands

Moderate

from its case of massive oak; like a *monk*, who, under his cloak, crosses himself, and *sighs, alas!* with *sorrowful voice* to all who pass,—“FOR EVER—NEVER! NEVER—for EVER!” By *day* its voice is *low* and *light*; but in the *silent dead* of *night*, DISTINCT as a passing foot-step’s fall, it echoes along the *vacant hall*, along the *ceiling*, along the *floor*, and seems to say, at *each chamber door*,—“FOR EVER—NEVER! NEVER—for EVER!” Through days of SORROW and of MIRTH, through days of DEATH and days of BIRTH, through EVERY swift vicissitude of changeful time, *unchanged* it has stood; and as if, like God, it *all things* saw, it calmly repeats those words of awe,—“FOR EVER—NEVER! NEVER—for EVER!” In that mansion used to be FREE-HEARTED HOSPITALITY; his *great fires* up the chimney roared; the stranger feasted at his board, but, like the skeleton at the feast, that *warning timepiece* never ceased,—“FOR EVER—NEVER! NEVER—for EVER!” There groups of MERRY CHILDREN played, there *youths* and *maidens* dreaming strayed; O precious hours: O golden prime, and affluence of love and time! Even as a miser counts his gold, *those* hours the ancient timepiece told,—“FOR EVER—NEVER! NEVER—for EVER! From that chamber clothed in white, the *bride* came forth on her *wedding night*; there, in that *silent room*, below, the DEAD lay in his shroud of snow; and in the HUSH that followed the *prayer*, was heard the *old* clock on the stair,—“FOR EVER—NEVER! NEVER—for EVER!” All are scattered now and fled, some are *married*, some are *dead*; and when I ask, with throbs of pain, “Ah! when shall they all *meet again*?” as in the days long since *gone by*, the ancient timepiece makes reply,—“FOR EVER—NEVER! NEVER—for EVER!” Never HERE, for ever THERE, where all *parting*, *pain*, and *care*, and *death*, and *time*, shall *disappear*,—for ever THERE, but never HERE! The horologe of Eternity sayeth this incessantly,—“FOR EVER—NEVER! NEVER—for EVER!”—*Longfellow*.

# THE SEVEN AGES.

All the world's a STAGE, and all the men and women *Slow.*  
merely players: they have their exits and their  
entrances, and one man, in his time, plays many parts;  
his acts being—SEVEN AGES. At first, the INFANT, *Faster.*  
*mewling and puking* in the nurse's arms. And then,  
the *whining* School-boy, with his satchel and *shining*  
*morning face*; *creeping*, like snail, unwillingly to  
school. And then the LOVER, *sighing* like furnace, with  
a *woeful* ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then,  
a SOLDIER, full of *strange oaths*, and bearded like the *Load.*  
*pard*; jealous in honour, *sudden* and *quick* in quarrel;  
seeking the *bubble reputation* even in the cannon's  
*mouth*. And then, the JUSTICE, in *fair round belly* with  
good capon lined, with *eyes severe* and *beard* of formal *Slow*  
*cut*, full of *wise saws* and modern instances;—and so he  
plays his part. The sixth age shifts into the *lean* and  
*slippered* PANTALON, with spectacles on *nose* and pouch *Very faint.*  
on side; his youthful hose, well saved, a *world too wide*  
*for his shrunk shank*; and his *big, manly* voice, turning  
again toward *childish treble*, *pipes* and *whistles* in its sound. *High and shrill.*  
Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history,  
is—second childishness, and mere oblivion; *sans teeth*,  
*sans eyes*, *sans taste*,—*sans everything!*

(From "As You Like It.")

## RULE XI.

### READ WITH CHARACTER.

Notice *every word* which is written *about the character*. Then think  
how such a character would speak under the circumstances described:  
—in grief, gladness, poverty, wealth; in age, youth, etc. The words  
descriptive of each character will, in the following Exercises, be found  
printed in italics.

Try to SEE also in your MIND everything and everybody you  
are describing; endeavour to lose all thoughts of everything but of  
the subject you are reading, and throw your mind entirely into the  
characters and the scenes you are describing. Do not forget, how-  
ever, that human passions change in tone according to different  
natures. Think first how you would utter such and such words under



the circumstances you are describing, and then reflect how the character you are reading about, would have uttered them. Try to grasp the character by asking yourself such questions as—What sort of a man (or woman) was this? Was he (or she) old, young, middle-aged, strong, ill, or well, happy or miserable? Was he (or she) naturally quiet, gentle, harsh, loving, revengeful, bold or timid? How should I have spoken these words under the circumstances? How would HE (or SHE) have uttered them.

Notice in the following Exercises specially the words in italics, and vary the voice accordingly.

### Exercises.

#### DEATH OF "JO."

*(Arranged for a Short Recital.)*

The coroner sits in the first floor room at the "Sols Arms."

"Gentlemen," he says, *addressing the jury*, "you are empannelled here to inquire into the death of a certain man, and evidence will be given before you, and you will give your verdict according."

The jury learn how the subject of the inquiry died, and learn no more about him.

A witness had seen deceased hurry away when run and called after, but never saw him speak to anyone except the boy that sweeps the crossing round the corner.

Says the coroner, "Is that boy here?"

Says the beadle, "No, sir."

Says the coroner, "Go and fetch him."

"Here's the boy, gentlemen; here he is—very muddy, very hoarse, very ragged."

Name? "Jo." Nothing else that he knows on. Don't know that everybody else has got two names. Don't know that Jo is short for a longer name. Thinks it quite long enough for him. He don't find no fault with it. Spell it? No, he can't spell it. Never been to school. No father, no mother, no friends.

That graceless creature only knows that the dead man, whom he recognized just now by his yellow face and black hair, was sometimes hooted and pursued about the streets. That one cold winter night when he, the boy, was shivering in a doorway near his crossing the man turned to look at him and came back, and having questioned him, and found that he hadn't a friend in the world, said "Neither have I! not one!" and gave him the price of a supper and a night's lodging. That when the man had no money he would say

in passing, "I'm as poor as you to-day, Jo," but that when he had any he had always been glad to give him some.

"He was wery good to me," says the boy, *wiping his eyes with his wretched sleeve*. "When I see him so stretched out just now, I wished he could have heerd me tell him so. He was wery good to me he wos."

The day melts into the shadowy night. There is rest around the lonely figure now laid in his last earthly habitation, a scrap of ground which a Turk would reject as a savage abomination.

With the night comes *a slouching figure* to the outside of the iron gate. *It looks in between the bars. It then, with an old broom it carries, softly sweeps the step, and makes the archway clean. Looks in again, and so departs murmuring*, "He was wery good to me he wos."

Jo sweeps his crossing all day long. He lives, that is to say he has not yet died, in a ruinous place known as Tom-all-Alone's—black crazed tenements which contain by night a swarm of misery, where the rain drips in, and comes and goes fetching and carrying fever, till its message comes at last to "Jo." The doctor, newly arrived, stands looking down upon his wasted form.

"What have you been doing, Jo?"

"Nothink, sir. Nothink, sir. Never done nothink to get myself into no trouble 'cept in not movin' on. But I'm movin' on now, sir. I'm a-movin' on to the berryin' ground. That's the move as I'm up to."

"Come with me and I'll find you a better place than this to lie down in."

*He lays his hand upon his pulse and chest.* "Draw breath, Jo!"

"It draws," says Jo, "*as heavy as a cart.*"

And rattles like one. *The cart so hard to draw is near its journey's end* and rattles over stony ground.

The doctor *puts his mouth near his ear*, and says, "Jo, did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never know'd nothink, sir."

"Not one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Gen'lmen come down Tom-all-Alone's a-prayin', but they all mostly sounded to be a-talking to theirselves and not a-talkin' to us. They prayed a lot, but *I* couldn't make out nothink. We never knowed nothink. I never knowed wot it wos all about."

*After a short stupor he makes a strong effort to get out of bed.*

"It's time for me to go to that there berryn'-ground."

"Lie down, and tell me, Jo, what burying-ground."

"Where they laid him as wos wery good to me. It's time for me to go and ask to be put alongside with him. He used fur to say to me, 'I'm as poor as you to-day, Jo.' I wants to tell him as I'm as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him. There's a step there as I used for to clean with my broom. It's turned wery dark Is there any light a-comin'?"

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm gropin', gropin' Will you let me catch hold of your hand?"

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, for I knows it's good."

"OUR FATHER."

"Our Father—that's wery good, sir."

"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

"Which art in heaven—Is the light a-comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand—HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

"Hallowed be thy—"

The light is come—Dead!

—Dickens

## THE ST. GEORGE.

It stood in the artist's studio: all Florence came to look at it, all examined it with curiosity, all admired it with eagerness, all pronounced it the *capo d' opera* of Donatello. Among the crowds who flocked to the studio of Donatello, there was a youth who had given some promise of excellence. Many said that, with intense study, he might one day make his name heard beyond the Alps; and some went so far as to hint, that in time he might tread close on the heels even of Donatello himself: but these were sanguine men, and great friends of the young man; besides they spoke at random.—They called this student Michael Angelo. He had stood a long time regarding it with fixed eyes and folded arms. He walked from one position to another, measured it with his keen glances from head to foot, regarded it before, behind, and studied its profiles from various points. The venerable Donatello saw him, and awaited his long and absorbed examination, with the flattered pride of an artist, and the affectionate indulgence of a father. At length Michael Angelo stopped once more before it; inhaled a long breath, and broke the profound silence. "It wants only one thing," muttered the gifted boy. "Tell me," cried the successful artist, "what it wants. This is

the last censure which my St. George has elicited. Can I improve? Can I alter? Is it in the clay or the marble? Tell me?" But the critic had disappeared. "What!" *cried the old man*; "Michael Angelo gone to Rome, and not a word of advice about my statue?—The scape-grace! but I shall see him again, or, by the mass, I will follow him to the Eternal City. His opinion is worth that of all the world! But one thing!" He looked at it again—he listened to the murmurs of applause which it drew from all who beheld it—a *placid smile settled on his face*. "But one thing—what can it be?" Years rolled by. Michael Angelo remained at Rome, or made excursions to other places, but had not yet returned to Florence. Wherever he had been, men regarded him as a comet—something fiery, terrible, tremendous, sublime. His fame spread over the globe; what his chisel touched it hallowed. He spurned the dull clay, and struck his vast and intensely brilliant conceptions at once from the marble. Michael Angelo was a name to worship—a spell in the arts—an honour to Italy—to the world. What he praised, lived; what he condemned, perished. At length the immortal Florentine turned his eyes to his native republic, and he beheld the magnificent and glorious dome, and Campanile, shining in the soft golden radiance of the setting sun, with the broad-topped tower of the Palazzo Vecchio lifted in the yellow light. *Ah, DEATH!* can no worth ward thee? Must the inspired artist's eyes be dark, his hand motionless, his heart still, and his inventive brain as dull as the clay he models? Yes! *Donatello lies stretched on his last couch, and the light of life is passing from his eyes*; yet even in that awful hour, his thoughts ran on the wishes of his past years, and he sent for the Florentine artist. His friend came instantly. "I am going, Michael, my chisel is idle,—my vision is dim; but I feel thy hand, my noble boy, and *I hear thy kind breast sob*. I glory in thy renown; I predicted it, and I bless my Creator that I have lived to see it; but before I sink into the tomb, I charge thee, on thy friendship, on thy religion, answer my question truly." "As I am a man, I will." "Then tell me (without equivocation) what it is that my St. George wants?" "The gift of speech!" was the reply. A gleam of sunshine fell across the old man's face. The smile lingered on his lips long after he lay cold as the marble upon which he had so often stamped the conception of his genius.

## TOPSY.

(Topsy should be read with a thickness of speech. Ophelia very precise.)

*She was one of the blackest of her race, and her round shining eyes, glittering like glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth, half open with astonishment at the wonders of the new mas'r's parlour, displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. Her woolly hair was braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction.* Miss Ophelia turning to St. Clair, said—

“Augustine, what can you have brought that thing here for?”

“For you to educate, to be sure. I thought she was rather a funny specimen. Here, Topsy,” *he added, giving a whistle, as a man would call the attention of a dog.* “Give us a song now, and show us some of your dancing.”

The black, glassy eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and Topsy struck up, in a clear, shrill voice, an odd negro melody, to which she kept time with her hands and feet, spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together in a wild, fantastic sort of time, and producing in her throat all those odd guttural sounds which distinguish the native music of her race; finally, turning a somersault or two, and giving a prolonged closing note, as odd and unearthly as that of a steam-whistle, she came suddenly down on the carpet, and stood with her hands folded, and an expression of meekness and solemnity over her face.

“Now, Augustine, what is this for?” said Miss Ophelia. “Why did you bring her here?”

“For you to educate.”

Sitting down before her, she began to question her

“How old are you, Topsy?”

“Dunno, missus,” said the image, *with a grin that showed all her teeth.*

“Don’t you know how old you are? Did nobody ever tell you? Who was your mother?”

“Never had none?” said the child, *with another grin.*

“Never had any mother? What do you mean? Where were you born?”

“Never was born!” *persisted Topsy with another grin,*—“never had no father nor mother, nor nothin’. Old Aunt Sue used to take car on us.”

“How long have you lived with your master and mistress?”

“Dunno, missus.”

"Is it a year, or more, or less?"

"Dunno, missus."

"Do you know who made you?"

"Nobody, as I knows on," said the child; "I 'spect I GROWED. Don't think nobody ever made me."

Topsy was soon a noted character in the establishment. Her talent for every species of drollery, grimace, and mimicry—for dancing, tumbling, climbing, singing, whistling, imitating every sound that hit her fancy—seemed inexhaustible. In her play-hours she invariably had every child in the establishment at her heels, open-mouthed with admiration and wonder.

With a few lessons she had learned the proprieties of Miss Ophelia's chamber. Hands could not lay a coverlet smoother, adjust pillows more accurately, sweep, and dust, and arrange more perfectly, than Topsy, when she chose—but she didn't very often choose. Instead of making the bed, she would amuse herself with pulling off the pillow-cases, butting her woolly head among the pillows, till it would be grotesquely ornamented with feathers sticking out in various directions; she would climb the posts and hang head downwards from the tops, flourish the sheets and coverlets all over the apartment, dress the bolster up in Miss Ophelia's nightclothes.

On one occasion, Miss Ophelia found Topsy with her very best scarlet India shawl wound round her head for a turban, going on with her rehearsals before the glass in great style—

"Topsy!" she would say, *when at the end of all patience*, "what does make you act so?"

"Dunno, missus—I 'spects 'cause I'se so wicked!"

"I don't know what I should do with you, Topsy."

"Oh, missus, you must whip me, my old missus allers whipped me. I an't used to workin' unless I gets whipped."

"Why, Topsy, I don't want to whip you. You can do well, if you've a mind to; what is the reason you won't?"

"Oh, missus, I'se used to whippin'; I 'spects it's good for me."

Miss Ophelia tried the recipe, and Topsy invariably made a terrible commotion, screaming, groaning, and imploring; though half an hour afterwards, when surrounded by a flock of "young uns," she would express the utmost contempt of the whole affair.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

## RULE XII.

## MIND YOUR PAUSES.

Pauses must be made in all descriptive readings, not as set pauses, such as at the end of every line of blank verse, but only where the sense requires them, and chiefly before important words and clauses. In Soliloquies never forget the speaker is supposed to be but thinking aloud. When we reflect we know some thoughts come but slowly, others follow rapidly.

To accustom the student to pausing, it would be as well, in the following Exercises, to pause and count one, two, three, according to the strokes.

## Exercises.

## THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a *drum* was heard || *not a funeral note* || as his *corse* to the rampart we *hurried* ||| *not a soldier* discharged his farewell shot o'er the *grave* where our *HERO* we *buried* ||| We buried him *darkly* || at *dead* | of *NIGHT* || the *sods* with our *BAYONETS* turning by the *struggling moonbeams'* misty light and the *lantern* | dimly burning ||| No *useless COFFIN* enclosed HIS breast || not in *sheet* | nor in *shroud* | we wound him || but he *LAY* || like a *WARRIOR* taking his *rest* || with his *martial cloak* around him | *Few* and *short* were the *prayers* we said || and we *spoke* not a *word* of *sorrow* ||| but we *steadfastly gazed* on the face that was *DEAD* | and we *bitterly* thought of the *morrow* || We *thought* || as we *hollowed* his narrow *bed* and smoothed down his *lonely* pillow || that the *FOE* and the *STRANGER* would tread o'er his head and we || *FAR away* on the *billow*! || Lightly they'll talk of the *spirit* that's *gone* || and o'er his *cold* ashes *upbraid* him ||| but little *he'll* reckon || if they let him *sleep on* in the *grave* || where a *BRITON* has laid him || But *half* of our *heavy* task was done when the *clock* struck the hour for *retiring* || and we heard the *distant* and *random* gun that the *foe* was *sullenly firing* || *Slowly* and *sadly* we laid him down from the field of his *fame* fresh and *gory*! || we *carved* not a *LINE* || and we *raised* not a *STONE* || but we *left* him *ALONE* || with his *GLORY*.

—Rev Charles Wolfe.

## THE DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

Paul closed his eyes with those words and fell asleep ||| Then he *awoke* || and sat *upright* in his bed || He saw them now about him || There was no *grey mist* before them || as there *had* been sometimes in the *night* || He *knew* them *EVERYONE* and *called* them

by their *names* ||| "And *who* is *THIS*? | *Is* this my *old* *NURSE*?" | asked the *child* || *Fēs* || YES || No *other* stranger would have shed those *tears* at *sight* of him || called him her *DEAR* *boy* | her *PRETTY* *boy* || her *own* | *poor* | *BLIGHTED* *child* || No *other* woman would have *stooped* *down* by his *bed* || and taken up his *wasted* *hand* | and put it to her *lips* and *breast* || as one who had some *right* to *fondle* it || No *other* woman would have so forgotten everybody there | but *him* and *Floy* | and been so *full* of *TENDERNESS* and *PITY*

"Floy! this is a *kind* | *good* *face*. I'm glad to see it *again* || Don't go away | *old* *nurse* || Stay here | *Good-bye*!"

"Where's *papa*?"

He *FELT* his *father's* breath upon his *cheek* before the *words* had parted from his *lips* || The feeble hand || *waved* | in the *air* || as if he cried | "GOOD-BYE" *again*.

"Now lay me down ||| and | Floy || come *close* to me || and let me | see you!"

*SISTER* and *BROTHER* wound their arms around each other ||| and the *golden* *light* came *streaming* in || and *fell* upon them || *locked* *together*. |||

"How *fast* the *river* runs | between its *green* *bank* and the *rushes* | Floy' || But it's | *very* | *near* | the *sea* || I | hear | the | *WAVES*' ||| They | *always* | said so!" |||

Then he told her that the motion of the *boat* upon the *stream* was lulling him to *REST* ||| How *green* the *banks* were *now* || how *bright* the *flowers* growing on them ||| how *tall* the *rushes*! ||| Now || The *boat* was *out* at *sea* || but gliding smoothly on ||| And *now* || there was a *shore* before him || *Who* stood on the *BANK*?

He put his *hands* *TOGETHER* || as he had been *used* to do at his *PRAYERS* ||| He did not remove his *arms* to do it || but they *saw* him fold them so || behind his *sister's* *NECK*.

"*Mama* is like *you* || Floy || I *know* her by the *face* ||| But | the *picture* | on the *stairs* | at *school* || is not || *DIVINE* || enough ||| The *light* | about the *head* | is *shining* | on | me | as I go!" |||

The *golden* *ripple* on the wall came back again || and nothing *ELSE* stirred in the *room* ||| The *OLD* | *OLD* *FASHION* ||| the *fashion* || that came in with our *first* *garments* || and will last *unchanged* until our *race* has run its course ||| The *OLD* | *OLD* | *FASHION* ||| *DEATH*!

Oh! *THANK* *GOD* || all who *see* it || for that *OLDER* *fashion* yet of || *IMMORTALITY* || And look upon *us* || *ANGELS* of *young* *children* || with regards *NOT* *QUITE* *ESTRANGED* || when the *swift* *river* bears *us* also to the *OCEAN*!—*Dickens*.



## HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE || that is the *question!* || Whether 't is nobler in the *mind* to SUFFER the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune | or to *take arms* against a sea of troubles, and, by *opposing*, END them? To *die* ||—to SLEEP ||—no more;—and, by a *sleep*, to say we *end* the *heart-ache*, and the *thousand natural shocks* that flesh is heir to! || 't is a *consummation devoutly to be wished!!* | To DIE—to SLEEP—|| to sleep!—perchance to DREAM! ||—ay, there's the rub.—For in that sleep of death what DREAMS may come, when we have shuffled off this mortal coil || *must give us pause!* | —*There's* the respect that makes calamity of *so long life:* | For who would *bear* the *whips* and *scorns* of *time* | the *oppressor's wrong* || the *proud man's contumely* || the *pangs of despised love* || the *law's delay* || the *insolence of office* || and the *spurns* that patient merit of the unworthy takes, when he himself might his *quietus* make with a *bare bodkin?* | Who would *fardels* bear, to *grunt* and *sweat* under a weary life, but that the  *dread* of something AFTER *death*—that undiscovered country, from whose bourn *no traveller returns*—*puzzles* the WILL || and makes us rather BEAR those ills we HAVE than fly to others that we *know not of?* | Thus conscience does make *cowards of us all;* and thus the native hue of *resolution* is sicklied o'er with the *pale cast of thought;* and enterprises of great pith and moment, with THIS regard, their currents turn *awry*, and lose the name of action.—*Shakspeare.*

## QUEEN MAB.

Oh || then I see | QUEEN MAB hath been with you || She is the *fairies' midwife* || and she comes in *shape* || no bigger than an *agate stone* on the forefinger of an alderman || drawn with a team of *little atomies* athwart men's *noises* || as they lie *asleep* || her *waggon-spokes* || made of || *long* | *spinners' legs* || the *cover* || of the *wings of grasshoppers* || the *traces* || of the *smallest spiders' web* || the *collars* || of the *moonshine's watery beams* || her *whip* || of *cricket's bone* || the *lash* || of *film* || her *waggoner* || a || *small* || *gray-coated* || *gnat* || not *half* so big as a *round little worm* prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid || her *chariot* is || an empty *hazel nut* | made by the joiner *squirrel* || or old *grub* || time out of mind the *fairies' coachmakers* || and in *this* state she *gallops* || *night by night* || through *lovers' brains* || and *then* || they *dream* of *love* | on *courtiers' knees* || that dream on *court'sies* straight || o'er *lawyers' fingers* || who straight dream on *fews* ||

o'er *ladies'* LIPS || who straight on KISSES dream || Sometimes she gallops o'er || a COURTIER'S nose || and *then* dreams he || of SMELLING OUT || a *suit* || and *sometimes* comes she || with a *tithe-pig's* TAIL || tickling a PARSON'S nose as a' lies asleep || *then* dreams he || of another BENEFICE || Sometimes she driveth o'er a SOLDIER'S neck || and *then* dreams HE of *cutting foreign throats* || of *breaches* || *ambush-places* || *Spanish blades* | of *healths* | *five fathoms deep* || and then anon DRUMS in his ear | at which he *starts* | and WAKES || and | being *thus frighted* | SWEARS a *prayer* or two and sleeps again.

—From "*Romeo and Juliet*."

### THE LITTLE VULGAR BOY.

'Twas in Margate last July, I walk'd upon the pier,  
I saw a little vulgar boy—I said, "What makes you here?  
The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;"  
Again I said, "What makes you here, you little vulgar Boy?"

He frowned, that little vulgar Boy—he deem'd I meant to scoff—  
And when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off,"  
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose—  
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose.

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man?—it's striking Nine," I said  
"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.  
Run home and get your supper, else your Ma' will scold—Oh! fie!  
It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,  
His bosom throb'd with agony—he cried like anything!  
I stoop'd,—and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur—"Ah!  
I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no Ma!—"

"My father he is on the seas—my mother's dead and gone.  
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;  
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,  
No '*brown*' to buy a bit of bread with—let alone a tart.

"If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ.  
By day or night, as I'm a sight:" (he was a vulgar Boy;)  
"And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent  
To jump, as many a chap has done, from off the Monument!"

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!" I kindly said.  
"You are a naughty boy to take such things into you head:

If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your legs,  
Perhaps your neck—then Bogey' ud have you, sure as eggs are eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup;  
My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we mustn't keep her up—  
There's roast potatoes at the fire—enough for me and you—  
Come home, you little vulgar Boy—I lodge at Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, with simple-hearted joy,  
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes—that little vulgar Boy—  
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,  
"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,  
She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar boys."  
She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubb'd the delf,  
Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb,  
I changed a shilling—which in town the people call a "Bob!"  
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—  
I said "A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild!"—

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair—  
I could not see my little friend—because he was not there!  
I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa too—  
I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd but could not see  
The little fiddle-pattern'd ones I use when I'm at tea;  
—I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh, dear!  
I know 'twas on the mantel-piece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my waterproof—it was not to be seen!—  
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-rimm'd and lined with  
green;

My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand, that hold my sauce and soy—  
My roast potatoes!—ALL ARE GONE!—and so's that VULGAR BOY!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,  
"Oh, Mrs. Jones! what *do* you think! ain't this a pretty go?—  
—That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-night,  
—He's stolen my things and run away!!"—Says she, "AND SARVE  
YOU RIGHT!!"

—*Ingoldsby Legends.*

# READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

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## THE ERL-KING.

The following verses are a translation of Goethe's ballad called the Erl-king. In German legend this king of the elves haunted the Black Forest of Thuringia, and was supposed to lure men and children to their destruction.

Oh who rides by night through the woodlands so wild?  
It is the fond father embracing his child;  
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,  
From the blast of the tempest to keep himself warm.

"Oh father, see yonder, see yonder!" he says.  
"My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?"  
"Oh 'tis the Erl-King, with his staff and his shroud!"  
"No, my love! 'tis but a dark wreath of the cloud

"Oh wilt thou go with me, thou lovelest child,  
By many gay sports shall thy hours be beguiled;  
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,  
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy."

"Oh father, my father, and didst thou not hear  
The Erl-King whisper so close in my ear?"  
"Be still, my lov'd darling, my child, be at ease,  
'Twas but the wild blast as it howled through the trees."

"Oh wilt thou go with me, thou lovelest boy?  
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;  
She shall bear thee so lightly through wind and through wild,  
And hug thee and kiss thee and sing to my child."

"Oh father, my father! and saw you not plain  
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide dim through the rain?"  
"Ah no! my heart's treasure! I knew it full soon,  
It was the gray willow that danced to the moon."

"Come with me, come with me, no longer delay,  
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away;"  
"Oh father, dear father! oh now keep your hold!  
The Erl-King has seized me, his grasp is so cold."

Sore troubled, the father spurred on through the wild,  
 Claspings close to his bosom his shuddering child ;  
 He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,  
 But, clasped to his bosom, his darling lay dead.

### THE SPANISH MOTHER.

Supposed to be related by a Veteran French Officer.

[Sir Francis Hastings Doyle was born at Nunappleton, near Tadcaster, in 1810, and educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. He was called to the bar, but devoted himself chiefly to literature. Like "The Spanish Mother," many of his poems have self-sacrificing heroic patriotism for their theme.]

The German and the Englishman were each an open foe,  
 And open hatred hurled us back from Russia's blinding snow;  
 Intenser far, in blood-red light, like fires unquenched, remain  
 The dreadful deeds wrung forth by war from the brooding soul of  
 Spain.

I saw a village in the hills, as silent as a dream,  
 Nought stirring but the summer sound of a merry mountain stream;  
 The evening star just smiled from heaven, with its quiet silver eye,  
 And the chestnut woods were still and calm, beneath the deepening  
 sky.

But in that place, self-sacrificed, nor man nor beast we found,  
 Nor fig-tree on the sun-touched slope, nor corn upon the ground;—  
 Each roofless hut was black with smoke, wrenched up each trailing  
 vine,  
 Each path was foul with mangled meat, and floods of wasted wine.

We had been marching, travel-worn, a long and burning way,  
 And when such welcoming we met after that toilsome day,  
 The pulses in our maddened breasts were human hearts no more,  
 But, like the spirit of a wolf, hot on the scent of gore.

We lighted on one dying man, they slew him where he lay,  
 His wife, close clinging, from the corpse they tore and wrenched  
 away;

They thundered in her widowed ears, with frowns and cursings grim,  
 "Food, woman, food and wine, or else we tear thee limb from limb."

The woman, shaking off his blood, rose raven-haired and tall,  
 And our stern glances quailed before one sterner far than all;  
 "Both food and wine," she said, "I have; I meant them for the dead,  
 But ye are living still, and so—let them be yours instead."

The food was brought, the wine was brought, out of a secret place,  
But each one paused agl'ast, and looked into his neighbour's face;  
Her haughty step and settled brow, and chill indifferent mien,  
Suited so strangely with the gloom and grimness of the scene;

She glided here, she glided there, before our wondering eyes,  
Nor anger showed, nor shame, nor fear, nor sorrow, nor surprise;  
At every step from soul to soul a nameless horror ran,  
And made us pale and silent as that silent murdered man.

She sate, and calmly soothed her child into a slumber sweet;  
Calmly the bright blood on the floor crawled red around our feet;  
On placid fruits and bread lay soft the shadows of the wine,  
And we like marble statues glared—a chill unmoving line,

All white, all cold; and moments thus flew by without a breath,  
A company of living things where all was still—but death—  
My hair rose up from roots of ice, as there unnerved I stood  
And watched the only thing that stirred—the rippling of the blood.

That woman's voice was heard at length, it broke the solemn spell,  
And human fear displacing awe upon our spirits fell—  
“Ho! slayers of the sinewless, ho! trampling of the weak!  
What! shrink ye from the ghastly meats and life-bought wine ye  
seek?—

“Feed and begone, I wish to weep—I bring you out my store,  
Devour it—waste it all—and then, pass, and be seen no more—  
Poison? is that your craven fear?” she snatched a goblet up,  
And raised it to her queen-like head, as if to drain the cup—

But our fierce leader grasped her wrist, “No! woman, no!” he said,  
“A mother's heart of love is deep.—Give it your child instead.”  
She only smiled a bitter smile,—“Frenchman, I do not shrink,  
As pledge of my fidelity—behold the infant drink.”—

He fixed on hers his broad black eye, scanning the inmost soul,  
But her chill fingers trembled not as she returned the bowl.  
And we, with lightsome hardihood dismissing idle care,  
Sat down to eat and drink and laugh, over our dainty fare.

The laugh was loud around the board, the jesting wild and light—  
But *I* was fevered with the march, and drank no wine that night;  
I just had filled a single cup, when through my very brain  
Stung, sharper than a serpent's tooth, an infant's cry of pain—

Through all that heat of revelry, through all that boisterous cheer,  
To every heart its feeble moan pierced, like a frozen spear  
"Ay," shrieked the woman, darting up, "I pray you trust again  
A widow's hospitality, in our unyielding Spain.

"Helpless and hopeless, by the light of God Himself I swore  
To treat you as you treated *him*—that body on the floor.  
Yon secret place I filled, to feel, that if ye did not spare,  
The treasure of a dread revenge was ready hidden there.

"A mother's love is deep, no doubt, ye did not phrase it ill,  
But in your hunger, ye forgot that hate is deeper still.  
The Spanish woman speaks for Spain, for her butchered love the  
wife—

To tell you, that an hour is all *my* vintage leaves of life."

I cannot paint the many forms by wild despair put on,  
Nor count the crowded brave who sleep under a single stone;  
I can but tell you, how before that horrid hour went by,  
I saw the murderess beneath the self-avengers die;—

But though upon her wrenched limbs they leapt like beasts of prey,  
And with fierce hands as madmen tore the quivering life away,  
Triumphant hate, and joyous scorn, without a trace of pain,  
Burned to the last, like sullen stars, in that haughty eye of Spain.

(By permission of Messrs Macmillan.)

### AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT.

[This little amusing incident used to be related by the well-known actor, Mr E. A. Sothorn, who was born in 1830 and died in 1881. He was educated for the church, but the stage was more to his taste. Sothorn played many leading parts, but his great success was achieved as Lord Dundreary in Tom Taylor's play of the "American Cousin."]

I think that one of the most reckless affairs with which I have ever had to do occurred at the house of a friend of mine who was himself fond of a joke, and had at home abundant opportunity for the making of one. A regiment had just arrived from the Crimean war, and was forwarded to Glasgow to be quartered there. My friend asked the officers to dine immediately after their arrival, although he was a stranger to them all except by reputation. He invited me to go with him, remarking: "Now, Ned, let us have some fun;" and we at once concocted a plan. I knew his residence very well, and could do anything I pleased in it. With his leave I sent for a stone-mason and told him to ascertain where the flue from the fire-

grate made its exit on the roof, as I wanted him that night, during the dinner, to call down the chimney in answer to any question I might ask. My friend, the host, meanwhile, was to introduce me to his guests as a celebrated American ventriloquist who was about to appear in London, and was acknowledged to be the most extraordinary artist of the kind in the world. While the meal was going on, Colonel Blank, a very aristocratic old man, gradually began to throw out suggestions and to lead conversation in the direction of ventriloquial subjects. I, of course, pretended to be very bashful, and to avoid any allusion to the theme. After much solicitation, however, I consented to speak, as he said, only two or three words. Mark you, I had timed the experiment so that it should be exactly eight o'clock, or within a few minutes of it, when I knew that my mason would be keeping his engagement at the other end of the chimney. Going to the fireplace, I shouted at the top of my voice—for it was a deuced long way up—"Are you there?" but there was no response. I came to the conclusion that as by this time it was raining very hard, the stone-mason had got sick of the whole business, and left the roof. Imagine my surprise when, in eight or ten seconds afterwards, just as I had turned and was going to tell the colonel that my failure was due entirely to an ulcerated sore throat, a deep voice was heard hallooing down the flue. "I don't hear a word!" The colonel, officers, and all the guests looked perfectly staggered. I immediately took advantage of the situation, and remarked: "There, you see how badly I did! You notice what a guttural tone there was in my voice;" but they all crowded round me, and said it was the most extraordinary thing they ever heard in their lives, and begged me to repeat the experiment. I had previously made the arrangement with the mason that when I said "Good-bye!" three times he would understand that I required him no more. I therefore shouted out "Good-bye!" three times, and, getting no response, concluded that he had gone, and thought no more about the matter. About an hour after this the colonel was leaning against the mantel-piece, smoking a cigar, when he turned to me—I was on the opposite side of the room—and said: "Colonel Slayter" (by which name I had been introduced to the company), "I have no hesitation in saying that you are the most extraordinary ventriloquist alive. Now, in my own little way I occasionally try to amuse my children in the same manner, but it is really absurd, after the wonderful effect you have produced, to give you an illustration here; still, I will try. For instance, when at home I sometimes put my head up the chimney and shout: 'Are you coming down?'" and the



old gentleman accompanied the action to the words. Judge of our utter amazement when a yell was heard in the chimney: "Oh, go to the devil! I have had enough of this." It so happened that I was chatting with a number of the officers at the moment, and the colonel almost reeled up against the table in his astonishment at such an unexpected reply. Everybody looked at him as if for an explanation. Taking in the situation quickly, and carelessly stepping forward, I said: "There, gentlemen, that is my last effort. I am suffering so much from bronchial affection that you must really excuse me from any further exhibition." One and all of them gathered around me and again wrung my hands, expressing their amazement at the high art I had evinced, and promising me a magnificent reception whenever I should appear in public. It was as much as I could do to preserve a serious face. The joke was too good to keep long, and in a little while afterwards, in the course of conversation, the host said:

"By the way, Sothern, do you remember So-and-so?"

"What!" said all the officers, looking up; "Sothern? I thought this was Colonel Slayter?"

"Oh, no," replied my friend, "that's Lord Dundreary."

That was my first and last experience as a ventriloquist.

## EUROPEAN GUIDES.

**NARRATIVE**—Colloquial. **DOCTOR**—Impassive; at times assumption of indignation and astonishment. Use double eyeglass when reading "The Doctor," to give prominence to the character. **GUIDE**—Excited throughout, mingled with tone of bewilderment and ecstatic admiration.

European guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart,—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would; and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration.

It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say "smart" things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways "show off" when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is every day to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He

gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere.

After we discovered this we *never* went into ecstasies any more,—we never admired anything,—we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage at times, but we have never lost our serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans wonder so much, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation,—full of impatience. He said—

“Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!”

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger—

“What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting of Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!”

We looked indifferent,—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest,—

“Ah,—Ferguson,—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?”

“Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!”

Another deliberate examination.

“Ah,—did he write it himself, or—or how?”

“He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! his own hand writing, write by himself!”

Then the doctor laid the document down and said,—

“Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that.”

“But zis is ze great Christo—”

“I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers.

We are not fools by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said,—

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust,—for it *was* beautiful,—and sprang back and struck an attitude.—

"Ah, look, genteelmen! beautiful, grand,—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eyeglass,—procured for such occasions.—

"Ah,—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo,—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America!—discover America!"

"Discover America. No,—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo,—pleasant name—is—is he dead?"

"O, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen—I do not know *what* he die of."

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe—maybe. I do *not* know—I think he die of somethings."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Zis ze bust—zis ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy combination indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there.

"See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eyeglass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,—Ferguson—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name!—he got no name! Mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No. 'Gyptian mummy."

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy, mummy. How calm he is, how self-possessed! Is—ah!—is he dead?"

"O! been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely:—

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us*! Thunder and lightning! I've a notion to—to—"

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harassed with doubts.—*Mark Twain.*

## THE SINGING OF THE MAGNIFICAT.

(By kind permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.),

In midst of wide green pasture lands, cut through

By lines of alders bordering deep-banked streams,  
Where bulrushes and yellow iris grew,

And rest, and peace, and all the flower of dreams,  
The abbey stood:—so still, it seemed a part  
Of the marsh country's almost pulseless heart

And all the villages and hamlets near

Knew the monk's wealth, and how that wealth was spent.  
In tribulation, sickness, want, or fear,

First to the abbey all the peasants went,  
Certain to find a welcome, and to be  
Helped in the hour of their extremity.

The monks in such good works were always glad,

Yet all men must have sorrows of their own,  
And so a bitter grief the good monks had,

Nor mourned for others' heaviness alone.  
This was the secret of their sorrowing,  
That not a brother in the house could sing.

Was it the damp air from the lovely marsh,  
Or strain of scarcely intermitted prayer,  
That made their voices, when they sang, as harsh  
As any frog's that croaks in evening air;  
That marred the chapel's peace, and seemed to scare  
The rapt devotion lingering in the air?

The brothers prayed, with penance and with tears,  
That God would let them give some little part  
Out, for the solace of their own sad ears,  
Of all the music crowded in their heart.  
But nature and the marsh-air had their way,  
And still they sang more vilely every day.

And all their prayers and fasts availing not  
To give them voices sweet (their soul's desire),  
The abbot said, "Gifts He did not allot  
God at our hands will not again require.  
The love He gives us He will ask again  
In love to Him and to our fellow-men.

"Praise Him we must, and since we cannot praise  
As we would choose, we praise Him as we can.  
In heav'n we shall be taught the angels' ways  
Of singing—we afford to wait a span.  
In singing and in toil do ye your best,  
God will adjust the balance—do the rest."

But one good brother, anxious to remove  
This, the reproach now laid on them so long,  
Rejected counsel and for very love  
Besought a monk skilled in the art of song  
To come to them—his cloister far to leave,  
And sing Magnificat on Christmas Eve.

So when each brown monk duly sought his place,  
By two and two slow pacing to the choir,  
Shrined in his dark oak stall the strange monk's face  
Shone with a light as of devotion's fire.  
Good, young, and fair, his seemed a form wherein  
Pure beauty left no room at all for sin.

And when the time for singing it had come,  
Magnificat!—face raised and voice he sang:

Each in his stall the monks stood glad and dumb,  
As through the chancels dusk his voice outrang  
Pure, clear, and perfect—as the thrushes sing  
Their first impulsive welcome of the spring.

And as the voice rose higher and more sweet,  
The abbot said, "Lord, hast Thou heard us grieve,  
And sent an angel from beside Thy feet  
To sing Magnificat on Christmas Eve;  
To ease our ache of soul and let us see  
How we some day shall sing in heav'n to Thee?"

That night the abbot, lying on his bed,  
A sudden flood of radiance on him fell,  
Poured from the crucifix above his head,  
And cast a stream of light across his cell,  
Where, in the fullest fervor of the light  
An angel stood, glittering and great and white.

The angel spoke; his voice was low and sweet  
As the sea's murmur on the low-lying shore,  
Or whisper of the wind in ripened wheat:

"Brother," he said, "the God we both adore  
Has sent me down to ask—Is all not right?  
Why was Magnificat not sung to-night?"

Tranced in the joy the angel's presence brought  
The abbot answered, "All these weary years  
We have sung our best, but always have we thought,  
Our voices were unworthy heav'nly ears.  
And so, to-night, we found a clearer tongue,  
And by it the Magnificat was sung."

The angel answered, "All these happy years  
In heav'n has your Magnificat been heard;  
This night alone the angel's listening ears  
Of all its music caught no single word.  
Say, who is he whose goodness is not strong  
Enough to bear the burden of this song?"

The abbot named his name; "Ah! why," he cried,  
"Have angels heard not what we found so dear?"  
"Only pure hearts," the angel's voice replied,

"Can carry human songs up to His ear;  
To-night in heav'n was missed the sweetest praise  
That ever rises from earth's mud-stained maze.

"The monk who sang Magnificat is filled

With lust of praise and with hypocrisy;  
He sings for earth, in heav'n his notes are stilled  
By muffling weight of dead'ning vanity;  
His heart is chained to earth, and cannot bear  
His singing higher than the listening air.

"From purest hearts most perfect music springs,

And while you mourned your voices were not sweet,—  
Marred by the accident of earthly things,—

In heav'n, God list'ning, judged your song complete;  
The sweetest of earth's music came from you,  
The music of a noble life and true." —*E. Nesbitt.*

## ON THE BEACH.

LINES BY A PRIVATE TUTOR.

*(By kind permission of Messrs George Bell & Son, London.)*

When the young Augustus Edward  
Has reluctantly gone bedward  
(He's the urchin I am privileged to teach),  
From my left-hand waistcoat pocket  
I extract a batter'd locket  
And I commune with it, walking on the beach.

I had often yearn'd for something  
That would love me, e'en a dumb thing;  
But such happiness seem'd always out of reach:  
Little boys are off like arrows  
With their little spades and barrows,  
When they see me bearing down upon the beach;

And although I'm rather handsome,  
Tiny babes, when I would dance 'em  
On my arm, set up so horrible a screech  
That I pitch them to their nurses  
With (I fear me) mutter'd curses,  
And resume my lucubrations on the beach.

And the rabbits won't come nigh me,  
And the gulls observe and fly me,

And I doubt, upon my honour, if a leech  
Would stick on me as on others;  
And I know if I had brothers  
They would cut me when we met upon the beach.

So at last I bought this trinket,  
For (although I love to think it)  
'Twasn't *given* me, with a pretty little speech:  
No! I bought it of a pedlar,  
Brown and wizen'd as a medlar,  
Who was hawking odds and ends about the beach.

But I've managed, very nearly,  
To believe that I was dearly  
Loved by Somebody, who (blushing like a peach)  
Flung it o'er me saying, "Wear it  
For my sake"—and I declare, it  
Seldom strikes me that I bought it on the beach.

I can see myself revealing  
Unsuspected depths of feeling,  
As, in tones that half upbraid and half beseech,  
I aver with what delight I  
Would give anything—my right eye—  
For a souvenir of our stroll upon the beach.

O! that eye that never glisten'd  
And that voice to which I've listen'd  
But in fancy, how I dote upon them each!  
How regardless what o'clock it  
Is, I pore upon that locket  
Which does *not* contain her portrait, on the beach!

As if something were inside it  
I laboriously hide it,  
And a rather pretty sermon you might preach  
Upon Fantasy, selecting  
For your "instance" the affecting  
Tale of me and my proceedings on the beach.

I depict her, ah, how charming!  
I portray myself alarming  
Her by swearing I would "mount the deadly breach,"  
Or engage in any scrimmage  
For a glimpse of her sweet image,  
Or her shadow, or her footprint on the beach.



And I'm ever, ever seeing  
My imaginary Being,  
And I'd rather that my marrow-bones should bleach  
In the winds, than that a cruel  
Fate should snatch from me the jewel,—  
Which I bought for one and sixpence on the beach.  
—C. S. Calverley.

## AN AWKWARD FIX.

(From "*A Tramp Abroad*," by Mark Twain By kind permission of  
Messrs Chatto & Windus)

"There is an American party."

Harris said—

"Yes, but name the State."

I named one State, Harris named another. We agreed upon one thing, however, that the young girl with the party was very beautiful, and very tastefully dressed. But we disagreed as to her age. I said she was eighteen, Harris said she was twenty. The dispute between us waxed warm and I finally said, with a pretence of being in earnest—

"Well, there is one way to settle the matter—I will go and ask her."

Harris said, sarcastically, "Certainly, that is the thing to do. All you need to do is to use the common formula over here: go and say, 'I'm an American!' Of course she will be glad to see you."

I said, "I was only talking—I didn't intend to approach her, but I see you do not know what an intrepid person I am. I am not afraid of any woman that walks. I will go and speak to this young girl."

The thing I had in my mind was not difficult. I meant to address her in the most respectful way and ask her to pardon me if her strong resemblance to a former acquaintance of mine was deceiving me; and, when she should reply that the name I mentioned was not the name she bore, I meant to beg pardon again, most respectfully, and retire. There would be no harm done. I walked to her table, bowed to the gentleman, then turned to her, and was about to begin my little speech when she exclaimed—

"I *knew* I wasn't mistaken—I told John it was you! John said it probably wasn't, but I knew I was right. I said you would recognize me presently and come over; and I'm glad you did, for I shouldn't have felt much flattered if you had gone out of this room

without recognizing me. Sit down, sit down—how odd it is—you are the last person I was ever expecting to see again.”

This was a stupefying surprise. It took my wits clear away for an instant. However we shook hands cordially all round, and I sat down. But truly this was the tightest place I ever was in. I seemed to vaguely remember the girl's face now, but I had no idea where I had seen it before, or what name belonged with it. I immediately tried to get up a diversion about Swiss scenery, to keep her from launching into topics that might betray that I did not know her; but it was of no use, she went right along upon matters which interested her more.

“O dear, what a night that was, when the sea washed the forward boats away,—do you remember it?”

“O, *don't* I!” said I,—but I didn't.

“And don't you remember how frightened poor Mary was, and how she cried?”

“Indeed I do!” said I. “Dear me, how it all comes back!”

I fervently wished it *would* come back,—but my memory was a blank. The wise way would have been to frankly own up; but I could not bring myself to do that, after the young girl had praised me so for recognizing her; so I went on, deeper and deeper into the mire, hoping for a chance clue, but never getting one. The Unrecognizable continued, with vivacity,—

“Do you know, George married Mary, after all?”

“Why, no! Did he?”

“Indeed he did. He said he did not believe she was half as much to blame as her father was, and I thought he was right. Didn't you?”

“Of course he was. It was a perfectly plain case. I always said so.”

“Why, no you didn't!—at least that summer.”

“O, no, not that summer. No, you are perfectly right about that. It was the following winter that I said it.”

“Well, as it turned out, Mary was not in the least to blame,—it was all her father's fault,—at least his and old Darley's.”

It was necessary to say something,—so I said—

“I always regarded Darley as a troublesome old thing.

“So he was, but then they always had a great affection for him, although he had so many eccentricities. You remember that when the weather was the least cold he would try to come into the house.”

I was rather afraid to proceed. Evidently Darley was not a man,—he must be some other kind of animal,—possibly a dog, maybe an

elephant. However, tails are common to all animals, so I ventured to say,—

“And what a tail he had!”

“*One!* He had a thousand!”

This was bewildering. I did not quite know what to say, so I only said,—

“Yes, he *was* rather well fixed in the matter of tails.”

“For a negro, and a crazy one at that, I should say he was,” said she.

It was getting pretty sultry for me. I said to myself, “Is it possible she is going to stop there, and wait for me to speak? If she does the conversation is blocked. A negro with a thousand tails is a topic which a person cannot talk upon fluently and instructively without more or less preparation.”

But here, to my gratitude, she interrupted my thought by saying—

“Yes, when it came to tales of his crazy woes there was simply no end to them if anybody would listen. They were always kind to him, because he had saved Tom’s life years before. You remember Tom?”

“O, perfectly. Fine fellow he was, too”

“Yes, he was. And what a pretty little thing his child was!”

“You may well say that. I never saw a prettier child.”

“I used to delight to pet it and dandle it and play with it.”

“So did I”

“You named it. What *was* that name? I can’t call it to mind.”

It appeared to me that the ice was getting pretty thin here. I would have given something to know what the child’s sex was. However, I had the good luck to think of a name that would fit either sex,—so I brought it out,—

“I named it Frances.”

“From a relative, I suppose? But you named the one that died, too,—one that I never saw. What did you call that one?”

I was out of neutral names, but as the child was dead and she had never seen it, I thought I might risk a name for it and trust to luck. Therefore I said—

“I called that one Thomas Henry.”

She said, musingly,—

“That is very singular . . . very singular.”

I sat still and let the cold sweat run down. I was in a good deal of trouble, but I believed I could worry through if she wouldn’t ask me to name any more children. She was still ruminating over that last child’s title, but presently she said,—

"I have always been sorry you were away at the time,—I would have had you name my child."

"*Four* child! Are you married?"

"I have been married thirteen years."

"Christened, you mean."

"No, married. The youth by your side is my son."

"It seems incredible,—even impossible. I do not mean any harm by it, but would you mind telling me if you are any over eighteen?—that is to say, will you tell me how old you are?"

"I was just nineteen the day of the storm we were talking about. That was my birthday."

That did not help matters much, as I did not know the date of the storm. I tried to think of some non-committal thing to say, to render my poverty in the matter of reminiscences as little noticeable as possible, when the girl slipped in ahead of me and said,—

"How I have enjoyed this talk over those happy old times,—haven't you?"

"I never have spent such a half-hour in all my life before!" said I, with emotion. I was holily grateful to be through with the ordeal, and was about to make my good-byes and get out, when the girl said—

"But there is one thing that is ever so puzzling to me."

"Why, what is that?"

"That dead child's name. What did you say it was?"

Here was another balmy place to be in. I had forgotten the child's name; I hadn't imagined it would be needed again. However, I had to pretend to know, anyway, so I said—

"Joseph William"

The youth at my side corrected me, and said—

"No,—Thomas Henry."

I thanked him,—in words,—and said, with trepidation,—

"O, yes,—I was thinking of another child that I named,—I have named a great many, and I get them confused,—this one *was* named Henry Thompson——"

"Thomas Henry," calmly interposed the boy.

I thanked him again,—strictly in words,—and stammered out—

"Thomas Henry,—yes, Thomas Henry was the poor child's name. I named him for Thomas,—er,—Thomas Carlyle, the great author, you know,—and Henry—er,—er, Henry VIII. The parents were very grateful to have a child named Thomas Henry."

"That makes it more singular than ever," murmured my beautiful friend.

"Does it? Why?"

"Because when the parents speak of that Child now, they always call it Susan Amelia."

That spiked my gun. I could not say anything. I was entirely out of verbal obliquities; to go further would be to lie, and that I would not do; so I simply sat still and suffered. Presently the enemy laughed a happy laugh and said,—

"I *have* enjoyed this talk over old times, but you have not. I saw very soon that you were only pretending to know me, and so as I had wasted a compliment on you at the beginning, I made up my mind to punish you. And I have succeeded pretty well. I was glad to see that you knew George and Tom and Darley, for I had never heard of them before, and therefore could not be sure that you had; and I was glad to learn the names of those imaginary children, too. One can get quite a fund of information out of you if one goes at it cleverly. Mary and the storm, and the sweeping away of the forward boats, were facts—all the rest was fiction. Mary was my sister, her full name was Mary ——. *Now* do you remember me?"

"Yes," I said, "I do remember you now; and you are as hard-hearted as you were thirteen years ago in that ship, else you wouldn't have punished me so."

When I went back to Harris I said—

"Now you see what a person with talent and address can do."

"Excuse me, I see what a person of colossal ignorance and simplicity can do. The idea of your going and intruding on a party of strangers that way, and talking for half an hour; why, I never heard of a man in his right mind doing such a thing before. What did you say to them?"

"I never said any harm. I merely asked the girl what her name was."

"I don't doubt it. Upon my word I don't. I think you were capable of it. It was stupid in me to let you go over there and make such an exhibition of yourself. What will those people think of us! But how did you say it?—I mean the manner of it. I hope you were not abrupt."

"No, I was careful about that. I said, 'My friend and I would like to know what your name is, if you don't mind.'"

"No, that was not abrupt. There is a polish about it that does you infinite credit. And I am glad you put me in; that was a delicate attention which I appreciate at its full value. What did she do?"

"She didn't do anything in particular. She told me her name."

"Simply told you her name. Do you mean to say she did not show any surprise?"

"Well, now I come to think, she did show something; maybe it was surprise; I hadn't thought of that,—I took it for gratification."

"O, undoubtedly you were right; it must have been gratification; it could not be otherwise than gratifying to be assaulted by a stranger with such a question as that. Then what did you do?"

"I offered my hand, and the party gave me a shake. They all seemed glad to see me, as far as I could judge."

"And do you know, I believe they were. I think they said to themselves, 'Doubtless this curiosity has got away from his keeper—let us amuse ourselves with him. What else did you do? What did you talk about?'"

"Well, I asked the girl how old she was."

"Undoubtedly. Your delicacy is beyond praise. Go on, go on,—don't mind my apparent misery. Go on, she told you her age?"

"Yes, she told me her age, and all about her mother, and her grandmother, and her other relations, and all about herself."

"Did she volunteer these statistics?"

"No, not exactly that. I asked the questions, and she answered them."

"This is a wretched business. Are they going to stay here long?"

"No, they leave before noon."

"There is one man who is deeply grateful for that. How did you find out? You asked, I suppose?"

"No, at first I inquired into their plans in a general way, and they said they were going to be here a week, and make trips round about; but toward the end of the interview, when I said you and I would tour around with them with pleasure, and offered to bring you over and introduce you, they hesitated a little, and asked if you were from the same establishment that I was. I said you were, and then they said they had changed their mind, and considered it necessary to start at once."

"Ah me, you struck the summit! You struck the loftiest altitude of stupidity that human effort has ever reached. They wanted to know if I was from the same 'establishment' that you hail from, did they? What did they mean by 'establishment?'"

"I don't know; it never occurred to me to ask."

"Well, I know. They meant an asylum—an *idiot* asylum, do you understand? So they *do* think there's a pair of us, after all."

## THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

South Mountain towering on our right;  
Far off the river lay;  
And over on the wooded height  
We held their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were still,  
The day died slow and wan;  
And while the gunners filled their pipes  
The sergeant's yarns began.

When, as the wind a moment blew  
Aside the fragrant flood  
Our brierwoods raised, within our view  
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,  
From fireside fresh she seemed.  
(Of such a little one in heaven  
One soldier often dreamed )

And, as we stared, her little hand  
Went to her curly head  
In grave salute. "And who are you?"  
At length the sergeant said.

"And where's your home?" he growled again.  
She lisped out, "Who is me?  
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane,  
The pride of Battery B.

"My home? Why, that was burned away,  
And pa and ma are dead;  
And so I ride the guns all day  
Along with Sergeant Ned.

"And I've a drum that's not a toy,  
A cap with feathers, too;  
And I march beside the drummer-boy  
On Sundays at review.

"But now our 'bacca's all give out,  
The men can't have their smoke,  
And so they're cross; why, even Ned  
Won't play with me and joke.

"And the big colonel said to-day—

I hate to hear him swear—

He'd give a leg for a good pipe

Like the Yank had, over there.

"And so I thought, when beat the drum

And the big guns were still,

I'd creep beneath the tent, and come

Out here across the hill,

"And beg, good Mister Yankee men,

You'd give me some 'Lone Jack.'

Please do. When we get some again.

I'll surely bring it back.

"Indeed I will; for Ned, says he—

'If I do what I say,

I'll be a general yet, maybe,

And ride a prancing bay.'"

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er.

You should have heard her laugh,

As each man from his scanty store

Shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down

A score of grimy men,

Until the sergeant's husky voice

Said, "'Tention, squad!" and then

We gave her escort, till good-night

The pretty waif we bid,

And watched her toddle out of sight—

Or else 'twas tears that hid

The tiny form; nor turned about

A man, nor spoke a word,

Till, after a while, a far hoarse shout

Upon the wind we heard.

We sent it back, then cast sad eyes

Upon the scene around.

A baby's hand had touched the ties

That brothers once had bound.

That's all—save when the dawn awoke

Again the work of hell,



And through the sullen clouds of smoke  
The screaming missiles fell, "  
Our general often rubbed his glass,  
And marvelled much to see  
Not a single shell that whole day fell  
In the camp of Battery B.—*F. H. Gassaway.*

### THE DANDY FIFTH.

'Twas the time of the working men's great strike,  
When all the land stood still  
At the sudden roar from the hungry mouths  
That labour could not fill;  
When the thunder of the railroad ceased,  
And startled towns could spy  
A hundred blazing factories  
Painting each midnight sky.  
Through Philadelphia's surging streets  
Marched the brown ranks of toil,  
The grimy legions of the shops,  
The tillers of the soil;  
White-faced militia-men looked on,  
While women shrank with dread;  
'Twas muscle against money then—  
'Twas riches against bread.  
Once, as the mighty mob tramped on  
A carriage stopped the way,  
Upon the silken seat of which  
A young patrician lay.  
And as, with haughty glance he swept  
Along the jeering crowd,  
A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks  
Took off his cap and bowed.  
That night the Labour League was met,  
And soon the chairman said:  
"There hides a Judas in our midst;  
One man who bows his head,  
Who bends the coward's servile knee  
When capital rolls by."  
"Down with him! Kill the traitor cur!"  
Rang out the savage cry.

Up rose the blacksmith, then, and held  
Erect his head of gray—

“I am no traitor, though I bowed  
To a rich man’s son to-day;  
And though you kill me as I stand—  
As like ye mean to do—  
I want to tell you a story short,  
And I ask you’ll hear me through.

“I was one of those who enlisted first,  
The old flag to defend;  
With Pope and Halleck, with ‘Mac’ and Grant,  
I followed to the end;  
And ’twas somewhere down on the Rapidan,  
When the Union cause looked drear,  
That a regiment of rich young bloods  
Came down to us from here.

“Their uniforms were by tailors cut,  
They brought hampers of good wine;  
And every squad had a nigger, too,  
To keep their boots in shine;  
They’d nought to say to us dusty ‘vets,’  
And through the whole brigade,  
We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth  
When we passed them on parade.

“Well, they were sent to hold a fort  
The Rebs tried hard to take,  
’Twas the key of all our line, which naught  
While it held out could break:  
But a fearful fight we lost just then,—  
The reserve came up too late;  
And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth,  
Hung the whole division’s fate.

“Three times we tried to take them aid,  
And each time back we fell,  
Though once we could hear the fort’s far guns  
Boom like a funeral knell;  
Till at length Joe Hooker’s corps came up,  
An’ then straight through we broke;  
How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats  
Still back of the drifting smoke!

"With the bands in front and our colours spread  
We swarmed up the parapet,—<sup>f</sup>  
But the sight that silenced our welcome shout  
I shall never in life forget.  
Four days before had their water gone—  
They had dreaded that the most—  
The next their last scant ration went,  
And each man looked a ghost,

"As he stood, gaunt-eyed, behind his gun,  
Like a crippled stag at bay,  
And watched starvation—though not defeat—  
Draw nearer every day.  
Of all the Fifth, not four-score men  
Could in their places stand,  
And their white lips told a fearful tale,  
As we grasped each bloodless hand.

"The rest in the stupor of famine lay,  
Save here and there a few  
In death sat rigid against the guns,—  
Grim sentinels in blue;  
And their Col'nel, *he* could not speak or stir,  
But we saw his proud eye thrill  
As he simply glanced to the shot-scarred staff  
Where the old flag floated still!

"Now, I hate the tyrants who grind us down,  
While the wolf snarls at our door,  
And the men who've risen from us—to laugh  
At the misery of the poor;  
But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand  
I have left the strength to lift,  
It will touch my cap to the proudest swell  
Who fought in the Dandy Fifth!"—*F. H. Gassaway.*

### THE MELANCHOLY HEN.

Some talk of melancholy men—  
I'm sure you'll think them cheerful when  
I tell you of a lonely hen,  
Who led a life secluded;

With other fowls she mingled not;  
Her feathered relatives forgot;  
She stood whole hours upon one spot,  
And o'er her sorrows brooded.

Her face it was depressed and meek,  
Pallid were her gill and beak,  
Unwholesome white her plumage;  
Her voice was weak, peevish, and low,—  
The phantom of a broken crow,—  
As if the weight of bitter woe  
She would express were too much.

'Twas said an egg she never laid  
(And truly said I am afraid),  
In fact she was a sad old maid,  
Who lived in destitution.  
The cocks were slighting, proud, and rough,  
And often called her thin and tough,  
As if she weren't sad enough  
Without such persecution.

The wondering fowls conversed apart,  
A-roosting on an empty cart—  
Some said it was a broken heart  
That drove the creature crazy;  
Love unrequited was her luck,  
Some hinted with a pitying chuck;  
While some, with a malicious cluck,  
Pronounced her only lazy.

Some gallant roving cock, we're told,  
With arching tail of green and gold,  
And swaggering steps so brave and bold—  
A dainty fowl, and pampered,  
Was once, alas! adored by her  
For his tall crest and dauntless spur,  
And shamefully, the fowls aver,  
With her affections tampered.

If this be true 'twere hard to prove,  
At least, she never told her love—  
A blank is in her history.

She loved one spot, we only know—  
The dunghill where he used to crow,  
And there she clucked and cackled so;  
She was involved in mystery.

The fowls would beg of her to feed,  
And, as she was an invalid,  
Would treat her to some nice rape-seed,  
To make a small variety.  
But 'mid that little friendly pick,  
A grain within her throat would stick,  
And she would leave them, deadly sick  
Of rape-seed and—society.

Alas! alas! this mournful hen  
Shall never more lament again;  
One morning she by cruel men,  
To make hen-broth was taken.  
She bowed her head to their decree,  
It was a tearful sight to see  
Such high resolve and constancy,  
In one so all-forsaken.

And then each melancholy bone  
Into a seething pot was thrown,  
All but the merry-thought alone,  
For she had no such folly;  
And a poetic cock averred—  
(But, mind, you don't believe his word)  
That 'neath the dunghill lie interred  
Her bones so melancholy.

—*W. G. Wills.*

### BEHIND THE MASK.

One quick glance up at the window, one wave of the gleaming sword,  
One last bright look of devotion from the brave young face she  
adored.

The slowly retreating bayonets, the street crowd hurrying on,  
All still where just now was tumult, and she knows that her dar-  
ling's gone.

Smiles in the throng of fashion, smiles amid pleasure's Fair  
(For Guardsmen must do their duty, and brave girls never despair!);

Her loveliness all eyes witching, her voice dwelling in all ears—  
And then in the hush of daybreak, a cheek, ah, how wet with tears!

Night in the ice-bound trenches, the ice-wind raving shrill;  
Snow o'er the sullen valley, snow on the frowning hill;  
Dark forms motionless lying, as never the living lie,—  
And a young face pale and wasted upturned to the starlit sky!

Smiles in the maze of pleasure, smiles amid fashion's whirl,  
(Tho' Guardsmen may die for duty, there's duty, too, for a girl!);  
Splendour, and rank, and riches, a lot 'mid life's roses cast—  
Only, one name never mentioned, only, one door never passed!

Only in winter's twilight, before the candles are lit,  
And the children with mirth and laughter down from the nursery  
flit;

At the heart a pitiless aching, on the cheek a tear's dim track,  
For that dead young face in the starlight—her darling who never  
came back!—*William Toynbee.*

## DOW'S FLAT.

[Francis Brete Harte, the author of this poem, was born at Albany, New York, in 1839. He went to California in 1854, and was successively a miner, school teacher, express messenger, printer, and editor of a newspaper. In 1869 he became famous on the publication of "The Heathen Chinee;" and since then he has written numerous poems and stories, dealing chiefly with California.]

Dow's Flat. That's its name  
And I reckon that you  
Are a stranger? The same?  
Well, I thought it was true,  
For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place  
at first view.

It was called after Dow,—  
Which the same was an ass;  
And as to the how  
Thet the thing kem to pass,—  
Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye down  
here in the grass:

You see, this 'yer Dow  
Hed the worst kind of luck:

He slipped up somehow  
On each thing thet he struck.  
Why, ef he'd a straddled thet fence-rail, the derned thing  
'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar  
Till he couldn't pay rates;  
He was smashed by a car  
When he tunnelled with Bates;  
And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five  
kids from the States.

It was rough,—mighty rough;  
But the boys they stood by,  
And they brought him the stuff  
For a house, on the sly;  
And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and took on  
when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's  
Was so powerful mean,  
That the spring near his house  
Dried right up on the green;  
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop  
to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,  
And the boys wouldn't stay;  
And the chills got about,  
And his wife fell away;  
But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his usual ridicilous  
way.

One day,—it was June,—  
And a year ago, jest,—  
This Dow kem at noon  
To his work like the rest,  
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder,—and a derringer  
hid in his breast.

He goes to the well;  
And he stands on the brink,  
And stops for a spell  
Jest to listen and think:  
For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir!), you see, kinder  
made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals  
In the gulch were at play,  
And a gownd that was Sal's  
Kinder flapped on a bay;  
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all,—as I've  
heer'd the folks say.

And—That's a peart hoss  
Thet you've got,—ain't it now?  
What might be her cost?  
Eh? Oh!—Well, then, Dow—  
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that  
day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick  
Sorter caved in the side;  
And he looked, and turned sick,  
Then he trembled and cried.  
For, you see, the dern cuss had struck—"Water?"—Beg  
your parding, young man, there you hed!

It was *gold*,—in the quartz,  
And it ran all alike;  
And I reckon five oughts  
Was the worth of that strike;  
And that house with the coopilow's his'n,—which the same  
isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;  
And the thing of it is,  
That he kinder got that  
Through sheer contrairiness.  
For 'twas *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and his luck  
made him certain to miss.

Thet's so. Thar's your way  
To the left of yon tree;  
But—a—look h'yur, say?  
Won't you come up to tea?  
No? Well, then the next time you're passin'; and ask after  
Dow.—and thet's *me*.



## THE BUILDING OF S. SOPHIA.

[The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, the writer of this poem, was born at Exeter in 1834 and educated at Clare College, Cambridge. He is rector of Lew-Trenchard, and a justice of the peace, in Devonshire. During recent years he has become famous as the author of *Mehalah*, *John Herring*, *Court Royal*, and other novels.]

Justinian, Emperor and Augustus, bent  
Upon Byzantium's embellishment,  
Whilst musing, sudden started up and cried:  
"There is no worthy minster edified  
Under the Ruler of earth, sea, and skies,  
The One eternal, and the only wise.  
Great Solomon a temple built of old  
To the Omnipotent, at cost untold.  
Great was his power, but mine must his surpass  
As ruddy gold excels the yellow brass.  
I too a costly church will dedicate,  
To preach God's Majesty and tell my state.

Then called the Emperor an artist skilled,  
With sense of beauty and proportions filled,  
And said, "In Wisdom's name I bid thee build.  
Build of the best, best ways, and make no spare,  
The cost entire my privy purse shall bear.  
Solomon took gifts of gold, and wood, and stone,  
But I, Justinian, build the Church alone.  
Then go, ye heralds! forth to square and street,  
With trumpet blare, and everywhere repeat,  
That a great minster shall erected be  
By our august pacific Majesty;  
And bid none reckon in the work to share,  
For we ourselves the entire expense will bear."  
And as Justinian lay that night awake,  
Weary, and waiting for white day to break,  
The thought rose up, "Now when this flesh is dead,  
My soul, by its attendant spirit led,  
Shall hear the angel at the great gate call,  
What ho! Justinian comes, magnificent,  
Who to the Eternal Wisdom Uncreate,  
A church did build, endow, and consecrate,  
The like of which by man was never trod:  
Then rise, Justinian! to the realm of God."

Now day and night the workmen build ; apace  
The church arises, full of form and grace ;  
The walls upstart, the porch and portals wide  
Are traced, the marble benches down each side,  
The sweeping apse, the basement of the piers,  
The white hewn stone is laid in level tiers.  
Upshoot the columns, then the arches turn  
The roof with gilded scales begins to burn.  
Next, white as mountain snow the mighty dome  
Hangs like a moon above the second Rome.  
Within, mosaic seraphs spread their wings,  
And cherubs circle round the King of kings,  
On whirling wheels, besprent with myriad eyes ;  
And golden, with gold hair, against blue skies,  
Their names beside them, twelve Apostles stand,  
Six on the left, and six on the right hand.  
And from an aureole of jewelled rays,  
The Saviour's countenance doth calmly gaze.  
Fixed is the silver altar, raised the screen,  
A golden network prinked red, blue, and green,  
With icons studded, hung with lamps of fire ;  
And ruby curtained round the sacred choir.  
Then, on a slab above the western door,  
Through which, next day, the multitude shall pour,  
That all may see and read, the sculptors grave :—  
*" This House to God, Justinian Emperor gave."*

And now, with trumpet blast and booming gong  
Betwixt long lines of an expectant throng,  
The imperial procession sweeps along.  
The saffron flags and crimson banners flare  
Against the fair blue sky above the square.  
In front the walls of Hagia Sophia glow,  
A frost of jewels set in banks of snow.

Begemmed, and purple wreathed, the sacred sign,  
Labarum, moves, the cross of Constantine.  
Then back the people start on either side,  
As ripples past a molten silver tide  
Of Asian troops in polished mail ; next pass  
Byzantine guards, a wave of Corinth brass.  
And then, with thunder tramp, the Varanger bands  
Of champions gathered from grey northern lands,

Above whom Odin's raven flaps its wing;  
 And, in their midst, in a gold-harnessed ring  
 Of chosen heroes, on a cream-white steed  
 In gilded trappings, of pure Arab breed,  
 To dedicate his church doth Cæsar ride  
 In all his splendour, majesty, and pride.  
 With fuming frankincense and flickering lights,  
 The vested choir come forth as he alights.  
 Now shrill the silver clarions loud and long,  
 And clash the cymbals, bellows hoarse the gong,  
 A wild barbaric crash. Then on the ear  
 Surges the solemn chanting, full and clear  
 "Lift up your heads ye gates, and open swing,  
 Ye everlasting doors before the King!"  
 Back start the silver valves—in sweeps the train,  
 Next throng the multitude the sacred fane.

Justinian enters, halts a little space,  
 With haughty exultation on his face,  
 And, at a glance, the stately church surveys.  
 Then reads above the portal of the nave—  
*"This House to God, Euphrasia, widow, gave."*  
 "What ho!" he thunders, with a burst of ire,  
 As to his face flashes a scarlet fire;  
 "Where is the sculptor? Silence all you choir!  
 Where is the sculptor?"

Falls the choral song,  
 A hush falls instant on the mighty throng.  
 "Bring forth the sculptor who yon sentence wrought;  
 His merry jest he'll find full dearly bought."

Then fell before him, trembling, full of dread,  
 The graver. "Cæsar, God-preserved!" he said,  
 "I carved not that! exchanged has been the name  
 From that I chiselled. I am not to blame.  
 This is a miracle,—no mortal hand  
 Could banish one and make another stand,  
 And on the marble leave nor scar nor trace,  
 Where was the name deep cut, it did efface.  
 Beside the letters, Sire! the stone is whole."  
 "Ha!" scoffed the Emperor, "now by my soul,  
 I deemed the age of marvels passed away!"

Forth stepped the Patriarch with, "Sire, I pray.  
Hearken! I saw him carve, nor I alone,  
Thy name and title which have fled the stone;  
And I believe the finger was Divine  
Which set another name and cancelled thine—  
The finger that, which wrote upon the wall  
Belshazzar's doom, in Babel's sculptured hall;  
The finger that, which cut in years before  
On Sinai's top, on tables twain, the Law."

Justinian's brow grew dark with wrath and fear:  
"Who is Euphrasia, widow, I would hear,  
This lady who my orders sets at naught,  
And robs me of the recompense I sought.  
Who is Euphrasia?"

But none spake a word.

"What! of this wealthy lady have none heard?"  
Again upon the concourse silence fell,  
For none could answer make, and tidings tell.  
"What! no man know! Go some the city round,  
And ask if such be in Byzantium found."

Then said a priest, and faltered: "Of that name  
Is one, but old, and very poor, and lame,  
Who has a cottage close upon the quay;  
But she, most surely, sire, it cannot be."

"Let her be brought." Then some the widow seek  
And lead the aged woman, tottering, weak,  
With tattered dress, and thin white straying hair,  
Bending upon a stick, and with feet bare.

"Euphrasia," said the monarch sternly, "speak!  
Wherefore didst thou my strict commandment break  
And give, against my orders, to this pile?"  
The widow answered simply, with faint smile,  
"Sire! it was nothing, for I only threw  
A little straw before the beasts which drew  
The marble from the ships, before I knew  
Thou wouldst be angry. Sire! I had been ill  
Three weary months, and on my window-sill  
A little linnet perched, and sang each day  
So sweet, it cheered me as in bed I lay,

And filled my heart with love to Him who sent  
 The linnet to me; then, with full intent  
 To render thanks, when God did health restore,  
 I from my mattress pulled a little straw  
 And cast it to the oxen that did draw  
 The marble burdens—I did nothing more."

"Look!" said the Cæsar, "read above that door!  
 Small though thy gift, it was the gift of love,  
 And is accepted of our King above;  
 And mine rejected as the gift of pride  
 By Him who humble lived and humble died.  
 Widow, God grant hereafter, when we meet,  
 I may attain a footstool at thy feet!"

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## HOW GAVIN BIRSE PUT IT TO MAG LOWNIE.

[J M. Barrie was born in 1860 at Kirriemuir in Forfarshire (the "Thrums" of his sketches), and was educated at Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University. Subsequently he was employed as a journalist in London, where he published various volumes, the best known of which are *Auld Lucht Idylls*, *A Window in Thrums*, and *The Little Minister*. This sketch is taken from *A Window in Thrums*, by the kind permission of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row, London.]

In a wet day the rain gathered in blobs on the road that passed our garden. Then it crawled into the cart-tracks until the road was streaked with water. Lastly, the water gathered in heavy yellow pools. If the on-ding still continued, clods of earth toppled from the garden dyke into the ditch.

On such a day, when even the dulseman had gone into shelter, and the women scudded by with their wrappers over their heads, came Gavin Birse to our door. Gavin, who was the Glen Quharity post, was still young, but had never been quite the same man since some amateurs in the glen ironed his back for rheumatism. I thought he had called to have a crack with me. He sent his compliments up to the attic, however, by Leeby, and would I come and be a witness?

Gavin came up and explained. He had taken off his scarf and thrust it into his pocket, lest the rain should take the colour out of it. His boots cheeped, and his shoulders had risen to his ears. He stood steaming before my fire.

"If it's no' ower muckle to ask ye," he said, "I would like ye for a witness."

"A witness! But for what do you need a witness, Gavin?"

"I want ye," he said, "to come wi' me to Mag's and be a witness."

Gavin and Mag Birse had been engaged for a year or more. Mag was the daughter of Janet Ogilvy, who was best remembered as the body that took the hill (that is, wandered about it) for twelve hours on the day Mr. Dishart, the Auld Licht minister, accepted a call to another church.

"You don't mean to tell me, Gavin," I asked, "that your marriage is to take place to-day?"

By the twist of his mouth I saw that he was only deferring a smile.

"Far frae that," he said.

"Ah, then, you have quarrelled, and I am to speak up for you."

"Na, na," he said, "I dinna want ye to do that above all things. It would be a favour if ye could gie me a bad character."

This beat me, and I daresay my face showed it.

"I'm no' juist what ye would call anxious to marry Mag noo," said Gavin, without a tremor.

I told him to go on.

"There's a lassie oot at Cragiebuckle," he explained, "workin' on the farm—Jeanie Luke by name. Ye may ha'e seen her?"

"What of her?" I asked, severely.

"Weel," said Gavin, still unabashed, "I'm thinkin' noo 'at I would rather ha'e her."

Then he stated his case more fully.

"Ay, I thocht I liked Mag uncommon till I saw Jeanie, an' I like her fine yet, but I prefer the other ane. That state o' matters canna gang on for ever, so I came into Thrums the day to settle 't one wy or another."

"And how," I asked, "do you propose going about it? It is a somewhat delicate business."

"Ou, I see nae great difficulty in 't. I'll speir at Mag, blunt oot, if she'll let me aff. Yes, I'll put it to her plain."

"You're sure Jeanie would take you?"

"Ay; oh, there's nae fear o' that."

"But if Mag keeps you to your bargain?"

"Weel, in that case there's nae harm done."

"You are in a great hurry, Gavin?"

"Ye may say that; but I want to be married. The wifie I lodge wi' canna last lang, an' I would like to settle doon in some place."

"So you are on your way to Mag's now?"

"Ay, we'll get her in atween twal' and ane."

"Oh, yes; but why do you want me to go with you?"

"I want ye for a witness. If she winna let me aff, weel and guid; and if she will, it's better to hae a witness in case she should go back on her word."

Gavin made his proposal briskly, and as coolly as if he were only asking me to go fishing; but I did not accompany him to Mag's. He left the house to look for another witness, and about an hour afterwards Jess saw him pass with Tammas Haggart. Tammas cried in during the evening to tell us how the mission prospered.

"Mind ye," said Tammas, a drop of water hanging to the point of his nose, "I disclaim all responsibility in the business. I ken Mag weel for a thrifty, respectable woman, as her mither was afore her, and so I said to Gavin when he came to speir me."

"Ay, mony a pirl has 'Lisbeth filled to me," said Hendry, settling down to a reminiscence.

"No to be ower hard on Gavin," continued Tammas, forestalling Hendry, "he took what I said in guid part; but aye when I stopped speakin' to draw breath, he says, 'The queistion is, will ye come wi me?' He was mighty made up in 's mind."

"Weel, ye went wi' him," suggested Jess, who wanted to bring Tammas to the point.

"Ay," said the stone-breaker, "but no in sic a hurry as that."

He worked his mouth round and round, to clear the course, as it were, for a sarcasm.

"Fowk often say," he continued, "'at 'am quick beyond the ordinar' in seein' the humorous side o' things."

Here Tammas paused, and looked at us.

"So ye are, Tammas," said Hendry. "Losh, ye mind hoo ye saw the humorous side o' me wearin' a pair o' boots 'at wisna marrows! No, the ane had a toe-piece on, an' the other hadna."

"Ye juist wore them sometimes when ye was delvin'," broke in Jess, "ye have as guid a pair o' boots as ony in Thrums."

"Ay, but I had worn them," said Hendry, "at odd times for mair than a year, an' I had never seen the humorous side o' them. Weel, as fac as death (here he addressed me), Tammas had juist seen them twa or three times when he saw the humorous side o' them. Syne I saw their humorous side, too, but no till Tammas pointed it oot."

"That was naething," said Tammas, "naething ava to some things I've done."

"But what about Mag?" said Leebie.

"We wasna that length, was we?" said Tammas. "Na, we was

speakin' about the humorous side. Ay, wait a wee, I didna mention the humorous side for naething"

He paused to reflect.

"Oh, yes," he said at last, brightening up, "I was sayin' to ye hoo quick I was to see the humorous side o' onything. Ay, then, what made me say that was 'at in a clink (flash) I saw the humorous side o' Gavin's position."

"Man, man," said Hendry, admiringly, "and what is't?"

"Oh, it's this, there's something humorous in speirin' a woman to let ye aff so as ye can be married to another woman."

"I daursay there is," said Hendry, doubtfully.

"Did she let him aff?" asked Jess, taking the words out of Leeby's mouth.

"I'm comin' to that," said Tammas. "Gavin proposes to me after I had haen my laugh——"

"Yes," cried Hendry, banging the table with his fist, "it has a humorous side. Ye're richt again, Tammas."

"I wish ye wadna blatter (beat) the table," said Jess, and then Tammas proceeded.

"Gavin wanted me to tak' paper an' ink an' a pen wi' me, to write the proceedins doon, but I said, 'Na, na, I'll tak' paper, but no nae ink nor nae pen, for there'll be ink an' a pen there.' That was what I said."

"An' did she let him aff?" asked Leeby.

"Weel," said Tammas, "aff we goes to Mag's hoose, an' sure enough Mag was in. She was alane, too; so Gavin, no to waste time, juist sat doon for politeness' sake, an' syne rises up again; an' says he, 'Marget Lownie, I ha'e a solemn question to speir at ye, namely this, Will you, Marget Lownie, let me, Gavin Birse, aff?'"

"Mag would start at that?"

"Sal, she was braw an' cool. I thoct she maun ha'e got wind o' his intentions beforehand, for she juist replies, quiet-like, 'Hoo do ye want aff, Gavin?'"

"'Because,' says he, like a book, 'my affections has undergone a change.'"

"'Ye mean Jean Luke,' says Mag.

"'That is wha I mean,' says Gavin, very straitforrard."

"But she didna let him aff, did she?"

"Na, she wasna the kind. Says she, 'I wonder to hear ye, Gavin, but 'am no' goin' to agree to naething o' that sort.'"

"'Think it ower,' says Gavin.

"'Na, my mind's made up,' said she.

"'Ye would sune get anither man,' he says, earnestly.



" 'Hoo do I ken that?' she speirs, rale sensibly, I thocht, for men's no' sae easy to get.

" 'Am sure o' t,' Gavin says, wi' mighty conviction in his voice, 'for ye're bonny to look at, an' weel-kent for bein' a guid body.'

" 'Ay,' says Mag, 'I'm glad ye like me, Gavin, for ye have to tak' me.'"

"That put a clincher on him," interrupted Hendry.

"He was loth to gie in," replied Tammas, "so he says, 'Ye think 'am a fine character, Marget Lownie, but ye're very far mista'en. I wouldna wonder but what I was lossin' my place some o' thae days, an' syne whaur would ye be?—Marget Lownie,' he goes on, 'am nat'rally lazy an' fond o' the drink. As sure as ye stand there, 'am a reglar deevil!'"

"That was strong language," said Hendry, "but he would be wantin' to fleg (frighten) her?"

"Juist so, but he didna manage't, for Mag says, 'We a' ha'e oor faults, Gavin, an' deevil or no deevil, ye're the man for me!'

"Gavin thocht a bit," continued Tammas, "an' syne he tries her on a new tack. 'Marget Lownie,' he says, 'ye're rather's an auld man noo, an' he has naebody but yersel to look after him. I'm thinkin' it would be kind o' cruel o' me to tak ye awa frae him?'"

"Mag wouldna be ta'en in wi' that; she wasna born on a Sawbath," said Jess, using one of her favourite sayings.

"She wasna," answered Tammas. "Says she, 'Hae nae fear on that score, Gavin; my father's fine willin' to spare me!'"

"An' that ended it?"

"Ay, that ended it."

"Did ye tak it doon in writin'?" asked Hendry.

"There was nae need," said Tammas, handing round his snuff-mull. "No, I never touched paper. When I saw the thing was settled, I left them to their coortin'. They're to tak a look at Snecky Hobart's auld hoose the nicht. It's to let."

## THE LAST SHOT:

### A TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

Three to ride and to save, one to ride and be saved—  
That's the key of my tale, boys, deep on my heart engraved.  
With death before and behind, through dangers many and nigh,  
Four to ride together, and three of the four to die.

There was the Captain's daughter, a young and delicate girl,  
With her childlike face and shining eyes, and hair of sunniest curl;

She looked like a beautiful flower, too slight to be even caressed,  
Yet never was braver heart than beat in that girlish breast.

And then there was Sergeant Gray, a martinet old and grim;  
The biggest tyrant alive was a lamb compared to him;  
Ne'er-dae-weel Douglas was next, a Borderer born and bred,  
With a sin on his soul for each hair that grew on his handsome head.

And then there was Fighting Denis—Denis, the stout of heart,  
Foremost in every row, and skilled in the "manly art."  
Take the three altogether, the truth is, old and young,  
They were three o' the greatest scamps, boys, that ever deserved to  
be hung.

What was *she* doing, you ask, alone with fellows like these,  
Down by the Ganges' bank, hid 'mong the mango trees?  
Well, she couldn't help herself, she could only wait and pray,  
And they—they were doing their duty as well as they knew the  
way.

Slowly the red moon rose, and then the sergeant spoke—  
"Pat, look to the horses' girths; Graham, give the lady this cloak.  
Now, miss, be your father's daughter, our lads are close below,  
The horses are fresh, the road is clear, and we've only five miles to  
go."

Then spoke the Captain's daughter, and her voice was weak, but  
clear—

"I want you to promise, brave friends, while we're together here,  
That you'll keep the last shot for me—when each heart of hope  
despairs;  
Better die by hands like yours than be left alive in theirs."

"I promise." "And I." "And I." The voices were hoarse and low,  
And each man prayed, I ween, that the task *he* might not know,  
As out on the plain they rode swiftly and silently—  
Four to ride together, and three o' the four to die.

Fire to the right and left, fire in front and rear,  
As the dusky demons broke from their lurking ambush near.  
"Noo, Denis, boot tae boot—keep close between, ye twa—  
We've cut her a way through waur than this, an'—Charge!"  
"Hurrah!"

As the lightning cleaves the cloud, as the tempest rends the oak,  
The comrades' headlong rush, the gathering miscreants broke;

Unharm'd through the yelling horde the Captain's daughter fled.  
While thick and fast in pursuit the Sirdar's horsemen sped.

Up on the crest o' the rise where Cawnpore's curse of blood  
Rushes with horror yet the wide and rolling flood,  
Douglas reeled in his saddle, and whispered brokenly—  
"Gray, dinna let her ken, but it's near a' ower wi' me."

"Hit?" "Ay, here in the side." "Bad?" "Ay, bad, but a-h!  
I'll face yon hounds on the brae, it may gain ye a minute or twa—  
Tak' my horse—ye may need it for her. Steady, there!—woa there,  
Gem!

Dinna forget your promise—yon lassie's no for *them*."

An iron grip o' the hands—a mist o'er the sergeant's sight,  
As he swiftly wheeled the horses, and vanished in the night;  
Then round to the nearing foe, under the starry sky,  
Alone with his God and his own brave heart, Douglas turned to die.

Then fighting it, thrust for thrust, and fighting ~~it~~, blow for blow,  
Till at last, where the bank fell sheer to the dusky stream below,  
He fell—a groan—a plunge—wave circles eddying wide—  
And the ne'er-dae-weel was at rest 'neath the river's turbid tide.

On and over all—over nullah and stream;  
On where the serpents hiss, where the leopard's eyeballs gleam;  
On and on like the wind, faster and faster yet,  
While the fingers clutch the hilt, and the grinding teeth are set.

A splutter of fire on the right, a flame of fire in the rear,  
And Gem leaped up and fell—another, and all too near  
The hissing bullets came, and then the sergeant knew  
His life was ebbing away with every breath he drew.

Sore and deep the wound, but never a moan he made,  
And rising up in his saddle, erect as when on parade—  
"Pat, if you get in, report that Douglas and I are dead;  
Tell them we did our duty, and mind—your promise," he said.

The maiden checked her horse with a quick, wild scream of pain—  
"O Heaven, have pity!" she sobbed, as Denis seized her rein.  
Then giving his last command—"Ride on!" with impatient frown,  
True British soldier to the last, the brave old man went down.

Then Denis aimed and fired—every shot was sure,  
And fierce the yells that hailed the fall of each blackamoor.

Till sudden the maiden's voice came shrill in agony—

"Oh, Denis, brave Denis, you promised you would keep the last shot for me!"

Was that the glint of steel that flashed from yonder wood?

Rose there hoarse commands in voices stern and rude?

"On, on—O God! so near—so near, and to fail at last!

On, on—in vain—our brave brutes fail us—hope is past!"

Oh, pale was the maiden's face, and her white lips moved in prayer;

Then with never a sign of fear, for the hero soul was there;

With the Virgin martyr's glory lighting her bonny brow,

She laid her hand on Denis' arm, and gently whispered, "Now!"

The strong man shook 'neath the touch of those tiny finger-tips,

And "Say you forgive me, Miss," broke hoarse from his ashen lips.

"Forgive you! Again and again! You see I do not fear!

God bless you, gallant soldier! Now, straight and sure—aim here!"

She laid her hands on her heart, then clasped them o'er her head,

And into the darkened sky her latest look she sped;

And Denis raised his arm with slow and deadly aim—

When all hell seemed leaping to meet them in thunder and cloud and flame.

'Mid the smoke—'mid splintering shells that glare and shriek and grate—

'Mid the battery's bursting blaze—'mid the rifle's flashing hate—

'Mid the pibroch's savage swell—'mid the trumpet's madd'ning alarms—

The Captain's daughter fainted, safe in her father's arms.

While with hurricane-roar, and rush, with clang of hoof and steel,

With flame in each rider's eyes, and fire at each charger's heel,

With shouts that rose to the sky on vengeance-laden breath,

The British squadrons thundered by to the carnival of death.

Prone on his back lay Denis—Denis, the stout of heart,

Still as she for whom he had played a hero's part.

Dying alone! Unheeded! What matter? The fight was won.

He was only a common soldier—besides, his work was done.

Only three common soldiers, only three common men,

Giving their lives for a woman, as men have again and again;

Only doing their duty, teaching *this* lesson anew—

Where'er true woman points the way, true man will dare and do.

[Abridged.]

JOHN D. REID.

## AN EVENING PARTY.

It is evening. Mama and her two daughters are seated at a table arranging the names of visitors upon the back of an old letter.

*Ellen.* I am sure I don't see why we should invite the Harveys, mama. They've been here twice, and—

*Mary.* And never asked us back.

*Ellen.* And William Harvey last time examined the cypher on the plate to see if it was borrowed or not.

*Mary.* And last time he told Miss Long that he was sure the pineapple ice was full of little pieces of raw potato

*Ellen.* And when Mr. Edwards broke a tumbler he told him not to mind, for they were only tenpence a piece.

*Mama.* Never mind, we won't ask them. How about Mr. Butler?

*Ellen.* Does he waltz?

*Mary.* No; he says his liver won't let him.

*Ellen.* Which means he can't.

In this style the list is arranged.

The evening at length arrives. Nine o'clock strikes as the last arcana of the toilet are completed, and mama and the daughters descend to superintend the final arrangements. At this period papa returns. Papa! who was requested to have his room all ready, and to be dressed to receive the guests! Papa throws the whole household into hysterics by giving a thundering knock at the door before any of the lights are lighted. He comes home in an extremity of haste, inconveniently jolly from dining at his club without having "the least idea that it was so late." Fresh confusion is created by his shouting out "Clean towels, Hot water. Where's my patent boots? Who's moved my gloves? Somebody's taken my studs. Why haven't you left me out a pocket handkerchief?" In the midst of all this Ellen, who has been peeping through the blinds, cries "Here's a cab!" upon which news Papa is left to his fate, and the servants fly downstairs as if they were fire-escapes.

Rat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, *bang*, BANG, BANG goes the knocker. Mama takes her post of reception, gives a lightning glance round the room to see that everything is in its place, and flings behind the sofa a good imitation of a duster which one of the servants has left behind.

"Mr and Mrs. Chamberlayne!" screams the page at the foot of the stairs.

"Mr. and Mrs. Chimlyn," exclaims the greengrocer (hired as head waiter), on the first landing.

"Mr and Mrs. Chilblain," vociferates the footman at the drawing-room door.

Imperceptibly the guests arrive, and almost immediately after is formed the first quadrille.

Mama has succeeded in the distribution of partners. She pitched first upon a tall young man with short hair and spectacles.

"Mr. Ledbury, allow me to introduce you to a partner: Miss Hamilton, Mr. Ledbury."

Mr. Ledbury has never seen Miss Hamilton before; hasn't, consequently, the least idea in what style of conversation he shall address her.

He evinces perseverance in trying to button his glove, then he plunges into—with insinuating mildness—"Is this—ahem—place agreeable? Top couple, I think?"

Opening bars of second figure played. Piano flourishing; cornet-a-piston turned heavenwards.

*Mr. Ledbury.* Been to many parties this season? (N.B. a safe beginning.)

*Miss Hamilton.* Not a great many.

*Mr. Ledbury.* No!

*Miss H.* No.

*Mr. Ledbury.* Oh!!!

Mr. Ledbury readjusts refractory glove-button. Miss Hamilton re-inspects her bouquet. Mr. Ledbury invents another sentence.

*Mr. L.* What do you think of our *vis-a-vis*?

*Miss H.* Which one?

*Mr. L.* The lady with that strange head-dress? Do you know her?

*Miss H.* Yes; it is my sister!

"Ronde!" shout several excited young gentlemen. The company enact a species of refined bull-in-the-ring game, and the set ends. Gentlemen bow! Ladies bend! All begin to promenade with as much solemnity as if they were Druidical priests and priestesses conducting a victim to the sacrifice.

As for the waltzing!

The example of one daring pair with the *deux temps* is followed by another couple with "the circular," and then by another, who move as if they were worked by machinery; then by another, who get out of step at the end of the first after treading severely on the advanced toes of an old lady, who is sitting at the end of the room. From that moment she deprecates waltzing as "A strange amusement for young ladies, and not at all consistent with her views of feminine decorum."

Meantime Mr. Ledbury gets into a temporary scrape by mistaking a gentleman in a white tie for the waiter, and requesting if he will be so good as to fetch him an ice, and reverses his error almost immediately afterwards by mistaking a waiter for a guest, and blandly inquiring if he will be his *vis-à-vis* in the Lancers.

Fresh introductions Flirtations begin to bud, and only await the refreshing showers of the champagne at supper to blossom. Now a subdued murmur—Hush! *sh-sh-sh-sh*. Miss Smith is about to favour the company with a song.

Process of execution: Miss Smith led to piano; throws timid glances round the room; gentle confusion. Miss Smith observes, "Not in very good voice, you know"—ahem—slight cold—a sigh—smile—cough like a single knock; draws off gloves, tucks them behind one of piano candlesticks, together with handkerchief; finds music-stool too high or too low; plays overture; smiles at hostess; says "I am certain I shall break down." Brings out opening-note so strongly that the music-stool quivers, and silences papa and two gentlemen, who are engaged in a political discussion at the furthest end of the room. Song ends. Soft and gentle plaudits from white kids, and singer seeks solace on the arm of an exultant youth, by whom she is conducted to the refreshment-room.

The gong sounds note for supper. An instant movement towards the door—the exhilarating appearance of a long glittering table; bright wax-lights, and still brighter evergreens. Ninety people are supposed to sit on three dozen chairs. The ladies sit; the gentlemen stand behind them like respectable butlers *Snap!* There goes the first cracker bon-bon. Mr. Ledbury seizes a cracker and offers the fringed end to Miss Hamilton. *Snap! Start! Anxiety* to read the motto, which says:

"I live but in the sunshine of your eyes,  
And yet your cruel heart the light denies."

Miss Hamilton exclaims, "Ridiculous, isn't it?" and Mr. Ledbury replies "Not at all."

A gentleman with curly hair and elongated wrist-bands rises from his seat and says:

"I am sure everyone present is—that is—they are— That is, they feel how much they are indebted to the presence of the softer sex for life's brightest moments—(cheers)—that we are passing a most delightful evening, and for it we are grateful to our hostess. (Hear, hear.) I therefore hope you will fill bumpers to the health

of Mrs. Smith and the ladies." (More cheers, and rushing about for pint decanters)

The toast is drunk with the usual honours. Mr. Smith rises.

"Gentlemen (Hear! hear! Enormous reception), It is with the greatest pleasure I rise to return thanks for the kind manner in which you have received the last toast, ("Give me some tongue near you, Ledbury," whispers an irreverent medical student) and I can safely declare I never feel so happy (*student to Ledbury, "Thicker! thicker!"*) as when I am surrounded by my friends (*"That'll do, my boy!"*), and I am sure Mrs. Smith feels the same. We shall at all times be happy to see you. (*"I wish he'd cut it short; I want to be upstairs again."*) I hope we shall have many such meetings. (*"Pass that brandy."* Rough music. Medical student breaks a wine-glass.) I beg to drink all your very good healths." (Whirlwind of applause.)

The after-supper dancing is animated and facetious. In his button-hole Mr. Ledbury has placed by mistake a turnip dahlia off a glazed tongue, under the impression it has formed a flower in Miss Hamilton's bouquet. Three o'clock comes. The guests depart, and Mr. Ledbury finally takes his leave, with many expressions of thanks for a delightful evening, and with somebody else's hat.

### MIGGS'S WATCH.

[The NARRATIVE rather slow and distinct, gradually lapsing into a tone of comic mystery. MIGGS (a shrewish old maid).—Shrill, vindictive, and assuming fright. TAPPERTIT—Entreaty and loud whisper, the last portion in a tone sometimes of annoyance, sometimes of conceit.]

Miss Miggs was in no mood for sleep; so, putting her light upon the table, and withdrawing the little window curtain, she gazed out pensively at the wild night sky.

Perhaps she wondered what star was destined for her habitation when she had run her little course below; perhaps speculated which of those glimmering spheres might be the natal orb of Mr. Tappertit. Whatever she thought about, there she sat, until her attention, alive to anything connected with the insinuating 'prentice, was attracted by a noise in the next room to her own—his room; the room in which he slept, and dreamed—it might be, sometimes dreamed of her.

That he was not dreaming now, unless he was taking a walk in his sleep, was clear, for every now and then there came a shuffling noise, as though he were engaged in polishing the whitewashed wall; then a gentle creaking of his door; then the faintest indication of his stealthy footsteps on the landing outside.

The footsteps passed the door.



Looking out, and stretching her neck over the hand-rail, she descried, to her great amazement, Mr. Tappertit completely dressed, stealing downstairs, one step at a time, with his shoes in one hand and the lamp in the other.

"Here's mysteries!" said the damsel, when she was safe in her own room again, quite out of breath. "Oh gracious, here's mysteries!"

Miggs had her head out of the window, before an elderly gentleman could have winked and recovered from it. Out he came at the street door, shut it carefully behind him, tried it with his knee, and swaggered off, putting something in his pocket as he went along. At this spectacle Miggs cried "Gracious!" again, and then "Goodness gracious!" and then "Goodness gracious me!" and then, candle in hand, went downstairs as he had done. Coming to the workshop, she saw the lamp burning on the forge, and everything as *Sim Tappertit* had left it.

"Why, I wish I may only have a walking funeral, and never be buried decent with a mourning-coach and feathers, if the boy hasn't been and made a key for his own self!" cried Miggs. "Oh, the little villain!"

Miss Miggs deliberated within herself for some little time, looking hard at the shop-door while she did so, as though her eyes and thoughts were both upon it; and then, taking a sheet of paper from a drawer, twisted it into a long thin spiral tube. Having filled this instrument with a quantity of small coal-dust from the forge, she approached the door, and dropping on one knee before it, dexterously blew into the keyhole as much of these fine ashes as the lock would hold. When she had filled it to the brim in a very workman-like and skilful manner, she crept upstairs again.

"There!" cried Miggs, rubbing her hands, "now let's see whether you won't be glad to take some notice of me, mister. He, he, he! You'll have eyes for somebody besides Miss Dolly now, I think. A fat-faced puss she is, as ever *I* came across!"

As she uttered this criticism, she glanced approvingly at her small mirror, as who should say, I thank my stars that can't be said of me!—as it certainly could not; for Miss Miggs's style of beauty was of that kind which Mr. Tappertit himself had not inaptly termed, in private, "scraggy."

"I don't go to bed this night till you come home, my lad. I wouldn't," said Miss Miggs viciously, "no, not for five-and-forty pound!"

She sat there with perfect composure all night. At length, just upon break of day, there was a footstep in the street, and presently

she could hear Mr. Tappertit stop at the door. Then she could make out that he tried his key—that he was blowing into it—that he knocked it on the nearest post to beat the dust out—that he took it under a lamp to look at it—that he poked bits of stick into the lock to clear it—that he peeped into the keyhole, first with one eye, and then with the other—that he tried the key again—that he couldn't turn it, and, what was worse, couldn't get it out—that he bent it—that then it was much less disposed to come out than before—that he gave it a mighty twist and a great pull, and then it came out so suddenly that he staggered backwards—that he kicked the door—that he shook it—finally, that he smote his forehead, and sat down on the step in despair.

When this crisis had arrived, Miss Miggs, affecting to be exhausted with terror, and to cling to the window-sill for support, put out her nightcap, and demanded in a faint voice who was there.

"Hush!"

"Tell me one thing. Is it thieves?"

"No—no—no!"

"Then it's fire. Where is it, sir? It's near this room I know. I've a good conscience, sir, and would much rather die than go down a ladder. All I wish is respecting my love to my married sister, Golden Lion Court, number twenty-sivin, second bell-handle on the right hand door-post."

"Miggs! don't you know me? Sim, you know Sim—"

"Oh, what about him! Is he in any danger? Is he in the midst of flames and blazes? Oh gracious, gracious!"

"Why, I'm here, ain't I? Don't you see me? What a fool you are, Miggs!"

"There! Why—so it—Goodness, what is the meaning of—If you please, mim, here's—"

"No, no! Don't!—I've been out without leave, and something or another's the matter with the lock. Come down and undo the shop window, that I may get in that way."

"I durstn't do it, Simmun. I durstn't do it, indeed. You know as well as anybody how particular I am. And to come down in the dead of night, when the house is wrapped in slumbers and weiled in obscurity." And there she stopped and shivered, for her modesty caught cold at the very thought.

"But Miggs, my darling Miggs—"

Miggs screamed slightly.

"—That I love so much, and never can help thinking of—do—for my sake do."

"Oh, Simmun, this is worse than all! I know if I come down you'll go, and—"

"And what, my precious!"

"And try to kiss me, or some such dreadfulness, I know you will!"

"I swear I won't," said Mr. Tappertit, with remarkable earnestness. "Upon my soul I won't Angelic Miggs! If you'll only come and let me in, I promise you faithfully and truly I won't."

Miss Miggs, whose gentle heart was touched, did not wait for the oath (knowing how strong the temptation was, and fearing he might forswear himself), but tripped lightly down the stairs, and with her own fair hands drew back the rough fastenings of the workshop window. Having helped the wayward 'prentice in, she faintly articulated the words "Simmun is safe!" and immediately became insensible

Mr. Tappertit leant her against the wall as one might dispose of a walking-stick or umbrella, until he had secured the window, when he took her in his arms again, and in short stages and with great difficulty—arising from her being tall and his being short—carried her upstairs, and, planting her in umbrella and walking-stick fashion just inside her own door, left her to her repose.—*From "Barnaby Rudge" (Dickens).*

## NINE POINTS OF THE LAW.

(By kind permission of MRS. TOM TAYLOR)

### TWO CHARACTERS.

MRS. SMYLYE, . . . a Widow.

JOSEPH IRONSIDE, her Landlord.

*Enter* MRS SMYLYE.

*Mrs. S. [Reads letter.]* What's this?—from Mr. Ironside! [*Reading.*] "Madam,—Finding that neither my own letters nor those of my lawyer have been attended with any effect in inducing you to give up possession of Fairfield Cottage, I have taken the liberty of coming in person, with my legal adviser, and trust to your respect for the intentions of the testatrix to grant us an early interview. Awaiting your answer, I am, madam, your obedient servant, Joseph Ironside." So, the enemy has advanced his parallels—close quarters at last!

*Enter* JOSEPH IRONSIDE.

*Joseph. [Gruffly.]* I've been put off long enough, but now we have come to a meeting, I'll stand no nonsense—out she goes! [*Turns and sees Mrs. Smylie.*] Eh? [*Aside.*] Who's this?

*Mrs. S.* Mr. Ironside, I believe. I am Mrs. Smylie'

*Joseph.* You? eh? oh, yes, I thought as much—ahem! [*embarrassed.*]

*Mrs. S.* Pray be seated, Mr. Ironside [*They sit*] I regret extremely that the agitation naturally caused by your arrival should have precluded my receiving you in person—I am stronger now. I hope my niece has done the honours of my poor cottage.

*Joseph.* [*Aside.*] That's an opening. I beg your pardon, ma'am, you said *my*—

*Mrs. S.* Did I? [*Mildly.*] Forgive me if the associations of the many years I have lived here so happily [*sighs*] should have caused me to forget for a moment that—I—am a trespasser on your most gentlemanlike consideration.

*Joseph.* [*Aside*] Hang it! I wish she'd bounce a little. Why, you see, ma'am, law is law, and right is right. I hope you don't mean to persuade me that I'm a ruffian for desiring to enter into possession of my own house?

*Mrs. S.* [*Faintly smiling.*] Such harshness of construction is very, very foreign to my nature, sir, as you will admit when you know me better; but when you take into consideration my unfriended position, how the mind, left to create its own occupations, its own pleasures, clings to every little memento of happier times, I am sure you will make some allowance for a poor weak woman, suddenly summoned to quit the scene of her many sorrows, the shrine of the few consolations which time has spared her.

[*She turns away and wipes her eyes.*]

*Joseph.* [*Aside.*] Confound her sentimentality! but she sha'n't wheedle me. I can make every allowance for your feelings, ma'am, as you call 'em, but when you talk of being "suddenly summoned," remember you've had nearly four months to make your arrangements.

*Mrs. S.* Is it possible? can it be four months since you wrote me that letter, so full of indulgence? I have, indeed, sadly encroached on your good-nature.

*Joseph.* Pretty well, I think, ma'am. I hope I know what's due to a woman, though I haven't had much experience of the sex. However, ma'am, time is too precious a commodity with me to be wasted, so the sooner we enter on business the better.

*Mrs. S.* With all my heart, but you will find me a sad, helpless creature.

*Joseph.* Helpless! why, they tell me at the "Red Lion," you're gardener, schoolmistress, pickle-maker, and brewer—no, don't say helpless.

*Mrs. S.* I mean in matters of business. I believe I have some feminine accomplishments, and what accomplishments are so feminine as those that contribute to the comfort of a home and the improvement of the poor?

*Joseph.* Sensibly spoken. I am sure so sensible a woman won't take long to understand that her staying here any longer is out of the question.

*Mrs. S.* I admit that at once.

*Joseph.* That my rights are as clear as the sun at noon-day.

*Mrs. S.* Believe me, my dear sir, nothing is further from my intention than to question them.

*Joseph.* Confound it, ma'am, I don't want you to admit everything—I want you to be satisfied. I've brought my lawyer with me with a copy of the will. The law, you know, is no respecter of persons, Mrs. Smylie, nor of sexes either. Justice is blind and ought to be deaf.

*Mrs. S.* Happily you are not justice. You listen to me, I see you do.

*Joseph.* Hang it! I can't help listening to a lady in her own house—that is—[*pauses embarrassed*].

*Mrs. S.* Still less in your own. Nay, I but interpret your generous thought. [*A pause.*] My dear sir, your past kindness makes your wishes law to me. I will see your attorney.

*Joseph.* That's right—then I may as well go for him; [*rising*] and deuced glad I am to get away—she'd soft sawder a poor-law guardian. Eh? where's my hat?

*Mrs. S.* One moment, my dear Mr. Ironside. Come, [*winningly*] you will not refuse me one little moment, [*he pauses irresolutely*] I am sure you will not. [*Coaxingly.*] I am not so formidable. I have had so few friends, is it any wonder I should cling to those whom kind fortune offers me?

*Joseph.* [*Aside.*] Confound her coaxing look! Well, ma'am, what is it? [*sits down again*] I'm at your service!

*Mrs. S.* [*Sits.*] Oh, I'm sure you are, in spite of the affected roughness of your voice and manner. You feel for me, dear Mr. Ironside. Indeed—indeed, I have need of sympathy! [*Clasps her hands, and looks tearfully in his face.*]

*Joseph.* Well, ma'am, I'll give you what I have got—sorry I'm so short of the article. What do you want?

*Mrs. S.* Only a little time to prepare myself for a great struggle. When do you wish me to go?

*Joseph.* Whenever you please—but I should say the sooner the better—nothing like short partings.

Mrs. S. True—too true. How well you know the secrets of the heart!

Joseph. [*Aside.*] The deuce I do!

Mrs. S. I hope you will not think a week too long. I have so many things to wean myself from—the birds I have trained to come at my call—the flowers I have planted—the bees I have watched at their summer labours—even the hens in the poultry-yard have become as friends to me.

Joseph. I'll give you time enough for a good cry over every new-laid egg in the roost.

Mrs. S. Ah, if you knew what deep roots even trees and flowers, and dumb things can strike into a female heart, you would pity me, instead of laughing at me! Indeed—indeed, you would! [*Turns away as in tears.*]

Joseph. [*Soothingly.*] There—don't cry, my dear Mrs. Smylie—I can't bear to see a woman cry! Hang it—I'm not used to it! Come, dry your eyes, do. You shall have a fortnight.

Mrs. S. [*Through her tears.*] Oh, thanks—thanks!

Joseph. A month.

Mrs. S. [*Through her tears, as before.*] Oh, this is too much!

Joseph. Confound it! Well, now—I'll give you to the end of the quarter.

Mrs. S. Most generous—kindest—best of men! Forgive the emotion that chokes the expression of my gratitude. I shall be better soon, and then you will let me thank you as I ought. Promise me you will.

Joseph. Yes, yes. [*Rises.*] Compose yourself! There, go and dry your eyes, and wash your face—and—

[*Mrs. Smylie indulges in a fresh burst of emotion, and suddenly retires; pantomime expressive of her inability to speak.*]  
 Confound the woman! She fairly threw me off my balance! Joe Ironside, I think you'd better have stayed away, and trusted this business to your lawyer.

## THE LOVE CHASE.

[James Sheridan Knowles, the author of this play, was born at Cork in 1784, and died in 1832. When only fourteen years of age he published an opera, and he made his first appearance as an actor in 1808. He wrote a number of plays, of which the best known are "Virginius" and the "Hunchback."]

CONSTANCE.—Indignant in soliloquies. In Dialogue, bantering, and by turns shrill and angry. WILDRAKE.—At first bright and foppish, then bewildered. In the Second Scene earnest, inquiring; then secret enjoyment, finally bewilderment.

The DIALOGUE should be read pretty quickly, and Wildrake should be at times mimicked in tone, style, and walk by Constance TRUEWORTH.—Quiet and firm.

### THREE CHARACTERS.

MASTER WILDRAKE,	. .	a Country Gentleman.
MASTER TRUEWORTH,	. .	his Friend.
CONSTANCE,	. .	a Country Lady.

SCENE—*a Drawing-room.*

*Enter CONSTANCE.*

Con. I'm glad that neighbour Wildrake is in town,  
If only for the tricks I'll play on him;  
The booby! He must fall in love indeed!  
And now he's nought but sentimental looks.  
Nor can I get from him the name of her  
Hath turn'd him from a stock into a fool  
I'll plague him worse and worse! O here he comes!

*Enter MASTER WILDRAKE.*

Wil. [*Aside.*] Despite her spiteful usage I'm resolv'd  
To tell her now. [*Aloud.*] Dear neighbour Constance!

Con. Fool!

Accost me like a lady, sir! I hate  
The name of neighbour!

Wil. Mistress Constance, then—  
I'll call thee that.

Con. Don't call me any thing!  
I hate to hear thee speak—to look at thee,  
To dwell in the same house with thee!

Wil. In what  
Have I offended?

Con. What!—I hate an ape!

Wil. An ape!

Con. Who bade thee ape the gentleman?  
And put on dress that don't belong to thee?  
Go! change thee with thy whipper-in or huntsman,  
And none will doubt thou wearest thy own clothes.

Wil. [*Aside*] A pretty pass! Mock'd for the very dress  
I bought to pleasure her! Untoward things  
Are women!

[*Walks backwards and forwards*]

Con. Do you call that walking? Pray,  
What makes you twist your body so, and take  
Such pains to turn your toes out? If you'd walk,

Walk thus! [*Walking.*] Walk like a man, as I do now!  
Is yours the way a gentleman should walk?  
You neither walk like man nor gentleman!  
I'll show you how you walk. [*Mimicking him.*] Do you call that walking?

*Wil.* [*Aside.*] My thanks for a drill-sergeant twice a day  
For her sake!

*Con.* Now, of all things in the world,  
What made you dance last night?

*Wil.* What made me dance?

*Con.* Right! It was any thing but dancing! Steps  
That never came from dancing school—nor English,  
Nor Scotch, nor Irish!—You must try to cut,  
And how you did it! [*Cuts.*] That's the way to cut!  
And then you chassé! Thus you went, and thus,

[*Mimicking him.*]

As though you had been playing at hop, step,  
And jump!—And yet you look'd so monstrous pleas'd,  
And play'd the simpleton with such a grace,  
Taking the tittering for compliment!  
I could have box'd you soundly for't. Ten times  
Denied I that I knew you.

*Wil.* [*Aside.*] Twenty guineas  
Were better in the gutter thrown than gone  
To fee a dancing master!

*Con.* And you're grown  
An amateur in music!—What fine air  
Was that you prais'd last night?—"The Widow Jones!"  
A country jig they've turn'd into a song.  
You ask'd "if it had come from Italy?"  
The lady blush'd, and held her peace, and then  
You blush'd and said, "Perhaps it came from France!"  
And then, when blush'd the lady more, nor spoke,  
You said, "At least it came from Germany!"  
The air was English!—a true English air;  
A downright English air! A common air.  
You'll never do for town! "The Widow Jones"  
To come from Italy! Stay not in town,  
Or you'll be married to the Widow Jones,  
Since you've forsworn, you say, the Widow Green!  
And morn and night they'll din your ears with her!  
"Well met, dear Master Wildrake.—A fine day!"



Pray, can you tell me whence came the Widow Jones?"  
They love a jest in town!—To Lincolnshire!  
You'll never do for town!—To Lincolnshire;  
"The Widow Jones" to come from Italy!

[Exit.

Wil. Confound the Widow Jones! 'Tis true! The air  
Well as the huntsman's triple most I know,  
But knew not then indeed, 'twas so disguis'd  
With shakes and flourishes, outlandish things,  
That mar, not grace, an honest English song!  
Howe'er, the mischief's done! and as for her,  
She is either into hate or madness fallen.  
If madness, would she had her wits again,  
Or I my heart. If hate, my love's undone.  
I'll give her up. I'll e'en to Master Trueworth.  
Here he comes!

*Enter MASTER TRUEWORTH.*

Wil. And you believe, for all the hate she shows,  
That neighbour Constance loves me?

Tru. 'Tis my thought.

Wil. How shall I find it out?

Tru. Affect to love

Another. Say your passion thrives; the day  
Is fix'd, and pray her undertake the part  
Of bride's-maid to your bride. 'Twill bring her out.

Wil. You think she'll own her passion?

Tru. If she loves.

Wil. I thank thee! I will try it!  
And now to neighbour Constance—yet almost  
I fear accosting her—a hundred times  
Have I essayed to break my mind to her,  
But still she stops my mouth with restless scorn!  
Howe'er, thy scheme I'll try, and may it thrive!  
For I am sick for love of neighbour Constance.

[Retires.

*Re-enter CONSTANCE. WILDRAKE advances.*

Wil. Your servant, neighbour Constance.

Con. Servant, sir!

[Aside.] Now what, I wonder, comes the fool to say,  
Makes him look so important?

Wil. Neighbour Constance,  
I am a happy man.

Con. What makes you so?

*Wil.* A thriving suit.

*Con.* In Chancery?

*Wil.* O, no!

In love.

*Con.* O, true! You are in love! Go on!

*Wil.* Well, as I said, my suit's a thriving one.

*Con.* You mean you are beloved again!—I don't Believe it.

*Wil.* I can give you proof.

*Con.* What proof?

Love letters? She's a shameless maid

To write them! Can she spell? Ay, I suppose,

With prompting of a dictionary!

*Wil.* Nay,

Without one.

*Con.* I will lay you ten to one

She cannot spell! How know you she can spell?

You cannot spell yourself! You write command

With a single M—C—O—M—A—N—D:

Yours to Co-mand.

*Wil.* I did not say she wrote

Love letters to me.

*Con.* Then she suffers you to press

Her hand, perhaps?

*Wil.* She does.

*Con.* Does she press yours?

*Wil.* She does. [*Aside.*] It goes on swimmingly!

*Con.* She does! Outrageous forwardness!

Does she let you kiss her?

*Wil.* Yes.

*Con.* She should be—

*Wil.* What?

*Con.* What you got thrice your share of when at school

And yet not half your due! A brazen face!

More could not grant a maid about to wed.

*Wil.* She is so.

*Con.* What?

*Wil.* [*Aside.*] How swimmingly it goes!

*Con.* [*With suppressed impatience.*] Are you about to marry neighbour Wildrake?

Are you about to marry?

*Wil.* [*Aside.*] Excellent.

*Con.* [*Breaking out.*] Why don't you answer me?

*Wil.* I am.

*Con.* You are—

I tell you what, sir—You're a fool!

*Wil.* For what?

*Con.* You are not fit to marry! You do not know  
Enough of the world, sir! Have no more experience,  
Thought, judgment, than a school-boy! Have no mind  
Of your own.

You have no more business with a wife  
Than I have! Do you mean to say indeed  
You are about to marry?

*Wil.* Yes, indeed.

*Con.* And when?

*Wil.* [*Aside.*] I'll say to-morrow!

*Con.* When, I say?

*Wil.* To-morrow.

*Con.* Thank you much beholden to you!  
You've told me on't in time! I'm very much  
Beholden to you, neighbour Wildrake! And,  
I pray you, at what hour?

*Wil.* That we have left

For you to name.

*Con.* For me!

*Wil.* For you.

*Con.* Indeed.

You're very bountiful. I should not wonder  
Meant you I should be bride's-maid to the lady?

*Wil.* 'Tis just the thing I mean!

*Con.* [*Furiously.*] The thing you mean!  
Now pray you, neighbour, tell me that again,  
And think before you speak; for much I doubt  
You know what you are saying. Do you mean  
To ask me to be bride's-maid?

*Wil.* Even so.

*Con.* Bride's-maid?

*Wil.* Ay, bride's-maid! [*Aside.*] It is coming fast  
Unto a head.

*Con.* And 'tis for me you wait  
To fix the day? It shall be doomsday, then!

*Wil.* Be doomsday!

*Con.* Doomsday!

*Wil.* Wherefore doomsday?

*Con.* [Boxing him.] Wherefore!—

Go ask your bride, and give her that from me.

I am your most obedient servant, sir!

*Wil.* She is a riddle, solve her he who can!

## A QUEER TUTOR

(Adapted from "A Bachelor of Arts," a comic drama by PELHAM HARDWICK.  
By permission of MR. SAMUEL FRENCH, 89 Strand, London.)

MR. THORNTON,..... a London Merchant.

ADOLPHUS, ..... his Son.

MATTHEW, .. .. his Butler.

HARRY JASPER,..... a Man about Town.

*Enter HARRY JASPER.*

*Jasp.* Looking over the advertisements in *The Times* this morning, the following words struck my eye: "Wanted, a tutor for a boy of 18. He must be a B.A., from Oxford or Cambridge. Apply to Mr. Thornton, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park." "Wanted a tutor," the old-fashioned plainness of the phraseology struck me at once. "A boy of 18," too, in an age when we're all young gentlemen before we're 14! This is the man for my money, I said; daddy Thornton, a dear old twaddle! and I mark him for my own. Bless his old frosty poll! He shall have a tutor, a B.A., and,—I shall have a joke!

*Mr. THORNTON enters.*

*Thorn.* I presume, sir, you are the gentleman who has done me the honour to—

*Jasp.* I believe, sir, you have advertised in *The Times* for a tutor?

*Thorn.* I have, sir.

*Jasp.* Well, then, sir, I am come to offer you my services.

*Thorn.* You, sir? I should scarcely have thought—with your appearance and your age—

*Jasp.* We won't talk of my age! I am eight-and-twenty, and my appearance is good. Let us rather talk of my qualifications.

*Thorn.* You have qualifications, then? Have you taken your degree?

*Jasp.* Sir, I am not only a Bachelor, but a *Master of Arts*! As to my qualifications—I can run a race with Tommy Lye—put on the gloves with Alec Reed—snuff a candle with a pistol ball at twelve paces—fence with Angelo—dance with St. Leon—play billiards with Young Jonathan—and blind-hookey with a Lisle Street banker!

*Thorn.* [*After steadfastly regarding him for a moment.*] Really, sir, I cannot but appreciate so varied an assemblage of accomplishments; still, I must confess to you, that you are not exactly the sort of tutor I had intended for my son. At the same time I—really I—

*Jasp.* [*Aside.*] He doesn't know how to get rid of me. [*To him.*] I see, sir, I have not the good fortune to suit you. [*Giving card.*] That is my card; delighted to have made your acquaintance. Good morning, sir!

*Thorn.* [*Looking at card.*] Good Heavens! "Mr. Henry Jasper!" [*Aloud*] Stay, sir.

*Jasp.* Eh?

*Thorn.* [*Aside.*] Why, it's impossible, and yet [*taking letter quickly from his pocket and glancing at it.*] It must be he. [*To Jasper*] One word more, if you please?

*Jasp.* Certainly. You haven't altered your mind, I presume?

*Thorn.* Well, I don't know. On second thoughts you really do possess many qualities! Riding and fencing are by no means useless acquirements. [*Suddenly.*] Can you swim?

*Jasp.* [*Rather posed at first, but recovering his audacity.*] [*To himself.*] He's having a turn at me now. [*To him*] Swim! I should rather think so. Why, during the late heavy floods at Oxford, I rescued a brick house from drowning!

*Thorn.* Of course you're a musician?

*Jasp.* I play a little on the bassoon.

*Thorn.* The instrument that approaches most nearly to the human voice.

*Jasp.* Yes, the human voice,—when it has got a cold!

*Thorn.* Gaiety and wit combined! You will suit me admirably.

*Jasp.* [*Aside.*] The hoax continues! [*Aloud.*] I beg your pardon, but before accepting so onerous appointment as that of tutor, it is the duty of every honest man to let his character be thoroughly known; and, I must confess to you, then, that the moral and intellectual part of my education has become considerably rusted from want of use. For the last seven years I have led a most dissipated life—

*Thorn.* Good!

*Jasp.* I've gambled!

*Thorn.* Very good!

*Jasp.* And always lost.

*Thorn.* So much the better. Go on.

*Jasp.* I've fought duels—been desperately wounded—run through a large fortune—and am, at this moment, a ruined man; with which I have the honour of wishing you good morning. [*Rising again.*]

*Thorn* [*Placing his hand upon his shoulder and pressing him down in his seat.*] Excellent! my dear sir, excellent!

*Jasp.* What, doesn't all this frighten you?

*Thorn.* Just the contrary!

*Jasp.* Why, only a few moments ago you—

*Thorn.* A few moments ago I took you for a facetious wag, and did not know which to admire most, your impertinence or your bad taste; but I have gradually become enlightened as to the high grasp of your views—

*Jasp* [*Mystified.*] The high grasp?

*Thorn.* Of course you have evidently thought deeply on the subject. You have reflected that a young man fresh from school or college can be but little in want of Latin or Greek; but what he is in want of is, knowledge of the world—that acquaintance with life and its usages, which are essential for entering into society. My son, for instance, ought to be perfectly master of riding, fencing, and 'shooting. He should even learn to box; for do we not meet with imposing toll-keepers and insolent cabmen at every turning? And as he can't call them out, he should be able to knock them down.

*Jasp.* [*Aside.*] What the deuce is he driving at?

*Thorn.* Yes, sir, I say I now perfectly comprehend you, and that which above all has decided me in your favour is the intimate practical acquaintance you have with every species of vice and chicanery.

*Jasp.* What! you are not afraid of risking the example of—

*Thorn.* Your past life? Certainly not. It forms the very essence of your utility—for you will make a magnificent finger-post to warn my boy against the dangers you have encountered. The worn-down libertine—the ruined gambler—the unsuccessful duellist—will be doubly able to point out the paths of wisdom, prudence, and economy. And when, in furtherance of your councils, you show him your scarred breast, your ruined prospects, your empty purse, and your withered heart, he must, he cannot but believe you. [*Coolly.*] Is it not so?

*Jasp.* Well, certainly—I—

*Thorn.* You see I now perfectly understand you. [*He rings a bell.*

*Jasp.* [*Aside.*] And I, who expected to find an old twaddle in silver buckles and pig-tail, am caught in my own trap! I thought to have laughed at his expense, but he has completely turned the tables on me.

*Enter ADOLPHUS.*

*Adolphus.* You sent for me, sir?

*Thorn.* Yea. I wish to introduce you to this gentleman, Mr. Jasper, who has consented to become your tutor. I will now leave

you to make his acquaintance. I shall see you again before I set out. [Exit.]

*Jasp.* [Looking at Adol.] Fine fellow—good eye and open countenance! There's something to be made of him!

*Adol.* [Aside.] I don't like the look of the chap at—

*Jasp.* [Sits.] Take a seat, young gentleman. [Blandly.]

*Adol.* [Aside.] I sha'n't if I don't like! [To Jasp.] What are we to begin with, sir? I've been in Virgil for Latin, and Homer for Greek, and—

*Jasp.* Never mind all that for the present. First tell me which do you like best, port or claret?

*Adol.* [Astonished.] Sir!

*Jasp.* I ask you which you like best, port or claret?

*Adol.* Really I—

*Jasp.* Come, your answer!

*Adol.* Well, I like port best.

*Jasp.* I thought so! At eighteen we are all the same—all the same. But, my good friend, don't you know that port is heavy, alcoholic, heating, astringent; while claret is the finest stomachic and tonic that you can imbibe. Port is, nine-tenths of it, a decoction of sloe-juice, and the other tenth will plant a mulberry-tree on your nose, and the gout in your toes before you're thirty! [Taking out cigar-case.] Do you smoke?

*Adol.* Yes, now and then, only papa doesn't know it.

*Jasp.* Ah! that's bad—I don't like that! Boys should either not smoke at all, or should say boldly to their dads, "Have a weed, guvener!" There must be no playing at hide and seek with papas! It's bad—it's very bad! Here [offering cigar], here's a cigar for you that was manufactured by old Cabanas! It's as dry as an old school-master.

*Adol.* [Delighted.] Thank you. [Aside.] I begin to like him much better! [Lights his cigar.]

*Jasp.* Now let's have a little friendly chat!

*Adol.* With all my heart, my dear tutor!

*Jasp.* Call me Jasper. When people are about to live together, it's advisable that they should understand each other beforehand.

*Adol.* Certainly it is!

*Jasp.* I'll tell you in two words what sort of fellow you have to deal with in me. A man who feels very much inclined to cotton to you, as he would to a younger brother—a good sort of chap if you're open and frank with him, but a Tartar if you try to checkmate him! Now choose, which is it to be?

*Adol.* The "good sort of chap," of course.

*Jasp.* That's right! Your hand! How old are you?

*Adol.* Eighteen.

*Jasp.* Who are your acquaintances? How many friends have you got?

*Adol.* Oh, lots! Twelve or fourteen.

*Jasp.* I mean intimates—bricks—true friends!

*Adol.* Oh! only two.

*Jasp.* Only two, you lucky dog! Why, I'm ten years older than you, and I've never yet met with one.

*Adol.* That may be; but, I assure you, I—

*Jasp.* Of course; you're especially favoured. Who are they?

*Adol.* One is young Lascelles; he's only twenty-three! He's worth three thousand a year, and spends every farthing of it! He's a regular brick—I'd trust him with my life!

*Jasp.* Stop! How much pocket-money does your father allow you?

*Adol.* Well, a couple of sovereigns a week.

*Jasp.* A hundred a year! And you make a friend of a man who spends three thousand! That's what I call an impossible friendship.

*Adol.* [*Astonished.*] How so?

*Jasp.* Either you are a partaker of his pleasures or you are not. If you are, he must pay for you, and that's humiliating; or you must get into debt, and that's dangerous—If you are not, you envy him in spite of all you can do, and there's but one step from envy to hatred, they're next-door neighbours all the world over. That's a friend you must give up. The world is very uncharitable, my dear boy, and when people are rich without any ostensible means, other people are apt to inquire: from what source such riches are obtained.

*Adol.* Oh, but that's abominable. [*Both rise.*]

*Jasp.* Well, it's not very agreeable. But no matter, when one's satisfied with one's self.

*Adol.* [*Seriously.*] That is not enough, sir; and the opinion of the world matters very much. No man can feel satisfied with himself unless he can look the world in the face and defy it to cast a slur upon his honour, or his good conduct. [*Exit.*]

*Jasp.* [*Aside.*] That's a fine fellow! I shall make a man of him in no time!

*Enter MATTHEW with a letter on a salver.*

*Mat.* [*Gives letter.*] Master told me to give you this. [*Exit.*]

*Jasp.* This, then, is the key to the mystery. The joke will now be explained; for this letter, no doubt, explains his extraordinary



behaviour towards me. [*Opens letter*] What do I see? my father's hand! [*Reads.*] "My dear old friend"—his old friend!—Mr. Thornton, the old friend of my father! "come to me if you can. I am old and helpless, and have a matter of importance to consult you upon. You are the only being in the world whose advice I can ask. I had a son who should have been the comfort of his aged father. Alas! I need not tell you he has made his life one long period of misery and disappointment. Should you encounter him, for the sake of his heart-broken parent, extend a saving hand to the prodigal. Give him another chance, for the sake of your old friend, and may Heaven grant he may not abuse your kindness."

Yours,  
JOHN JASPER."

I understand all—I will not abuse it. I accept the proffered hand, and I will retrieve the honour of my name.

## JEANIE DEANS.

### THREE CHARACTERS.

DUKE OF ARGYLE . QUEEN CAROLINE ....JEANIE DEANS.

JEANIE.—Earnest, simple, bashful. ARGYLE.—Kind, dignified. QUEEN CAROLINE.—Cold and majestic at first; latterly, soft and compassionate.

*Scene I. A Room in the Palace.—Enter DUKE OF ARGYLE and JEANIE DEANS.*

*Duke.* Sit down, my good lass [*Hands her a chair*—take your breath—take your time; I guess, by your dress, you are just come up from poor old Scotland—Did you come through the streets in your tartan plaid?

*Jea.* No, sir, a freend brought me in ane o' their street-coaches—a very decent woman; your Lordship's Grace kens her—it's Mrs. Glass, at the sign o' the Thistle.

*Duke.* Oh! my worthy snuff-merchant. I always have a chat with Mrs. Glass when I purchase my "Scots high-dried." Well, but your business, my bonnie woman—time and tide, you know—

*Jea.* Your honour—I beg your Lordship's pardon—I mean your Grace—

*Duke.* Never mind my Grace; just speak out a plain tale, and show you have a Scots tongue in your head.

*Jea.* Sir, I am muckle obliged—Sir, I am the sister of that poor unfortunate criminal, Effie Deans, who is under sentence at Edinburgh, and I came up frae the north, sir, to see what could be done in the way of getting a reprieve or pardon or the like of that.

*Duke.* Alas! my poor girl, you have made a long and sad journey, to little purpose—she is ordered for execution.

*Jea.* But I am given to understand that there is law for reprieving her if it is the king's pleasure.

*Duke.* Certainly there is, but that law is purely in the king's breast. What friends have you at the court?

*Jea.* [*Rising.*] None, excepting God and your grace!

*Duke.* [*Rises.*] Alas! I have no means of averting your sister's fate—she must die!

*Jea.* We must a' die, sir—it is a common doom; but we shudna hasten ilk other out of the warld—that's what your honour kens better than me.

*Duke.* My good young woman, you seem well educated for your station, and must know that it is alike the law of God and man that the murderer shall surely die.

*Jea.* But, sir, Effie—that is my poor sister, sir, cannot be proved to be a murderer.

*Duke.* Well, I am no lawyer. But what could tempt you, young woman, to address yourself to me?

*Jea.* Yoursel', sir.

*Duke.* Myself; you never saw me before.

*Jea.* No sir; but a' the world kens that the Duke of Argyle is aye his country's freend: ye fight for the right—ye speak for the right—all who are wronged seek refuge under your shadow; and if you wunna stir to save the blood of an innocent country-woman o' yer ain, what should we expect frae southerners and strangers? And maybe I had another reason for troublin' your honour.

*Duke.* And what is that?

*Jea.* My grandfather and yours laid down their lives together for their country—and ane wha takes concern for me wished me to show your Grace this paper.

[*Giving one.*]

*Duke.* The hand of my unfortunate grandsire, sure enough. [*Reads.*] "*To all who may have friendship for the House of Argyle—this is to certify that Benjamin Butler, of Monk's Regiment of Dragoons, having been, under God, the means of saving my life from four troopers, who were about to slay me, I, having no other present means of recompense in my power, do give him this acknowledgment, hoping that it may be useful to him or his, and do conjure my friends, tenants, and kinsmen, and whoever will do aught for me either in the Highlands or Lowlands, to protect and assist the said Benjamin Butler, and his friends or family, on their lawful occasions, giving them such countenance, maintenance, and supply as may correspond with the benefit he hath*

*bestowed on me, witness my hand,—LORNE*" This is a strong injunction. This Benjamin Butler was your grandfather, I suppose?

*Jea.* He wasna akin to me, sir—he was grandfather to ane—to a neighbour's son—to sincere weel-wisher of mine, sir.

*Duke.* Oh! I understand. A true-love affair. He was the grand-sire of one you are engaged to?

*Jea.* One I *was* engaged to, sir, but this unhappy business of my poor sister—

*Duke.* What! He has not deserted you on that account, has he?

*Jea.* No, sir; he wad be the last to leave a friend in difficulties, but he is a clergyman, and it would not become him to marry the like of me with this disgrace on my kindred.

*Duke.* You are a singular young woman. You seem to think of every one before yourself. And have you really come on foot from Edinburgh?

*Jea.* Not all the way, my lord, for I sometimes got a cast<sup>n</sup> in a waggon, and then the coach—

*Duke.* Well, never mind all that. You shall hear from me without delay—be ready to come to me at a moment's warning—bring no one with you, and come dressed as you are now.

*Jea.* I would ha' worn a cap, but your Grace kens it's nae the fashion of my country for single women; and I judged that being sae many miles frae home, your Grace's heart wad warm to the tartan.

*Duke.* You judged quite right. And when MacCallummores' heart does *not* warm to the tartan, it will be as cold as death can make it.

*Jea.* And, my lord, should what you ask be refused at the beginning, ye'll no be chappit back or cast down with the first rough answer?

*Duke.* [*Smiling.*] I am not apt to mind rough answers much; but say nothing of what has passed to any one—Do not you hope too much from me. I will do my best, but God has the hearts of kings in His own hands. [*Jeanie retires aside, looking off.*] As I live, here comes the Queen herself.

*Enter the QUEEN.*

*Queen.* I hope I see so great a stranger as the Duke of Argyle in as good health as his best friends can wish him.

*Duke.* Perfectly well, madam, and deeply gratified by the honour of an interview which I had the boldness to ask on a subject most essential to his majesty's interest.

*Queen.* When the Duke of Argyle is disposed to renew his acquaint-

ance with his master and mistress, there are few subjects on which we should disagree.

*Duke.* Let me hope, madam, I have not been so unfortunate as to have found one on the present occasion.

*Queen.* I must impose upon your grace the duty of confession before I grant you absolution. What is your particular interest in that young woman? She does not seem much qualified to alarm the jealousy of my friend the duchess; perhaps she is some thirtieth cousin?

*Duke.* No, madam, but I should be proud of any relationship with half her worth, honesty, and affection!

*Queen.* Her name must be Campbell at least?

*Duke.* Her name, madam, if I may be permitted to say so, is not quite so distinguished.

*Queen.* She comes from Inveraray or Argyleshire?

*Duke.* She was never farther north than Edinburgh, madam.

*Queen.* Then my conjectures are all ended.

*Duke.* Her sister is the first victim of a severe law. As she cannot produce the only witnesses of her not having concealed an unfortunate circumstance—

*Queen.* Of which I've heard—and I have doubts—you were about to speak—

*Duke.* If your majesty would condescend to hear my poor country-woman, perhaps she may find an advocate in your own heart much more competent to remove your majesty's doubts than I am.

*Queen.* Let her approach [*Jeanie kneels*]—stand up, young woman [*Lady Suffolk raises her*]—how have you travelled hither from Scotland?

*Jea.* Mostly on foot, madam.

*Queen.* Indeed! how far can you walk in a day

*Jea.* Twenty-five miles, madam, and a bittock.

*Queen.* And a what?

[*Looking at the duke.*]

*Duke.* And about five miles more.

*Queen.* I thought I was a good walker; but this shames me sadly.

*Jea.* May your Ledyship never hae sae weary a heart that ye canna be sensible o' the weariness o' the limbs [*Queen pleased—the Duke smiles*]—and I didna just a'thegither walk the hail way, madam; I had whiles the cast o' a cart, and the cast o' a horse from Ferrybridge, and divers other easements.

*Queen.* You still must have had a most fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since, if the king were to pardon your sister,

in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite.

*Duke. [Aside.]* She will sink herself now outright.

*Jea.* I am confident that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his majesty take compassion on a poor unfriended creature. Possibly your Ledyship is thinking of that unhappy man John Porteous. He is dead and gane to his ain place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. [*A pause.*] But my sister, my poor sister Effie, her days and hours are numbered—she stail lives, and a word of the king's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgets to pray for His Majesty's throne, and the throne of his posterity. Oh, madam, have compassion on our misery; save an honest house from dishonour; save an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death. Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs, and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes—and seldom may it visit your Ledyship!—and when the hour of death comes, which comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours!—oh, my Leddy, then it isna what we hae done for oursell, but what we have done for others that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the poor thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the hail Porteous mob.

*Queen. [Wipes her eyes.]* This is eloquence!—Young woman, I cannot grant your sister's pardon, but you shall have my warm intercession with the king—take this housewife case [*Giving an embroidered needle-case*—do not open it now—but at your leisure you will find something in it which will remind you of an interview with Queen Caroline. Our business, my lord, I trust, is ended to your satisfaction; hereafter we hope to see your grace come frequently.

[*Exit.*

*Jea.* O, Heaven, gude Heaven be praised!—And Heaven bless you, my lord—it was—it was the queen, then—God reward her!—Oh, may the dear gude lady never want the heart's ease she has given me this moment.—*Adapted from "The Heart of Midlothian."*

## OUR BOYS.

(From "Our Boys," by HENRY J. BYRON, by permission of MR. SAMUEL FRENCH,  
89 Strand, London, the owner of the copyright.)

## FIVE CHARACTERS.

MISS CLARISSA CHAMPNEYS, the Baronet's Sister.

SIR GEOFFRY CHAMPNEYS, Baronet.

TALBOT CHAMPNEYS, . . . . .his Son.

PERKYN MIDDLEWICK, .....a retired Butterman.

CHARLES MIDDLEWICK,..... .his Son.

*Scene—A Room in the House of Perkyn Middlewick.*

*Enter MISS CLARISSA CHAMPNEYS.*

*Clar.* I couldn't refrain from following you, Geoffry. I am so anxious about the dear boy.

*Sir G. [Tetchily.]* Of course you're anxious. *I'm* anxious.

*Clar.* And I've no doubt Mr. Middlewick is just as anxious about his dear boy.

*Sir G.* Clarissa, I'm surprised at you. Because these young men happen to have met recently in Paris, and are coming home in company, that is no reason you should link them together in that ridiculous manner. My son comes of an ancient, honoured race. The other young man is the son of a butterman.

*Clar.* A retired one, remember.

*Sir G.* Impossible! A butterman *can't* retire.

You may break, you may shatter the *tub* if you will,  
But the scent of the butter will hang by it still.

Mr. Middlewick is a most estimable person,—charitable—as he *ought* to be; and has considerable influence in the neighbourhood.

*Clar.* Which accounts for your tolerating him.

*Sir G.* I admit it. The dream of my life has been that my boy Talbot should distinguish himself in Parliament. To that end I mapped out a complete course of instruction for him to pursue; directed him to follow the plan laid down implicitly; never to veer to the right or left, but to do as I bid him, like—like—

*Clar.* Like a machine.

*Sir G.* Eh? Yes, like a machine. Machines never strike.

*Clar.* I hope he'll answer your expectations. Considering his advantages, his occasional letters haven't been *remarkable*, have they? [*Aside.*] Except for brevity—which, in *his* case, has *not* been the soul of wit.

*Sir G.* Dear! dear! What would you have of the boy? His letters

have been a little short, but invariably *pithy*. I don't want my son to be a literary man. I want him to shine in politics and—

*Clar.* Suppose Mr. Middlewick's views regarding his son are similar. Supposing he wants *him* to shine in politics.

*Sir G.* Clarissa, you seem to take a great interest in Mr Middlewick. A man without an H to his back. A man who—who eats with his knife, who behaves himself in society like an amiable gold-digger, and who—

*Clar.* Who is coming up the path. So moderate your voice, Geoffrey, or he'll hear you.

MR. PERKYN MIDDLEWICK *appears at French windows. He is a sleek, comfortable man of about fifty.*

*Mid.* Hah! Sir Geoffrey, glad to see you. Miss Champneys, your 'umble servant. [*Shakes hands; Sir Geoffrey shakes hands distantly, Miss Clarissa warmly.*] Phew! ain't it 'ot? awful 'ot.

*Sir G.* [*Loftily.*] It is very warm.

*Mid.* Warm? I call it 'ot. [*To Clarissa.*] What do you call it?

*Clar.* I call it decidedly "hot."

*Mid.* That's what I say. I say it's 'ot. Well, Sir Geoffrey, any noos?

*Sir G.* No NEWS.

*Mid.* No noos! Ain't you heard from your son?

*Sir G.* Not a line.

*Mid.* Oh, my boy's written me a letter of about eight pages. He'll be here soon; I sent the shay.

*Sir G.* Sent the *what*?

*Mid.* The *shay*—the *shay*.

*Sir G.* Oh, the *chaise*?

*Mid.* No, only *one* of 'em. They'll be here directly. What's the good of Charley writing me a letter with half of it in foreign languages? Here's a bit of French here, and a morsel of 'Talian *there*, and a slice of *Latin*, I suppose it is, further on, and then a something out of one of the poets—leastways, I *suppose* it is, for it's awful rubbish—then, lor! regler rigmarole altogether. S'pose he done it to show as the money wasn't wasted on his eddication.

*Sir G.* [*With satisfaction.*] Hah! rather different from my son. He prefers to reserve the fruits of his years of study until he can present them in person. Your son, Mr. Middlewick, has followed the example of the strawberry sellers and dazzled you with the display of the top. Perhaps when you search *below* you may find the contents of the pottle *not* so satisfactory. [*Goes up.*]

*Mid.* [Down, aside.] Mayhap I may. Mayhap the front tubs is butter and the rest dummies. When I first started in business I'd the finest stock in Lambeth—to look at. But they was all sham. The tubs was 'oller if you turned 'em round, and the very yams was 'eartless delooders. Can Charley's letter be?—No, I won't believe it.

*Sir G.* [Down.] I knew "our boys" would drive here first, Mr. Middlewick, which must be my excuse for this intrusion, and—[Noise of a carriage driving up heard.] Here they are! here they are!

*Mid.* [Goes up to window.] That's them! that's them!

*Enter CHARLES MIDDLEWICK.*

*Char.* Father! Dad! Dear old governor!

*Mid.* My boy! My boy! [Embraces him.]

*Sir G.* Yes, but where's my son? Where's Talbot?

*Enter TALBOT CHAMPNEYS.* He is a washed-out youth, with yellow-reddish hair parted down the middle; an eye-glass, and a soft namby-pamby manner.

*Sir G.* Talbot, my dear boy, I'm so delighted to—

*Tal.* Yes, yes; how are you? Bless my life, how gray you've got—shouldn't have known you. And—that's not Aunt Clarissa? Dear, dear! such an alteration in three years—shouldn't have known you. [They turn aside conversing.]

*Mid.* Well, Charley, old boy, how do I look, eh? Pretty 'arty, for an old un.

*Char.* Yes, yes, splendid. [To him, aside.] Hearty, dad, hearty.

*Mid.* Well, I said 'arty. And you, Charley—there! Grown out of all knowledge.

*Char.* [Aside.] Grown—hem! [Seems annoyed at his father's ignorance. Aside to him.] "Grown," governor, "grown."

*Mid.* Groan! Ain't got nothing to groan for. [Aside.] Rum notions they pick up abroad. But, Charley, you ain't introduced me to your friend, Mr. Talbot. Do the honours, do the honours.

*Char.* Talbot, this is my father.

*Mid.* Proud to know you, sir.

*Tal.* [Through his glass.] How do? how do?

*Mid.* 'Arty as a buck, and fresh as a four-year-old, thankes. 'Ope we shall see a good deal of you, Mr. Talbot—any friend of my son's—

*Sir G.* [Comes down.] Yes, exactly, Mr. Middlewick. Flattered, I'm sure, but our boys' lines of life will be widely apart, I expect. Your son, I presume, will embark in commerce, whilst mine will, I trust, shine in a public and, excuse me for adding, a more elevated sphere.



*Mid.* [*Aside.*] Yes, he looks like a shiner.

*Char.* But, Geoffry, probably Mr. Middlewick and his son would like to be alone a little, so—

*Sir G.* Exactly. I want a talk with Talbot too, and as the ponies are put up, Talbot, we'll have a stroll through the grounds.

*Tal.* I don't mind. Only I'm jolly hungry, that's all. [*Exeunt.*]

*Mid* [*Sitting.*] And now, Charley, that we're alone, my dear fellow, tell your old dad what your impressions of foreign parts were. When I was your age the Continent was a sealed book to them as wasn't wealthy. There was no Cook's excursions then, Charley. No, no, you've been born when there was the march o' intellect, and Atlantic cables and other curious things, and naturally you've benefited thereby. So of course you're a scholar, and seen a deal. Paris now—nice place, ain't it?

*Char.* Glorious!

*Mid.* 'Ow about the 'orse flesh?

*Char.* A myth.

*Mid.* Railly though! And I suppose frogs is fallacies. Only to think

*Char.* Paris is a paradise. But Italy—well, there!

*Mid.* But ain't it a mass of lazeyroneys?

*Char.* A mere libel. A land of romance, beauty, tradition, poetry! Milan! Venice! Verona! Florence!

*Mid.* Where the *ile* comes from.

*Char.* Rome! Naples!

*Mid.* That's where Vesooivius is, ain't it?

*Char.* Yes.

*Mid.* Was it "fizzin'" when you was there, Charley?

*Char.* No. There was no eruption when I was there.

*Mid.* That's wrong, you know, that's wrong. I didn't limit you, Charley; I said "See everything," and I certainly expected as you'd insist upon an eruption.

*Char.* But, my dear dad, I saw everything else—Pompeii and Herculaneum.

*Mid.* Eh?

*Char.* Pompeii and Herculaneum—they were *ruined*, you know.

*Mid.* Two unfortnit I-talian warehousemen, I suppose.

*Char.* Nonsense! They were buried, you remember.

*Mid.* And why *not*? It'd be a pretty thing to refuse an unlucky firm as went broke a decent—

*Char.* You don't understand.

*Mid.* [*Bluntly.*] No, I don't

*Char.* But Germany, dad—the Rhine—"the castled crags of Drachenfels"—the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein—

*Mid.* Aaron who? Some swell German Jew, I suppose.

*Sir G.* [*Heard without.*] Well, we may as well join our friends.

*Char* [*Aside. Rises.*] Here's Talbot's delightful father. I wouldn't swap parents with him for all his high breeding. Our heart's blood's a trifle cloudy, perhaps, but it *flows* freely—his is so terribly pure it hardly takes the trouble to trickle. No, Talbot, old fellow, I don't envy you your father. [*Exit with Middleton.*]

SIR GEOFFREY enters, followed by TALBOT.]

*Sir G.* [*Coming down.*] But really, Talbot, you must have *some* ideas on what you have seen.

*Tal.* What's the use of having ideas, when you can pick 'em up in the guide-books?

*Sir G.* [*Pleased.*] Ah, then you *are* fond of reading? Good.

*Tal.* Reading! Ha! ha! I hate it. [*Sits.*]

*Sir G.* [*Trying to excuse him.*] Well, well, perhaps *some* fathers set too great a value on books. After all, one's fellow man is the best volume to study. And as one who I hope may ripen into a statesman—your general appearance strongly reminds me of Pitt, by the bye—perhaps you are right. And you actually saw nothing in the Rhine?

*Tal.* Oh, yes, I *did*.

*Sir G.* That's well.

*Tal.* No end of *mud*.

*Sir G.* But Cologne now?

*Tal.* Famous for its cathedral and its smells. Both, I regret to say, unfinished.

*Sir G.* But Germany, generally?

*Tal.* Detestable

*Sir G.* Switzerland. Come, you were a long time there. There you saw nature in all its grandeur. Your Alpine experiences were—

*Tal.* Limited—*very* limited. I *admired* those venturesome beings who risked their necks, but it was at a distance. I can't say a *respectful* distance, for I thought them fools.

*Sir G.* No doubt you were right. [*Aside.*] Prudence, caution, forethought—excellent qualities. [*To him.*] Italy?

*Tal.* *Second-hand* sort of country. Things, as a rule, give you a notion of being unredeemed pledges. Everything old and cracked. Didn't care for it. Jolly glad to get to Paris. But even Paris palls on a fellow.

*Sir G.* [*Rising and taking his hand.*] I see, Talbot, like a true

Champneys you prefer your native land to all these foreign places. Well, dear boy, you've a glorious career before you, and it only rests with you to follow it up. I have arranged a marriage,—

*Tal.* A what!

*Sir G.* Not arranged it exactly, but it can be arranged—*shall be*.

*Tal.* [*Quietly.*] Provided, of course, I approve of the lady.

*Sir G.* [*Annoyed*] Talbot, I'm afraid you have picked up some low Radical opinions during your residence abroad. I expect obedience. You will wed as I wish. You will espouse my politics, be returned for Lufton by *my* influence, and—

*Tal.* Unless Charley Middlewick chooses to *stand*—

*Sir G.* [*In horror.*] Charley Middlewick chooses to stand?

*Tal.* In which case I—

*Sir G.* Yes?

*Tal.* Should *sit down*.

*Sir G.* Talbot Champneys, you surprise me—you wound me. You have received every advantage that money could procure—you have come back after your lengthened foreign experiences, *not*—I must admit with pain—*not* what I *quite* expected.

[*Goes out sighing deeply, followed leisurely by Talbot.*]

## THE FRENCH MASTER.

(*From the play of "To Parents and Guardians," by kind permission of*  
MRS TOM TAYLOR.)

### CHARACTERS.

MONSIEUR TOURBILLON, . . . . . the French Master.

MASTER ROBERT NETTLES, . . . . .

MASTER WILLIAM WADDILOVE, . . . . .

MASTER SKUTLER, . . . . .

MASTER SCRAGGS, . . . . .

} School-boys.

NURBLES, . . . . . a Farmer.

DOGGETT, . . . . . a Servant.

VIRGINIE, . . . . . Tourbillon's Daughter.

### TWO SCENES.—SCENE 1. *A Play-ground.*

*Tour.* Ah! I ask you, is it not a beautiful prospect to control, for an only day, dese rascals of leétle boys? I! vonce a nobleman in my dear native France: Oh, my country! vot have I not left wis you! My heart—my dear dead wife—her dat I have loved, and lost. Mon Dieu!—when I tink how it is now fifteen year dat we part à Paris—dat scene of blood, of horror! It must be dat she perish—ma femme—ma bien aimée! But our child—dey could not kill her,—if she

live, she will now be like to her moder—ma Virginie! [*Looks at miniature which he takes from his breast-pocket*] Eh toi, ma Virginie! [*Kisses it.*] Toujours à moi—à ton Victor—n'est ce pas?

*Enter NETTLES, softly.*

*Net.* There he is. What has he got there? It's that portrait! I've never got a good peep at it. [*Peeping.*] Oh, my! what a pretty woman! [*Tourbillon kisses miniature.*] Oh! fie old gentleman! Oh! he's going too far! Hem!

*Coughs very loud.* TOURBILLON starts from his reverie, and hastily conceals portrait.

*Net.* Please, sir, I've come to say I'm very sorry that I pitched into Skutler to-day, and got you into a row. Please, sir, I beg your pardon.

*Tour.* I do not remember noting—adieu, mon petit ami!

[*Exit slowly.*]

*A Dog is heard to bark.* WADDILOVE runs on, loaded with packages, bottles, &c., followed by SKUTLER, SCRAGGS, and several boys.

*Wad.* Here, take the things, there's good fellows. I've got the eggs—but—[*Dog barks.*] Here's old Nubbles coming after me with his bull-dog. I knew how it would be, sending me after those eggs in old Nubbles' field. If you must have new-laid eggs, I wish you'd go poaching 'em yourself.

*Net.* Waddy, you're an ornament to your sex. Got the cigars for me?

*Wad.* They were out of penny Pickwicks, so I've brought half-penny Bengals.

*Net.* Hum—ha—yes! I think they'll do.

*Wad.* But hadn't I better get the eggs out of my pocket?

*Net.* Why, yes!—in case I should have to pitch into you, I might hurt the eggs.

*Wad.* I've been so nervous about these eggs, you can't think—the old hen herself couldn't have been more excited on the subject. [*Taking out the eggs and handing them to the boys, who put them into Waddy's hat; he dives to the bottom of his trousers pocket, and is horrified at feeling the eggs cracked.*] There, I knew how it would be—here are two of them smashed, all among the toffy.

*Net.* You may eat those yourself.

[*Exit with Waddilove.*]

*Enter TOURBILLON and NUBBLES.*

*Tour.* C'est impossible—mon cher Monsieur Nobiles.

*Nub.* Nubbles, I tell you!

*Tour.* C'est ça, Nobiles. Ah! ça coquins—which is it of you who rob his eggs to ce pauvre Nobiles? Voyons! [*Boys advance in a line.*] You see him, Nobiles?

*Nub.* I seed 'un sharp enough—a fat young chap in a wery short jacket; and there ought to be some holes somewhere, for Crib had hold of 'un.

*Tour.* [*Crosses.*] Range yourselves, coquins Ah! c'est lui—dis spoiled child of a Skutler—[*brings out boy from group*] ah! you suck eggs—ah!

*Nub.* No—t'other was fatter than this chap. I know it was one of your chaps as took 'em—sixteen beauties—a chicken in every one—half hatched, some of 'em.

*Tour.* He is not here, eh?

*Nub.* No, he ain't. I daresay you're a-hiding of the young rascal. I'll fetch a policeman. You're all of you in it—one as bad as another.

*Tour.* Hold! Listen to me, Monsieur Nobiles. You come here to find your eggs—your eggs is not here. You come here to find de tîef—de tîef is not here. I commence to tink dere is no tîef at all—dat you have no eggs at all, Nobiles

*Nub.* But I tell you I have, Mr. Parleyvool!

*Tour.* Comment "parlezvous?" Ah! you insult me!

*Nub.* Who are you a-threatening of, you hignorant foreigner?

*Tour.* Ignorant? Ah! retire yourself, if you would not that I should conduct you by ze nose.

*Nub.* You'd better!

*Boys.* Hurrah! [*Hustling Nubbles off.*]

*Tour.* Ah, c'est bien! I respire once more. But suppose he have lost his eggs, it is one of dese coquins take dem. Voyons donc, ici marauds. [*Counts.*] Un—deux—trois—

*As he counts, NETTLES enters, and gets to the top of the line.*  
—Skutler—Nettles—oui—there wants one. Ah, mon dieu! mais c'est une inspiration! C'est lui—c'est ce rascal of a Waddilove who have sucked de eggs to Nobiles.

*Enter WADDILOVE—he skulks up to top of line: he is seized by TOURBILLON.*

—Ah, voyons! what is behind you in your pantalon?

*Wad.* Eh? what?—nothing

*Tour.* [Turning him round.] Ah! you call dat noting? mais moi! I call him someting—I call him a great deal too moche,—de bites of a dog! Ah! you steal de eggs—eh?

*Wad.* Please, sir, what is an egg?

*Tour.* Maraund! turn out to me your pockets!

*WADDILOVE turns out his pockets one by one; at last he reluctantly turns out pocket of his trousers; some pieces of egg-shell fall out.*

*Wad.* Hallo! who's been putting eggs into my pockets?

*Tour.* Ah! voleur—you sall to the head-master for dis.

*Wad.* I couldn't help it. I was made to—Oh Bob!

*Net.* [Crosses.] Please, sir, it wasn't Waddy stole the eggs—that is, it was Waddy stole 'em; but he'd much rather not, if I hadn't made him do it.

*Tour.* Ah!

*Net.* So, if you please, sir, if you'd report me to the doctor,—I'm the boy that ought to be flogged or expelled, sir—I am indeed, I'm the wicked boy.

*Tour.* [Aside.] It makes me joy at de heart! [Aloud.] Ah! you are de wicked boy, eh? bien—my leetle friend, you have act like a—[kindly, but checking himself, and aside] non! de la rigueur—[aloud] like a rascal—and I sall have great plaisir of seeing you both together on the flog-horse. [Exit.]

*Net.* Well, that's too bad!—I did think Old Snuffy was more of a gentleman. Never mind, I'll make the school too hot to hold him. Here, you fellows, will you help me?

*Omnes.* Yes, Bob!

*Net.* Then from this day forth he mustn't have a moment's peace. Sew up the sleeves of his dressing-gown—

*Scraggs.* Stick pins in his chair—

*Skutler.* Put pepper in his snuff-box.

*Net.* That's right!—and if all this isn't enough, I'll bring his wife over from France, by way of a settler.

*VIRGINIE appears; she is dressed as a vagrant, and carries a tambourine: she sings a bar of a French song as she advances.*

*Sku.* Oh, here's a French girl—what a lark!

*Vir.* Charité, my good leetle gentlemen, for a poor leetle orphiline, widout fader or moder. I sing you pretty song. [Sings.]

[*Skutler imitates her—all burst out laughing.*

—Oh, do not mock yourselves at me, I am very tired and very sad—I sall go. [They go up.]

*Net.* Skutler, I'm nearly certain old Tourbillon's left a wife behind him—now, as we can't go to France for the genuine article, here's this little French girl—suppose we dress her up, and set her on the old fellow as Mrs. Tourbillon

*Sku.* Oh! let's try it—My sister's got the French bonnet and pelisse papa bought her, when we were at Boulogne. But will *she* consent to the trick?

*Net.* She looks too tired and hungry to be very particular. I say—do you speak English?

*Vir.* Oh! yes—it is so long dat I wander in England, I speak noting but English. I speak him so 'andsome, all de world tink me English girl.

*Net.* No doubt of it. Would you like to earn five shillings?

*Vir.* Oh! it is so moche money, I will sing you ever so many of chansons for dat.

*Net.* [*To Virginie*] What's your name?

*Vir.* Dey call me Virginie—noting more—Virginie.

*Net.* Then look here, Virginie—we've a lark going on here—a lark—you understand?

*Vir.* Lark? Lark? what is he, Lark? Ah! ow, I understand—de leetel bird dat sing—so high—so high—I not see him no more—but I hear his sweet voice, and den I forget dat I am fatiguée, and dance along as merry as his music.

*Net.* We're playing at a game. What's the French for game? Oh, I know. C'est un gibier!

*Vir.* Not de lark—he is not “gibier.”

*Net.* Dear, dear! how stupid these foreigners are! We want you to dress yourself up—and pretend to be a gentleman's wife.

*Vir.* [*Alarmed.*] Mais—comment—Oh!

*Net.* Oh! he's an old gentleman.

*Vir.* Par exemple! Oh, I cannot!

*Net.* [*Crosses.*] You needn't mind—he's dreadfully ugly—and I daresay he'll fight remarkably shy of you. Will you? Here, Scraggs, just humbug the cook to give her something to eat.

*Vir.* Oh! you are full of goods for me, mon bon monsieur. Oh, how much I tank you! [*A Bell rings.*]

*Net.* There's the two o'clock bell—off into school with all you boys—we'll soon teach the Frenchman what it is to rouse the British Lion.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Vir.* [*Alone.*] I am almost ashamed to play dis trick on le pauvre gentilhomme; but, else—I starve. My father was Royaliste in ze Revolution—he fly to save his life, wisout to tell my mother his

place of refuge. She seek to find, and join him—*Hélas*, in vain—den she pine and pine, and die of grief, before my eye, and leave her poor Virginie alone—alone. Wid her last breath she charged me to come to England, where she hope I find papa. I try to come—but alone—wisout money—wisout friend, à Dunkirk, I fall sick into an inn—dere kind English lady give me help, and send me to dis country, where I wander now many, many year. I sing a leetel song—I always feel de hope to find papa—but always dat hope deceive me. Always—always. [Exit.]

SCENE 2.—*The School Room*—Boys discovered making a great noise—TOURBILLON seated at his desk.

*Tour.* Silence!—si-lence!—*Sacré!* Brigands, hold ze tongue to all of you. Is it then Chaos, Babel, de school? Ah, mon Dieu! what a miserable is de master of a school. Oh, happy Abbé de L'Epee! he ta'ght only de deafs and de dumbs. Mais, courage—de la resignation and du tabac. [Takes snuff.] Ah! now for de premier class—dicté and translation. Silence!—dat which I say into English, you shall put him in French. [Sits and dictates—Nettles writing on slate, making a scratching with pencil.] “To hold a dialogue about whatever at table, at dinner. Give me some bread—some meat—some cream—some fish—some mustard—some apple-pie—some cheese—some plum-pudding—some vinegar—some custard—”

*Net.* [Laughing.] Oh! Look here, that is too much!

*Tour.* What have you then to shout so—eh?

*Net* Please, sir, I was thinking what a precious digestion the gentleman would have.

*Tour.* Ah! you permit yourself remarks, petit monstre. [Rises.] Give me your slate that I correct de blunder you sall make.

*While he is examining the slate* SCRAGGS sticks a pin into  
TOURBILLON'S seat.

*Tour.* Enough like dat! Quelle traduction! I ask you a leetle—Is it permitted to listen to translation like dat? [Flings himself back in his chair, the pin sticks into him—he jumps up.] Ah, mon Dieu! I am impale! Dey are savages,—dese boys. Who have done dis? Who have dared to stick a pin—oh! behind my back?

*Enter DOGGETT.*

*Dog.* Here's a lady wants to see Monsieur Tourbillon.

*Tour.* Comment! a lady!

*Dog.* A furrin lady.



*Tour.* Foreign—is she—par hazard—is she from France? [*Eagerly.*]

*Dog.* [*Looks to Nettles for instructions, who telegraphs him to say yes.*] Oh! yes—in course—monsieur.

*Tour.* A lady to see me from France? What a tremblement dat word give to my heart—if it should be some news—mais—non—non. Did she give no message—no name?

*Dog.* Oh! yes—the name of the place the bacca comes from—Virginie.

*Tour.* Virginie—dat name!

*Net.* [*Aside.*] He has a wife—and we've hit on the right name. Capital!

*Tour.* And noting else—no message—eh?

*Dog.* Here's her pictur—she said you'd know it.

TOURBILLON, *seizing portrait, gives a cry, and sinks fainting against*  
DOGGETT—he places him in chair.

*Net.* Now, then, come along, Mrs. T.

*Dog.* Here she is, sir.

*Enter VIRGINIE.*

[*Exit Doggett.*]

*Vir.* How I tremble! [*Sees Tourbillon*] Oh, he is dead! What have you done?

*Net.* By Jove, he has fainted!—this is getting past a joke.

*Vir.* Poor old man! but why did he faint himself?

*Net.* That's what I want to know—he no sooner saw the portrait than he gave a cry and went off slap, as you see. Here, bring water, salts, everything.

*Vir.* No, no! see, he breathe again—de colour return to his lip—see—[*as she looks earnestly into his face, she starts back*]. Ah, his face come to me like a dream, half lost. Oh, if it could be—[*faintly*]. He is so like papa, only dis poor old face is pale and sad—his was so bright wiz life, and health, and joy! Oh, see—he revive—he will speak to me perhaps.

*Tour.* [*Slowly reviving.*] Is it a dream? Virginie!

[*He suddenly sees her face, seizes her arm, and holds her at arm's length.*]

—Oh, ciel! Virginie! Speak to me dat I die not in dis struggle of hope and fear. [*Suddenly looking at portrait.*] Dis portrait—

*Vir.* Was de last gift of my dying moder.

*Tour.* [*Bursting into a passion of mingled joy and grief.*] Oh, Dieu, Dieu! [*opens his arms*] Ma fille!—ma fille! [*sinks into chair*].

*Vir.* Mon père! [*falling on her knees and embracing him*].

*Tour.* [After a long and affectionate embrace, gazing proudly and fondly upon her.] How she is beautiful! but how did you come at me?

*Viv.* Dis leetle gentleman—

*Tour.* Comment! dis enragé of a Nettles? Oh, to my arms, brave boy. [Seizes him to embrace him.] How sall I tank you for restoring to me my child?

*Net.* Oh, don't, sir, don't—I don't deserve it! I'm a brute—an unfeeling wretch! I did it all for a trick. I've played upon your feelings, without respect for your grief and your gray hairs. But if I'd known she was your daughter, I'd sooner have cut off my right hand than played such a trick! I've been at the bottom of all your sufferings, sir—the pin in the chair and the pepper in the snuff-box—and I can't look on your poor old face, and see the tears in her eyes—without—feeling—that—I deserve to be flogged—within—an—inch—of my life! [Sobbing.]

*Enter DOGGETT, with a packet.*

*Dog.* A letter for Master Nettles.

*Net.* [Takes the packet and opens it.] Yes, it's from uncle George. [Reads.] "Name—title—estates." Huzza!—huzza!—huzza! Here's a go!—huzza! [Seizes Tourbillon, and dances him round.]

*Tour.* Ah—rest yourself—tranquil! [Breaks away.] Is he mad?

*Net.* No—no—I beg your pardon, monsieur—I'll tell you all about it if I can—I was reading the paper the other morning, when I saw an advertisement, saying that if you, Monsieur, applied at 14 Chancery Lane, you'd hear—of something greatly to your advantage—so I wrote to my uncle George, the lawyer, and here's his letter, and you're restored to your title of Count, and the domains of the family—Shout, boys, shout.

*Boys.* Huzzah—huzzah!

## THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

### FOUR CHARACTERS.

SQUIRE BROADLANDS.

HORACE SELWOOD,.....a Fashionable Gentleman.

GEORGE SELWOOD, .. his Brother.

TEMPERANCE, .. Housekeeper to the Squire.

*Scene—A Dining-room.*

*Enter GEORGE and HORACE SELWOOD, followed by TEMPERANCE.*

*Geo.* Mistress Temperance, my brother and I have not, as you know, seen the Squire since we were boys, and he has now suddenly

sent for us; we are therefore naturally anxious, before we meet him, to learn something of his temper and disposition.

*Temp.* Well, sir, he is truly and completely that which he often says that it is his only ambition to be thought—The Old English Gentleman. He holds the wealth which Providence has given him, in trust for the benefit of his less fortunate fellow-creatures—cares for the humble, does *not* care for the proud—is kind and affable to all.

*Exit TEMPERANCE; enter the SQUIRE.*

*Squire.* Well, dear boys! How are you? How are you? Welcome to the Hall! I am glad to see you both. There, come forward, and let me have a look at you. [*They advance towards him.*] Bless my soul! Strange alterations in the last sixteen years, on both sides; you were boys, and have become young men—I was a man and have become an old boy! Well, well, we all have our turns! [*Holds out his hand to George.*] Which is this?

*Geo.* George, sir.

*Squire.* And which [*struck with Horace's appearance, pauses*], or, rather, what is this?

*Hor.* Horace Amelius, sir, at your service.

*Squire.* [*Shaking hands with him with much formality.*] Sir, you are vastly polite—and I beg to say in return, that I am happy to see as much of your face as you think it right to leave uncovered with hair.

*Squire.* George, come hither! [*To him.*] What is the meaning of all that hair upon your brother's face?

*Geo.* [*L.*] That, sir? that's the fashion.

*Squire.* The fashion! Why, he's not in the army?

*Geo.* No, sir.

*Squire.* Then he shall take off his whiskers.

*Geo.* I doubt if he will consent to do so: he is very proud of them.

*Squire.* Proud of them? Proud of them? Proud of looking like a monkey? Proud of being too lazy to shave himself? I'll have those things off, if I turn village barber myself! That boy's father and mother were two as worthy people as ever lived; and I think there must be some good beneath the incrustation of London folly which disfigures him. If so, if I don't dig it out! George.

*Geo.* Sir.

*Squire.* You are the eldest, I believe?

*Geo.* By five years, sir.

*Squire.* You are a merchant of the city of London?

*Geo.* I am, sir.

*Squire.* And you take pride in being so?

*Geo.* I do.

*Squire.* So you ought. But the time approaches when you may, perhaps, be called upon to exchange that appellation for another, equally honourable—that of an English country gentleman. Should you like to succeed to this place when I die?

*Geo.* I trust that such an event is ye, far off, sir.

*Squire.* Poh! Poh! Nonsense! I shall die none the sooner for your talking about it. Answer my question.

*Geo.* If I could fill it as you do, sir—Yea.

*Squire.* Very well. Now, what is to hinder you from doing so?

*Geo.* My education and habits.

*Squire.* Why, you have had the education of a gentleman?

*Geo.* True, sir.

*Squire.* Used to habits of business, you must have a good head!

*Geo.* For the duties of a merchant, I hope I have.

*Squire.* And a good heart?

*Geo.* Nay, sir.

*Hor.* [*Unaffectedly.*] Let me answer for him, there; a better hearted fellow than George Selwood does not exist!

*Squire.* [*Rising sharply, to Horace.*] Why do you interrupt me? [*Then shaking his hand.*] But I can forgive that! [*To George.*] And so, sir, you seem to think, upon the whole, that my place wouldn't suit you, as the servants say!

*Geo.* My dear sir—I know little about horses, nothing about dogs, or guns. I neither ride, drive, shoot, nor hunt; and therefore, upon the whole, honestly, I doubt it!

*Squire.* Then honestly, I say, you shall have a fair chance of changing your opinion. [*Takes his hand.*] George, your candour does you honour. I have rather slender hopes of our friend, here; but I must try him now. [*Turning to Horace, who is playing with his moustaches.*] Mr. Horace Amelius Selwood?

*Hor.* Sir!

*Squire.* If you think there would be no danger of your head falling off your shoulders, perhaps you will let go of those things, and attend to me!

*Hor.* [*Putting down his hands.*] With pleasure!

*Squire.* [*Imitating him.*] With play-jaar! What a queer word you make of it! [*To George.*] Why does he talk so?

*Geo.* It's the fashion, sir.

*Squire.* Fashion again! I observe, that everything that is particularly ridiculous is the fashion. [*To Horace.*] Well, sir, you perceive the difficulty in which I am placed; can *you* do anything to relieve me?

*Hor.* Hang me if I know!

*Squire.* I tell you what, young gentlemen, you really are two of the queerest fellows I ever met with! It is not often, I suspect, that station and fortune go begging in this manner.

*Hor.* Don't mistake me, sir; I have no objection to the money.

*Squire.* Haven't you really?

*Hor.* Oh, no; none in life! In point of fact, I rather like it; and I'll tell you why: I have rather "out-run the constable" lately.

*Squire.* [*Astonished.*] You have done what, sir?

*Hor.* Out-run the constable.

*Squire.* [*To George.*] What on earth has this boy had a constable after him for?

*Geo.* [*Smiling.*] Oh, sir, don't be alarmed! out-running the constable is only a fashionable phrase for spending more than one's income.

*Squire.* And the offence, I fear, is as fashionable as the phrase. [*To Horace.*] Then pray, sir, why don't you jump at such a chance as this!

*Hor.* Because I haven't the least idea how to be a squire!

*Squire.* Come, that's honest, at all events! Are you willing to learn?

*Hor.* Is it much trouble?

*Squire.* Less than to be a noodle!—at least I should think so.

*Hor.* Then I'll try!

*Squire.* So you shall. Give me your hand! And give me yours, George: now mind! this brother of yours engages to become my pupil; if I succeed in humanizing him, he will be my heir; if not, *you* must! No answer; for, by Jupiter! one of you shall!

*Geo.* Horace will be the man, sir, no doubt: he is younger than I am, and his habits are less settled.

*Squire.* Much less, seemingly! [*Aside.*] How shall I begin with him? [*To Horace.*] Can you ride?

*Hor.* I flatter myself that's about the best thing I do.

*Squire.* Then you really are not afraid of a horse?

*Hor.* I'm afraid of nothing!

*Squire.* [*Aside.*] How one may be deceived by appearances! [*Aloud.*] Can you drive?

*Hor.* Gig, curricule, tandem, unicorn, or four! I have driven the coach from London to Brighton about two hundred times.

*Squire.* I'm glad you can drive; but, I beg to inform you that

whoever becomes my heir will be able to make a decent livelihood without turning stage coachman?

*Geo.* It isn't for that, sir—it's the fashion.

*Squire.* [*To George.*] Oh! [*To Horace.*] Pray, sir, is it the fashion for gentlemen to turn servants of all denominations? Because, although our roads here are well supplied with coachmen at present, I have a vacancy for a footman, if that would suit you?

*Hor.* That would be degrading.

*Squire.* Oh! I beg your pardon. I didn't perceive the distinction. Can you shoot?

*Hor.* I can kill eleven birds out of twelve at thirty yards; for further particulars inquire at the Red House, Battersea.

*Squire.* Is that true?

*Hor.* I never tell a lie, it's ungentlemanly.

*Squire.* [*Aside.*] He's a strange animal; but there is good about the fellow! [*Aloud.*] Now, sir, one thing more, and I have done with you for the present. You are short of cash, I understand?

*Hor.* Excruciatingly!

*Squire.* I want to make a purchase of you; if I give you fifty pounds, may I take my choice of any article you have got about you?

*Hor.* Most willingly!

*Squire.* Enough. [*Taking out pocket-book.*] George! I lodge the money with you, when the goods are delivered, pay the vendor.

*Geo.* But what is the purchase, sir?

*Hor.* Aye; what is the purchase?

*Squire.* The growing crop of hair upon your face; with liberty to mow whenever I please. [*George laughs—Horace looks astonished.*]

*Hor.* My whiskers and moustaches!

*Squire.* Even so! Come, a bargain is a bargain; away to your room. Shave them off clean! and don't let me see your face again until, until—in short I can see it.

[*Goes up to table and rings bell, Horace is going.*]

*Geo.* Horace!

*Hor.* [*Turning.*] What?

*Geo.* [*Laughs and imitates shaving.*] I say—

*Hor.* Now be quiet!

[*Going.*]

*Geo.* Horace!

*Hor.* [*Peevishly turning again.*] Well! What do you want?

*Geo.* Look here, old man! [*Holding up note.*]

*Hor.* Well—to be sure—a fifty is two ponies; and the hair will grow again! [*Exit.*]

*Squire.* I'll turn that young monkey into a man yet!

—*Charles Dance.*

## STIRRING THE PUDDING.

James Robertson Planché, the author of this "Piece of Pleasantry," was of French descent, but was born in London in 1796. At an early age he wrote burlesques, and in all nearly two hundred pieces were prepared for the stage by this genial dramatist. He died in 1860. The following extract is published by permission of Mr. Samuel French, 80 Strand, London, the owner of the copyright.]

## SIX CHARACTERS.

GENIUS OF THE TIME.

GOOD HUMOUR.

GOOD CHEER.

GOOD FUN.

CARE.

CHRISTMAS.

*Scene: A Drawing-room.**Enter the GENIUS in full evening dress.*

*Genius.* 'Tis mine, with mirth and music, light and flowers,  
To wing the flight of mortals' leisure hours.  
And it is just the witching time of night,  
When, at my bidding, many a tricky sprite,  
A Christmas gambol would rejoice to play,  
And make with merry mortals holiday.

*Enter* GOOD HUMOUR, GOOD CHEER, *and* GOOD FUN. *They are in evening dress, but with garlands of chrysanthemums on their heads and wands in their hands.*

*Good Humour.* We take you at your word.

*Genius.*

Ah! so I see!

If I may be so bold, pray who are "We?"

*Good H.* Three spirits who, I may say with good reason,  
Are most in fashion at this "Festive Season."

*Genius.* Your names?

*Good H.*

Good Humour.

*Good Cheer.*

Good Cheer.

*Good Fun.*

And Good Fun.

*Genius.* Jelly companions, truly!

*All Three.*

Every one!

[*They sing.*]

*Genius.* Well, I am glad to see you, I protest,  
Good Humour's everywhere a welcome guest;  
So is Good Cheer at all times, there's no question,  
If but accompanied by good digestion.  
As for Good Fun, at such a time as this  
His presence I should much regret to miss.  
But sure, for spirits, this is strange attire;  
I thought, whether of earth, air, flood, or fire,  
You all wore spangled tunics, with gauze wings,  
And long silk tights—you know the sort of things

*Good H.* Here, by the Genius of the Drawing-room  
Inspired, we come in suitable costume,  
And evening dress considered indispensable.

*Genius.* Sir, of the compliment believe me sensible  
The choicest spirits make a blunder, when  
The habits they forego of gentlemen.  
And such society I've never courted:  
You're spirits neat as ever were imported.

*Good C.* But not above proof that we hither came  
With you to gambol!

*Genius.* "Messieurs, make your game!"

*Good H.* The game is made.

*Good F.* Is it not Christmas Eve?

*Genius.* Admitted—but I really don't perceive—

*Good C.* We must all stir the pudding for good luck!

*Genius.* The thought, I vow, my brain had never struck.  
That is an institution old and great,  
But you will have an hour or so to wait.  
For though you say your game is made, I fear  
The pudding's not made yet——

*Good F.* We'll make it!—Here!  
And in this drawing-room I'll play the witch in,  
And turn it just *pro tem.*, into the kitchen! [*Waves his wand.*]  
Tis done! [*To Company.*] If any of you don't perceive it,  
We count on your politeness to believe it.  
For Fun's sake, surely, you won't think it strange,  
To let your fancy take a (kitchen) range,  
And in imagination round you whizzing,  
See a whole *batterie de cuisine* (quizzing).

*Air, "Si vuol ballare il Signor Contino" (Nozze de Figaro).*

Of electro-biology I'm a professor,  
This table, I say, is a deal kitchen dresser,  
And the porcelain vase which I place on it there,  
A pudding-pan merely of glazed earthenware.  
These nick-nacks become, by the same brief expedients,  
Of a Christmas plum-pudding the well-known ingredients.  
And like the weird sisters we'll mix them, you'll see,  
To the music of Locke, pitched in just the right key.  
[*Takes a vase from the mantel-piece, and places it on a small table in the centre—collecting the various small ornaments, books, flowers, and trinkets about the room to be put into the vase.*]



*Genius.* Nay, then of Hecate I will play the part,  
And help to show the wonders of our art!  
So now about the cauldron sing,  
Like elves and faeries in a ring  
Enchanting all that in you fling.

*[The three Spirits join hands and move around the table, all singing to the music in "Macbeth."*

Around, around, around, around;  
About, about, about, about!  
All good the pudding putting in,  
All ill keep out!

*Good H.* *[Dropping one of the small ornaments into the vase.]* Here's some fine suet fat!

*Genius.* Put in that—put in that!

*Good C.* Some flour I've found!

*[Dropping in bouquet.*

*Genius.* Put in a pound!

*Good F.* Plums, currants, eggs and spice, I add, sir!

*[Flinging in a heap of small articles.*

*Genius.* The pudding won't be very bad, sir.

Put in all those with candied peel, if handy.

*Good C.* Hold! here's a gill of the best cognac brandy.

*[Emptying a small bottle of eau de Cologne—All stir furiously with their wands, passing round and singing as before.*

Around, around, around, around;  
About, about, about, about  
All good keep putting in,  
All ill keep out!

*Genius.* By the splitting of the plums,  
Something ugly this way comes.

*Enter CARE, dressed like a beggar; he has a heavy load on his back, marked, "For mortals.—With care."*

*Good F.* You may say ugly. Why, it's Care!

*Genius.* *[To Care.]*

How dare

You enter here!

*Care.* I enter everywhere!

From the proud palace to the lowly cot,  
Show me the place on earth Care enters not?

*Good F.* But not at Christmas time.

*Care.*

Indeed! What say

Those who have heavy Christmas bills to pay,  
 And rack their brains in vain the cash to find?  
 Are they to Care or Good Fun most inclined?  
 Or the poor wretches, who are all but starving,  
 While you, Good Cheer, are your roast turkey carving?  
 And, though Good Humour may laugh off some ills,  
 There are blue devils which defy blue pills!

*Good H.* He'll give them us, if longer he stands croaking!

*Good F.* Begone, dull Care! or you'll find I'm not joking.

*Care.* I mightn't find it, even should you be!

Some people's jokes are too dull e'en for me.

*Good F.* No insolence! but pack off with your pack,  
 Or in a coarser way you'll get the sack,  
 And take your way on quite another track.

[*The three Spirits seize Care.*

*Enter CHRISTMAS in a travelling dress, with a carpet bag and an umbrella.*

*Christmas.* How now, ye merry, mad and midnight wags! What  
 is't ye do?

*Good F.* To ask it what's your right?

*Christmas.* I'm Christmas. Come, as you all know, to-night

*Genius.* Christmas! a bag and an umbrella with!

*Good F.* Pooh! He's some person of the name of Smith.

*Genius.* You're not a bit like Christmas! Where's your crown  
 Of holly, and your gaily garnished gown?

*Christmas.* Why shouldn't Christmas be permitted, pray,  
 As well as you to dress like sons of clay?

I think I may assert, without much vanity,  
 Few spirits own more habits of humanity;  
 But to convince you I am Christmas—there!

[*Touches with his umbrella the load of Care, which drops from  
 his shoulders.*

You see I have the power to lighten Care.

*Care.* Oh, Christmas!—weary mortals prompt to cheer,  
 Why do you come to them but once a year?

*Christmas.* To set a good example, which I'd fain  
 All folks would follow till I come again;  
 To-night begins my brief reign of hilarity,  
 But my chief mission and delight is, charity!—  
 To feed the hungry—cause the hearts to glow,  
 Of those who shiver houseless in the snow;

Find feuds forgotten, bid detraction cease,  
And all the world enjoy my Christmas *piece*.

*All.* Hail, Christmas! you're the king of all good fellows.

*Good F.* And now we'll "sing old Rose and burn the bellows."

*Christmas.* With all my heart!—despite of this apparel,  
You shall know Christmas by his cheery carol!

*Air, CHRISTMAS, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer"*

Cheer, boys, cheer!—commence the "festive season!"

Welcome the coming—speed the parting year;

Cheer, boys, cheer!—give all around you reason,

With you, once more, to bless my visit here.

Revel, ye rich, but let your poorer brothers

Share in the goods by Fortune on you thrown;

Never forget, to glad the hearts of others,

Brings after all the best joy to your own.

Cheer, boys, cheer, &c.

*Genius.* Most gracious sovereign, may I presume  
To hope you'll hold in mine *your* drawing-room?

*Christmas.* Madam, unless your eyes are growing heavy, -  
I shouldn't wonder if I held a levée;

For while such beauty is your room adorning,

It's odds against my going home till morning.

*Good F.* Hurrah! your ministers of state are we,  
And bound to keep up Christmas merrily!

*Christmas.* A merry Christmas if you wish to keep,  
Let none within your circle want or weep;

Then will good fun seem more than ever bright,

And good digestion wait on appetite;

And knowing none who lack a Christmas meal,

All in good humour with themselves will feel.

*Genius.* [*To Company.*] He's right—of one fact I'm at any rate sure  
There's no good fun where there is not good-nature;

Here let us hope plenty of both to find.

If we have stirred the pudding to your mind,

Let us unmingled bear with exultation,

The stirring sound of your full approbation.

THE THREE SPIRITS.

And now as spirits e'er so great  
Must in due time evaporate,

We'll merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,  
Merrily dance away,  
To the echo!

[Voices within.] To the echo!

To the echo!

[Voices within.] To the echo!

All To the echo of "Hip, hip, hooray!"

## MONEY.

Edward George, Baron Lytton, the author of this play, was the son of General Baiwes, and was born in 1805. At an early age he achieved a great reputation as a novelist, after which he turned his attention to play-writing with equal success. "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu" still retain the favour of the public. Baron Lytton died in 1873.

## TEN CHARACTERS.

SIR JOHN VESKY.

LORD GLOSSMORE.

SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.

BENJAMIN STOUT, M.P.

MR. GRAVES.

MR. SHARP.

ALFRED EVELYN.

SERVANT.

LADY FRANKLIN.

GEORGINA VESKY.

SCENE.—A Drawing Room.

*Enter* LORD GLOSSMORE, preceded by SERVANT.

Ser. I will tell Sir John, my lord!

[Exit.

[Evelyn seated at table takes up the newspaper.

Gloss. The secretary—hum! Fine day, sir; any news from the East?

Evelyn. Yes! all the wise men have gone back there!

2d Servant announces from R.C. Mr. Stout.

Gloss. Ha, ha!—not all, for here comes Mr. Stout, the great political economist.

*Enter* STOUT.

Stout. Good morning, Glossmore.

Gloss. Glossmore!—the parvenu.

Stout. Afraid I might be late—been detained at the vestry. Astonishing how ignorant the English poor are! Took me an hour and a half to beat it into the head of a stupid old widow, with nine children, that to allow her three shillings a-week was against all the rules of public morality!

Evelyn. [Comes down c] Excellent!—admirable!—your hand, sir!

Gloss. What! you approve such doctrines, Mr. Evelyn? Are old women only fit to be starved?

*Evelyn.* Starved! popular delusion! Observe, my lord—[*crosses*]  
—to squander money upon those who starve is only to afford encouragement to starvation!

*Stout.* A very superior person that!

*Gloss.* Atrocious principles! Give me the good old times when it was the duty of the rich to succour the distressed.

*Evelyn.* On second thoughts, *you* are right, my lord. I, too, know a poor woman—ill—dying—in want. Shall *she*, too, perish?

*Gloss.* Perish! horrible!—in a Christian country. Perish! Heaven forbid!

*Evelyn.* [*Holding out his hand.*] What, then, will you give her?

*Gloss.* Ehem! Sir—the parish ought to give.

*Stout.* By no means.

*Gloss.* By all means.

*Stout.* No!—No—No. Certainly not!

*Gloss.* No! no! But I say, yes! yes! And if the parish refuse to maintain the poor, the only way left to a man of firmness and resolution, holding the principles that I do, and adhering to the constitution of our fathers, is to force the poor *on* the parish by never giving them a farthing one's self.

*Stout.* No—no!

*Gloss.* Yes—yes!

*Evelyn.* Gentlemen, perhaps Sir John will decide. [*Goes up.*]

*Enter* SIR JOHN, LADY FRANKLIN, GEORGINA, BLOUNT.

*Sir J.* How d'ye do!—Ah! How d'ye do, gentlemen? Ah, Stout! This is a most melancholy meeting! The poor deceased!—what a man he was!

*Blount.* I was chivvied Fwedewick after him! He was my first cousin.

*Sir J.* And Georgina his own niece—next of kin!—an excellent man, though odd—a kind heart, but no liver! I sent him twice a-year thirty dozen of the Cheltenham waters. It's a comfort to reflect on these little attentions at such a time.

*Stout.* And I too sent him the Parliamentary Debates regularly, bound in calf. He was my second cousin—sensible man—and a follower of Malthus; never married to increase the surplus population, and fritter away his money on his own children. And now—

*Evelyn.* [*Aside.*] He reaps the benefit of celibacy in the prospective gratitude of every cousin he had in the world!

*Lady F.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir J.* Hush! hush! decency, Lady Franklin; decency!

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Mr. Graves—Mr. Sharp.

*Sir J.* Oh, here's Mr. Graves; that's Sharp the lawyer, who brought the will from Calcutta.

*Enter GRAVES, SHARP.*

Ah, sir—Ah, Mr. Graves! A sad occasion!

*Graves.* But everything in life is sad. Be comforted, Miss Vesey True, you have lost an uncle; but I—I have lost a wife—such a wife!—the first of her sex—and the second cousin of the defunct! Excuse me, Sir John; at the sight of your mourning my wounds bleed afresh.

*[Servants hand round wine.]*

*Sir J.* Take some refreshment—a glass of wine.

*Graves.* Thank you!—(very fine sherry!)—Ah! my poor sainted Maria! Sherry was *her* wine: everything reminds me of Maria! *[Goes up to Lady F.]* Ah, Lady Franklin! you knew her. Nothing in life can charm me now.—*[Aside.]* A monstrous fine woman that!

*[Crosses back.]*

*Sir J.* And now to business. *[All sit. Servants exeunt.]* Evelyn, you may retire. *[Evelyn rises.]*

*Sharp.* *[Looking at his notes.]* Evelyn—any relation to Alfred Evelyn?

*Evelyn.* The same.

*Sharp.* Cousin to the deceased, seven times removed. Be seated, sir; there may be some legacy, though trifling: all the relations, however distant, should be present. *[Evelyn sits again.]*

*Geo.* Ah, Mr. Evelyn; I hope you will come in for something—a few hundreds, or even more.

*Sir J.* Silence! Hush! Whugh! ugh! Attention.

*Sharp.* The will is very short, being all personal property. He was a man that always came to the point.

*Sir J.* I wish there were more like him!—

*[Groans and shakes his head. All except Evelyn groan and shake their heads.]*

*Sharp.* *[Reading.]* “I, Frederick James Mordaunt, of Calcutta being, at the present date, of sound mind, though infirm body, do hereby give, will, and bequeath—imprimis to my second cousin, Benjamin Stout, Esq., of Pall Mall, London—

[*Stout places handkerchief to his eyes. All exhibit lively emotion.* Being the value of the Parliamentary Debates with which he has been pleased to trouble me for some time past—deducting the carriage thereof, which he always forgot to pay—the sum of £14, 2s. 4d.

[*Stout takes away handkerchief. All breathe more freely.*

*Stout.* Eh, what!—£14? Oh, hang the old miser!

*Sir John.* Decency—decency! Proceed, sir. Go on, go on.

*Sharp.* "Item—To Sir Frederick Blount, Baronet, my nearest male relative—  
[*All exhibit lively emotion.*

*Blount.* Poor old boy!

*Sharp.* "Being, as I am informed, the best dressed young gentleman in London, and in testimony to the only merit I ever heard he possessed, the sum of £500, to buy a dressing-case.

*Blount.* [*Laughing confusedly.*] Ha! Ha! Ha! Vewy poor wit—low!—vewy—vewy low!

*Sir J.* Silence, now, will you?

*Sharp.* "Item—To Charles Lord Glossmore—who asserts that he is my relation—my collection of dried butterflies, and the pedigree of the Mordaunts from the reign of King John.

*Gloss.* Butterflies!—Pedigree!—I disown the plebeian!

*Sir J.* [*Angrily.*] Upon my word, this is too revolting! Decency—go on.

*Sharp.* "Item—To Sir John Vesey, Baronet, Knight of the Guelph, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c.

*Sir J.* Hush! Now it is really interesting!

*Sharp.* "Who married my sister, and who sends me, every year, the Cheltenham waters, which nearly gave me my death—I bequeath—the empty bottles.

*Sir J.* Why, the ungrateful, rascally old—

*Lady F.* Decency, Sir John—decency!

*Owens.* Decency, Sir John—decency!

*Sharp.* "Item—To Henry Graves, Esq., of the Albany—

*Graves.* Pooh, gentlemen!—my usual luck—not even a ring, I dare swear!

*Sharp.* "The sum of £5000 in the Three per Cents.

*Lady F.* I wish you joy!

*Graves.* Joy—pooh! Three per Cents!—Funds sure to go! Had it been land, now—though only an acre!—just like my luck.

*Sharp.* "Item—To my niece, Georgina Vesey—

*Sir J.* Ah, now it comes!

*Sharp.* "The sum of £10,000 India stock, being, with her father's reputed savings, as much as a single woman ought to possess.

*Sir J.* And what the devil, then, does the old fool do with all his money?

*Lady F.* Really, Sir John, this is too revolting! Decency! Hush!

*Sharp.* "And, with the aforesaid legacies and exceptions, I do will and bequeath the whole of my fortune, in India stock, Bonds, Exchequer bills, Three per Cent. Consols, and in the Bank of Calcutta (constituting him hereby sole residuary legatee and joint-executor with the aforesaid Henry Graves, Esq.), to Alfred Evelyn [pause—a movement on the part of everybody but Sharp], now or formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge [universal excitement], being, I am told, an oddity, like myself—the only one of my relations who never fawned on me; and who, having known privation, may the better employ wealth."—And now, sir, I have only to wish you joy, and give you this letter from the deceased. I believe it is important.

[All rise.

*Omnes* crowd round to congratulate Evelyn. I wish you joy.

*Sir John.* My dear fellow, I wish you joy: you are a great man now—a very great man! I wish you joy.

*Lord Gloss.* If I can be of any use to you——

*Snout.* Or I, sir——

*Blount.* Or I? Shall I put you up at the clubs?

*Sharp.* You will want a man of business. I transacted all Mr. Mordaunt's affairs.

*Sir J.* [Pushing them aside.] Tush, tush! Mr. Evelyn is at home here—always looked on him as a son! Nothing in the world we would not do for him!

*Evelyn.* Lend me £10 for my old nurse!

*Omnes.* Certainly! Certainly!

[All put their hands into their pockets, producing purses and offering them eagerly.]

## PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

### TWO SCENES.—SIX CHARACTERS.

QUINCE, .. ...a Carpenter.

BOTTOM,.....a Weaver.

FLUTE,... ...a Bellows-mender.

SNOUT, .....a Tinker.

STARVELING, ....a Tailor.

SNUG, .....a Joiner.

FIRST SCENE. *A Room in Quince's House.—Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, and STARVELING.*

*Quin.* Is all our company here?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.



*Quin.* Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

*Bot.* First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors: and so grow to a point.

*Quin.* Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

*Bot.* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

*Quin.* Answer as I call you: Nick Bottom, the weaver.

*Bot.* Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

*Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

*Bot.* What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

*Quin.* A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all splht.

“The raging rocks,  
With shivering shocks,  
Shall break the locks  
Of prison-gates:  
And Phibbus' car  
Shall shine from far,  
And make and mar  
The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

*Quin.* Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

*Flu.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You must take Thisby on you.

*Flu.* What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

*Quin.* It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

*Flu.* Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

*Quin.* That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

*Bot.* An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too! I'll speak in a monstrous little voice.—“*Thine, Thine,*”—“*Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear: and lady dear!*”

*Quin.* No, no; you must play Pyramus, and Flute, you Thisby.

*Bot.* Well, proceed.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, the tailor.

*Star.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

*Snout.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

*Snug.* Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

*Quin.* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "*Let him roar again! Let him roar again!*"

*Quin.* An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang us every mother's son.

*Bot.* I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

*Quin.* You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it.—Peter Quince,—

*Quin.* What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

*Bot.* There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby* that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself: which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

*Star.* I believe we must leave the killing out when all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

*Bot.* No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in

a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

*Snowd.* Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

*Snowd.* Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

*Snowd.* You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present Wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so every one according to his cue. [*Exeunt.*]

SECOND SCENE. *A Room in the Palace.—Enter QUINCE as PROLOGUE.*

*Prolog.* *If we offend, it is with our good will.*

*That you should think, we come not to offend,*

*But with good will. To show our simple skill,*

*That is the true beginning of our end.*

*Consider, then, we come but in despite,  
 We do not come as minding to content you,  
 Our true intent is. All for your delight,  
 We are not here. That you should here repent you  
 The actors are at hand; and, by their show,  
 You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

*Enter SNOOT as WALL.*

*Wall.* "In this same interlude it doth befall,  
 That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:  
 And such a wall as I would have you think,  
 That had in it a crannied hole or chink,  
 Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,  
 Did whisper often very secretly.  
 This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show  
 That I am that same wall; the truth is so:  
 And this the cranny is, right and sinister,  
 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

*Enter BOTTOM as PYRAMUS.*

*Pyr.* "O, grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!  
 O night, which ever art, when day is not!  
 O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,  
 I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—  
 And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,  
 That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;  
 Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,  
 Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.  
*[Wall holds up his fingers.]*  
*Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!*  
 But what see I? No Thisby do I see.  
 O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;  
 Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

*Enter FLUTE as THISBE.*

*Pyr.* "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,  
 To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.  
*Thisby!"*

*This.* "My love! thou art my love, I think."

*Pyr.* "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"

*This.* "'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay."

*Wall.* "Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;

And, being done, thus Wall away doth go."

*[Exit.]*

*Enter* SNUG *as* LION *and* STARVELING *as* MOONSHINE.

*Lion.* "You, ladies, you whose gentle hearts do fear  
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,  
May now perchance both quake and trouble here  
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
*Then* know that I, one Snug, the joiner, am  
No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:  
For, if I should as lion come in strife  
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

*Moon.* "This lantern doth the horned moon present;  
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be."

*Enter* FLUTE *as* THISBE.

*This.* "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

*Lion.* [*Roaring.*] "Oh—" [*Thisbe runs off.*]

*Enter* BOTTOM *as* PYRAMUS.

*Pyr.* "Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;  
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;  
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,  
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite!

But mark,—Poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stained with blood?

Approach, ye furies fall?

O Fates! come, come;

Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell?"

"O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:

Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound:

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus;

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:—

[*Stabs himself.*]

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.  
 Now am I dead,  
 Now am I fled;  
 Tongue, lose thy light!  
 Moon, take thy flight!  
 Now die, die, die, die, die." [Dies.  
 —Adapted from "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*."

## AUTHORS AND AMATEURS.

## ELEVEN CHARACTERS.

MR. PUFF, .. ..... a Dramatist.  
 MR. DANGLE, } ..... his Literary Friends.  
 MR. SNEER, }  
 SIR WALTER RALEIGH.  
 SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.  
 LORD BURLING.  
 GOVERNOR OF TILBURY FORT.  
 MASTER OF THE HORSE.  
 EARL OF LEICESTER.  
 Two Sentinels.

SCENE—*The Stage of a London Theatre.*

DANGLE, PUFF, and SNEER.

*Puff* I CALL my tragedy "*The Spanish Armada*;" and have laid the scene before Tilbury Fort.

*Dan.* Tilbury Fort!—very fine indeed!

*Puff.* Now, what do you think I open with?

*Sneer.* Faith I can't guess—

*Puff.* A clock—Hark!—[*Clock strikes.*] I open with a clock striking, to beget an awful attention in the audience;—it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning.

*Enter two Sentinels, who lie down and go to sleep.*

*Dan.* But pray, are the sentinels to be asleep?

*Puff.* Fast as watchmen.

*Sneer.* Isn't that odd, tho', at such an alarming crisis?

*Puff.* To be sure it is, but smaller things must give way to a striking scene at the opening; that's a rule. And the case is, that two great men are coming to this very spot to begin the piece; now, it is not to be supposed they would open their lips, if these fellows were watching them, so I must either have sent them off their posts, or set them asleep.

*Sneer.* O, that accounts for it!—But tell us, who are these coming?

*Puff.* These are they,—Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Christopher Hatton.—You'll know Sir Christopher, by his turning out his toes,—famous, you know, for his dancing. I like to preserve all the little traits of character. Now attend.

*Enter SIR WALTER RALEIGH and SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.*

*Puff.* Excuse me! if you remember I didn't tell you, Mr. Brown, to turn *your* toes out. *Sir Walter Raleigh* wasn't a dancing master, you know. Suppose you were to turn your toes *in*, by way of contrast, you know.

"*Sir C. True, gallant Raleigh!*"—

*Dan.* What, had they been talking before?

*Puff.* O, yes; all the way as they came along.—I beg pardon, gentlemen [*to the Actors*], but these are particular friends of mine, whose remarks may be of great service to us. Don't mind interrupting them whenever anything strikes you [*to Sneer and Dangle*].

"*Sir C. True, gallant Raleigh!*

But O, thou champion of thy country's fame,  
There is a question which I yet must ask;  
A question, which I never asked before;—  
What mean these mighty armaments?

This general muster? And this throng of chiefs?"

*Sneer.* Pray, Mr. Puff, how came Sir Christopher Hatton never to ask that question before?

*Puff.* What, before the play began? How the plague could he!

*Dan.* That's true, I' faith!

*Puff.* But you will hear what he thinks of the matter.

"*Sir C. Alas! my noble friend, when I behold*

Yon tented plains in martial symmetry  
Array'd—When I count o'er yon glittering lines  
Of crested warriors, where the proud steeds neigh,  
Meek valour-breathing trumpet's shrill appeal,  
Responsive vibrates on my list'ning ear;  
When virgin majesty herself I view,  
Like her protecting Pallas veiled in steel,  
With graceful confidence exhort to arms!  
When, briefly, all I hear or see bears stamp  
Of martial vigilance and stern defence,  
I cannot but surmise—Forgive me, friend,  
If the conjecture's rash; I cannot but  
Surmise—The state some danger apprehends!"

*Puff* Excuse me! just one word! Don't you think you could give it a little light and shade! slightly monotonous—don't you think so? Now, something after this style:—

"Forgive me, friend, if the conjecture's rash  
I cannot but surmise"—and something in that way.

"*Sir C.* [*Imitates Puff.*] Forgive me, friend, if the conjecture's rash—and something of that sort of thing."

*Puff.* No! no! no! [*resignedly*] Well, have it your own way: do get on.

"*Sir W.* O, most accomplished Christopher!"

*Puff.* He calls him by his Christian name, to show that they are on the most familiar terms.

"*Sir W.* O, most accomplished Christopher"—

*Puff.* Just a little louder. "O, most accomplished *Christopher.*" Up with your Christopher.

"*Sir W.* I find

Thy staunch sagacity still tracks the future,  
In the fresh print of the o'ertaken past."

*Puff.* Figurative!

"*Sir W.* Thy fears are just."

"*Sir C.* But where? Whence? When? and What?  
The danger is—"

*Puff.* But, my good friend, the danger's not down there. Don't look for it as if you were looking for a black beetle—look all around you.

"*Sir W.* You know, my friend, scarce two revolving suns—

*Puff.* But couldn't you give a little suggestive action there? such as—[*imitates revolving motion*].

"*Sir W.* [*Imitating Puff.*] Two revolving suns,  
And three revolving moons, have closed their course,  
Since haughty Philip, in despite of peace,  
With hostile hand hath struck at England's trade.

"*Sir C.* I know it well.

"*Sir W.* Philip, you know, is proud Iberia's king!

"*Sir C.* He is.

"*Sir W.* His subjects in base bigotry,  
And Catholic oppression held,—while we,  
You know, the Protestant persuasion hold.

"*Sir C.* We do.

"*Sir W.* You know beside,—his boasted armament,  
The fam'd Armada,—by the Pope *captized*."

*Puff.* No, no—*baptized*, not *captized*.

"*Sir W.* With purpose to invade the realms—



"Sir C. Is failed,  
Our last advices so report.

"Sir W. While the Iberian admiral's chief hope,  
His darling son—

"Sir C. Ferolo Whiskerandos—

"Sir W. The same;—by chance a pris'ner hath been ta'en,  
And in this fort of Tilbury—

"Sir C. Is now  
Confined;—'tis true, and oft from yon tall turret top  
I've marked the youthful Spaniard's haughty mien  
Unconquer'd, tho' in chains."

Dan. Mr. Puff, as he *knows* all this, why does Sir Walter go on  
telling him?

Puff. But the audience are not supposed to know anything of the  
matter, are they?

Sneer. True, but I think you manage ill: for there certainly ap-  
pears no reason why Sir Walter should be so communicative.

Puff. For, egad now, that is one of the most ungrateful observa-  
tions I ever heard,—for the less inducement he has to tell all this,  
the more I think you ought to be obliged to him; for I am sure  
you'd know nothing of the matter without it.

Dan. That's very true, upon my word.

Puff. But you will find he was *not* going on.

"Sir C. Enough, enough,—'tis plain,—and I no more  
Am in amazement lost!  
But see where noble Burleigh comes! supreme  
In honours and command.

"Sir W. And yet methinks  
At such a time, so perilous, so fear'd,  
That staff might well become an abler grasp.

"Sir C. And so, by heav'n! think I [*very loud*]; but soft, he's here!"

Puff. No, no. Say it with a little more "idea" [*very softly*]. But  
soft, he's here.

"Sir C. But soft, he's here."

Puff. But now for my principal character.—Here he comes;—Lord  
Burleigh in person!—Pray, gentlemen, step this way;—softly—I  
only hope the Lord High Treasurer is perfect!—If he is but perfect—

*Enter BURLLEIGH. [Goes slowly to a chair and sits.]*

Sneer. Mr. Puff.

Puff. Hush! vastly well, sir! vastly well! a most interesting gravity!

Dan. What, isn't he to speak at all?

*Puff.* Egad, I thought you'd ask me that;—yes, it is a very likely thing,—that a minister in his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk,—but hush! or you'll put him out.

*Sneer.* Put him out! how can that be, if he's not going to say anything?

*Puff.* There's a reason! why, his part is to *think*! do you imagine he can *think* if you keep talking?

*Dan.* That's very true, upon my word!

*[Burleigh comes forward, shakes his head, puts chair back to its place, and exit.]*

*Sneer.* He is very perfect, indeed.—Now, pray what did he mean by that?

*Puff.* You don't take it?

*Sneer.* No; I don't, upon my soul.

*Puff.* Why, by that shake of the head, he gave you to understand, that even tho' they had more justice in their cause, and wisdom in their measures; yet, if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people, the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy.

*Sneer.* What!—did he mean all that by shaking his head?

*Puff.* Every word of it;—if he shook his head as I taught him.

*Sneer.* But who are these?

*Puff.* O! very valiant knights; one is the governor of the fort, the other the master of the horse. And now, I think you shall hear some better language: I was obliged to be plain and intelligible in the first scene, because there was so much matter of fact in it

*Enter EARL OF LEICESTER and MASTER OF THE HORSE.*

*"Leic.* How's this, my friends! is't thus your new-fledg'd zeal  
And plumed valour moulds in rusted sloth?  
Why dimly glimmers that heroic flame,  
Whose redd'ning blaze by patriot spirit fed,  
Should be the beacon of a kindling realm?  
Can the quick current of a patriot's heart  
Thus stagnate in a cold and weedy converse,  
Or freeze in tideless inactivity?  
No! rather let the fountain of your valour  
Spring thro' each stream of enterprise,  
Each petty channel of conducive daring,

Till the full torrent of your foaming wrath  
O'erwhelm the flats of sunk hostility!"

*Puff.* There it is,—followed up! Very good, indeed, allow me to introduce you to my friends.

"Sir W. No more! the fresh'ning breath of thy rebuke  
Hath fill'd the swelling canvas of our souls!  
And thus, tho' fate should cut the cable of [All take hands.  
Our topmost hopes, in friendship's closing line  
We'll grapple with despair, and if we fall,  
We'll fall in glory—*whack!*"

*Puff.* Excuse me! will you allow me to look at your part? It's not "Whack;" it's "Wake,—GLORY'S WAKE."

"*Leic.* There spoke Old England's genius!  
Then we are all resolv'd?

"*All.* We are;—all resolv'd.

"*Leic.* To conquer,—or be free?

"*All.* To conquer,—or be free.

"*Leic.* All?

"*All.* All!"

*Dan.* *Nem. con.*, eh?

*Puff.* O yes, where amateurs *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful!

"*Leic.* Then, let's embrace O mighty Mars!" [Kneels.

*Puff.* But Mars isn't in the coal cellar, you know! Look up! When you address the gods always look up to the gallery!

"*Leic.* If in thy homage bred,  
Each point of discipline I've still observed;  
Nor but by due promotion, and the right  
Of service, to the rank of major-general  
Have ris'n; assist thy votary now!

"*Gov.* Yet do not rise,—hear me!

"*Mas. of H.* And me!

"*Sir W.* And me!

"*Sir C.* And me!"

[They all kneel.

*Puff.* Now, all together.

"*All.* Behold thy votaries submissive oeg,  
That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask;  
Assist them to accomplish all their ends,  
And sanctify whatever means they use  
To gain them!"

*Puff.* Vastly well, gentlemen. Is that well managed or not? Have you seen anything like this on the stage?

*Sneer.* Not exactly.

*Leuc.* [To *Puff.*] But, sir, you haven't settled how we are to get off here.

*Puff.* You could not go off kneeling, could you?

*Sir W.* [To *Puff.*] O no, sir! impossible!

*Puff.* It would have a good effect, I' faith, if you could exeunt on your knees, and would vary the established mode of springing off.

*Sneer.* O, never mind, so as you get them off, I'll answer for it the audience won't care how.

*Puff.* Well, then, repeat the last line standing—each with a different emphasis, and go off the old way.

"*All.* And sanctify whatever means they use to gain them." [*Ex.*]

*Puff.* Pretty well, but not quite perfect. We'll finish the piece to-morrow.  
—*R. B. Sheridan.*

## A LITTLE CHEQUE

(Adapted from "The Two Roses," by JAMES ALBERT, by permission of MR. SAMUEL FRENCH, 89 Strand, London, the owner of the copyright.)

### SEVEN CHARACTERS.

DIGBY GRANT.

Mr. JENKINS.

Mrs. CUPS.

CALFB DEECIE

Mr. FURNIVAL

IDA AND LOTTIE GRANT.

*Scene—Room in GRANT'S Cottage. Table: Decanter on table with glasses.*

*Grant* [seated.] [*Enter* Mrs. CUPS.] Ah, Mrs. Cups, how do you do?

*Mrs. C.* [stiffly.] I'm very well, I thank you. I've called for my little bill, Mr. Grant.

*Grant.* [taking bill file.] I'm glad to hear it. I was afraid you'd called for the money. [*Takes bill off file and hands it politely.*]

*Mrs. C.* Mr. Grant, this is not right.

*Grant.* Very likely not; I haven't cast it up. I never do. The tradespeople mean to rob me; I mean to pay them—we both fail; but the good intention is with me, thank heaven! There's your account; I acknowledge the debt, I do not dispute it, or attempt to deduct over charges, or take off a discount for cash like a common cad. If you bring it me next year I shall still acknowledge it; I can do no more. I am a gentleman; I can do no less.

*Mrs. C.* I don't care for all your fine talk. I'll have my money, or I'll know the reason why.

*Grant.* What can be fairer? You shall know the reason why I haven't got it.

*Mrs. C.* Well, you must find it somewhere

*Grant.* There again, nothing can be truer; I must find it if I get it. The thing is, where?

*Mrs. C.* Don't you know anyone you wouldn't mind borrowing it of?

*Grant.* Plenty, but they would mind lending.

*Mrs. C.* Surely you've some old friends.

*Grant.* Yes, but they're so old I've worn them out.

*Mrs. C.* Well, haven't you any acquaintances?

*Grant.* I used to have, but I've turned 'em all into friends.

*Mrs. C.* Well, I must have my money, so it don't signify. [*Sits.*]

*Grant.* If it don't signify, why not wait?

*Mrs. C.* [*Rises indignantly.*] I haven't common patience Good morning. [*Going.*]

*Grant.* Mrs. Cups, stay. [*Rises.*] You shall be paid. I'll do it.

*Mrs. C.* Dear me, what? [*Returning.*]

*Grant.* This little room—[*rises*]—lowly indeed, for I do not hold the position I did—is still the abode of honour and innocence, of me, a broken gentleman. This floor shall never be polluted by the tread of a broker. I will do it.

*Mrs. C.* Dear me, do what?

*Grant.* I will sacrifice myself.

*Mrs. C.* Not kill yourself, Mr. Grant?

*Grant.* No, I will only slay my pride. A lady who has wealth has almost asked me to share it; I will marry her—and you shall be paid.

*Mrs. C.* I—I could wait a little while, Mr. Grant.

*Grant.* No, you shall not wait. She is not a fair woman; she has not your comely figure nor pleasant smile, Mrs. Cups.

*Mrs. C.* Oh, Mr. Grant!

*Grant.* She has not your gentle voice.

*Mrs. C.* Do you think my voice gentle? [*Behind chair.*]

*Grant.* She will not be such a mother to my girls—as—as—you—would make, but I have pressing need. She will, I know, lend me twenty pounds at once—and—you shall be paid. [*Sits in chair.*]

*Mrs. C.* Oh, it seems a great pity you should sacrifice yourself, Mr Grant. It's very noble, but—

*Grant.* I will do my duty.

*Mrs. C.* I—I—could lend you twenty pounds, Mr. Grant, if—

*Grant.* [*Takes her hand.*] Mrs. Cups, these lips have touched the royal hand. [*Kisses her hand.*] I—I—cannot express what I feel at this proof of your—high esteem—I would not have you see my emotion. Leave me—and—and—bring the money.

Mrs. C. I will, Mr. Grant; good-bye.

Grant. Good-bye; I shall never be able to repay you for your kindness. Allow me. [*Opens door and bows her out; closes door*] That's a confounded silly woman.

*During the last line FURNIVAL has knocked at door, come in, and when they are gone out GRANT turns and sees him.*

Fur. Mr. Grant?

Grant. Yes.

Fur. Oh! dear me! There is my card—perhaps you expected me.

Grant. "Furnival, solicitors." What mess am I in now?

Fur. [*Takes out papers—hands one.*] That is right, I think. You are Digby Grant, and distantly related to De Chaperon?

Grant. Sir, it is the comfort of my life.

Fur. Dear me! You seem a strong man—good nerve—anything in that bottle?

Grant. Sherry.

Fur. Good?

Grant. Very.

Fur. Take a glass. [*GRANT does so.*] Well now—perhaps you'd better take another. [*GRANT does so.*] Now you can bear it. That is all correct.

Grant. Perfectly.

Fur. I congratulate you. You are worth ten thousand a year.

Grant. [*Jumps up.*] I! [*Rises, throws off smoking-cap, goes to window overcomes.*]

Fur. Ah, you ought to have taken another—or—[*looks at him*]—perhaps you had—taken some before—try and keep cool. There is only one person between you and the whole estates of De Chaperon; that one person, if in existence, cannot be found—your claim will not be disputed.

Grant. Can I take possession at once?

Fur. No, but soon—meantime I will do all I can for you. You may occasionally be without cash.

Grant. I occasionally have cash, but am without as a rule.

Fur. Dear me! I have placed £2000 to your credit at the bankers in the town; you will excuse the liberty?

Grant. Don't mention it.

Fur. I have also brought you a cheque book, so that you might use it at once. You'll forgive me?

Grant. Freely!

Fur. Then for the present I will say "Good-bye."

*Grant.* Allow me to open the door. I can be humble; the noble spirit is not inflated by prosperity.

*Flw.* Dear me!

[*Exit.*

*Grant.* [*Opens cheque book.*] Thank heaven, I shall now no longer be under any obligation to any one. Let me see—yes—a little cheque. [*He signs four cheques.*] A future opens before me; the public acknowledge wealth; the ministry influence. Who knows but by a careful selection of politics I may yet hide my gray hairs under a coronet. [*Knock.*] Come in.

*Enter Mrs. CUPS with bank notes.*

*Mrs. C.* O, Mr Grant, I have got the money.

*Grant.* My good woman, I *wished* to see you. If you will kindly sit down a moment, I will attend to you. [*Signs cheques.*

*Enter CALEB at side door, with IDA and LOTTIE.*

*Lotty.* Here papa, how do you like us?

*Grant.* My dears, come close to me, and—[*cross*—]—take off those things.

*Lotty.* O, papa, we—

*Grant.* Nay, dear children, do as I bid you. take them off.

[*They do so wonderingly.*

*Grant.* My dear children—[*rising*—]—and—I know not why I should not say my friends—I have to some extent deceived you. I *was*, like Timon, tired of the hollowness of the world, sick of its tinsel show, and I came here hoping to find more simple joys and humble though sincere friendship. I have not been deceived. I *may* mention as an instance the kind solicitude of Mrs. Cups. She *was* quite unaware that it was in my power to repay her fully; she *shall* not go unrewarded. Mrs. Cups, a little cheque. [*Tears it from book and hands it.*] I am about to return to that position to which I am by birth entitled. My daughters are about to take their place in society, among the noblest and the best.

*Enter Mr. JENKINS, a little tipsy.*

*Jenk.* Here's the dry sherry, and here are the kicksies; they'll fit you. [*Displaying a pair of light trousers, and a white waistcoat.*

*Grant.* [*Is a little taken aback.*] My worthy friend, I was in jest. Our Mr. Jenkins, a much-esteemed though humble friend, has a good heart. I have on various occasions noticed that he has, under the disguise of disburdening his sample case, left various things for my daughters, such as—as—shall be nameless. He cannot be

expected to possess that refinement that would have made it clear to him that even if we required such aid our pride would not have allowed us to accept it, but he meant well, and I ask him to accept—a little cheque. Mr. Deecie, with whom I deeply sympathize, lent my daughters a piano. He did not mean to offend. I thank him—a little cheque. I am indebted to him in some small sums—twenty, perhaps thirty pounds. I wish never to see him again. I clear the score—a little cheque. [*Takes out cheque and offers it.*]

*A twelvemonth is supposed to have elapsed between the scenes.*

SCENE 2.—CALEB discovered at back. Enter FURNIVAL meeting GRANT. *A garden.*

*Fur.* I think I'll sit down. How's the gout? [*They sit.*]

*Grant.* It is very bad—but it has been in our family a long time.

*Fur.* Dear me—I know several families in which there has been something bad for a long time. But what have you there?

*Grant.* Brandy; but the silly fellow has not left me a corkscrew for the seltzer.

*Fur.* Better without. I'd drink it if I were you. I've got some very nice cigars; I think I will indulge—nice green curtains overhead—smoke won't hurt 'em—you'd better drink that. [*GRANT does so.*] Try these. [*GRANT smokes.*] It's about a year ago since I came and informed you that you were heir to ten thousand a year.

*Grant.* I remember that pleasant occasion.

*Fur.* I told you that there was but one person between you and that estate, and that person could not be found.

*Grant.* You did.

*Fur.* Well—let's see. Oh, yes, you've had the brandy—well, he is found.

*Grant.* Great heavens! [*Puts down cigar and falls back.*]

*Fur.* Ah! you bear it very well.

*Grant.* My dear sir, does anyone know of this besides you?

*Fur.* Well, not completely.

*Grant.* Then why let any one know?

*Fur.* [*Rises.*] Mr. Grant, you have mistaken your man. You are —

*Grant.* You do not understand me.

*Fur.* I think I do; and I say a man who makes such a proposition deserves—. I have traced the boy in Mr. Caleb Deecie.

*Caleb.* [*From behind.*] What! [*The word must be half smothered. A pause.*]

*Fur.* You bear it well.



*Grant.* This is a great relief to my mind. When will your proofs be complete?

*Fur.* Nothing of importance is wanting. My clerk is without, waiting for his instructions to go to Nottingham to-morrow.

*Grant.* He must not wait; let him go to-night, express; I will pay the expense; I will give you a little cheque. My mouth's dried up. I wonder where that fellow put the corkscrew.

CALEB *advances*

*Caleb.* Knock the neck off.

*Grant.* The man himself.

*Caleb.* Will that do? [*Hands tuning-key of piano.*]

*Grant.* Thank you. [*Takes it.*] I did not know you were here.

*Caleb.* No; my entering on your estate does astonish you, no doubt.

*Grant.* I am very pleased to greet you; we have been parted too long.

*Caleb.* Yes, too long to meet with perfect confidence.

*Grant.* Mr. Deecie, I have something for your private ear.

*Caleb.* Choose your ear and proceed.

*Grant.* I have often, in days gone by, thought you had a strong attachment for my daughter Ida—that you saw her merit.

*Caleb.* Yes; a blind man might see that.

*Grant.* And I also thought, Caleb—I say Caleb.

*Caleb.* Yes, as there is a doubt about my name; Caleb is best

*Grant.* [*Starts*] I also thought she had a more than common liking for you, and I confess I noticed it with pleasure.

*Caleb.* Since when?

*Grant.* Since——

*Caleb.* I think I can tell how long you have had this favourable opinion—about half an hour. But I daresay as you find it so easy to forget old favours when it suits you, you can readily forget new dislikes. Would you have welcomed me an hour ago, or say yesterday?

*Grant.* I—I——

*Caleb.* Pause a moment: you are agitated

*Grant.* I—no, you—mistake—if you could see me——

*Caleb.* I can't, but I can hear; your tongue is dry with excitement. Try your seltzer; knock the neck off—you won't hurt it, it's only a tuning-key.

*Grant.* Tuning-key!

[*Staggered.*]

*Caleb.* Yes, what I have been tuning the piano with.

*Grant.* Then, with his quick ears—[*turns away*]*—he knows all.*

*Caleb.* By the bye, I've got something for you that I've been keeping for a long time—you may find it useful now—a little cheque!  
[*Hands him the cheque Grant has given him in Scene 1.*]

## SYDNEY CARTON.

### A TALE OF SELF-SACRIFICE IN A PROLOGUE AND THREE ACTS.

CARTON—Reckless Not too bitter with Darnay Soft, earnest, and despairing with Lucie. Firm and bright in the prison scene, and subdued and tender with Sempstress DARNAY.—Quiet in the prologue. In the prison surprised and earnest LUCIE—Soft, gentle, and earnest. NARRATIVE.—First and second scenes plain and level. The description of the Revolution strong, and in sympathy with the words. Make in the last scene frequent pauses.

### *Prologue.*

Time: A.D. Seventeen hundred and eighty. Scene: The Old Bailey. *Dramatis personæ:* SYDNEY CARTON, a briefless barrister sits leaning back, his torn gown half off him, his wig put on just as it happened to light on his head, his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the ceiling, disreputable and debauched in look.

CHARLES DARNAY, Frenchman (Age—five-and-twenty; Condition—gentleman; well-grown and well-looking), stands in the dock and pleads "Not guilty." The object of the trial is to prove Charles Darnay a spy and traitor to the King of England.

On a level with the eyes of both men sits in a corner of the judge's bench, LUCIE MANETTE, a young lady of little more than twenty, who has drawn close to the old man (her father) in her dread of the scene, and her pity for the prisoner.

Evidence against Charles Darnay is warped and wrested from Lucie Manette. It amounts to nothing save that she recognizes him as a fellow-passenger, and that he showed her kindness when she, with her father, was crossing from France to England. She is directed to look at the prisoner.

To be confronted with such earnest youth and beauty is far more trying to the accused than to be confronted with all the crowd; and when the plaintive tone of Lucie Manette is drowned in a flood of tears, not all the staring curiosity that looks at him out of the crowd can for the moment nerve him to remain quite still.

Then the prisoner's counsel cross-examines another witness, who admits that he has never seen the prisoner but once before. At this, Sydney Carton, who all this time has been looking at the ceiling of

the court, writes a word or two on a little piece of paper, screws it up, and tosses it to the counsel. Opening it the counsel looks with curiosity at the prisoner.

"You say again you are sure it *was* the prisoner?"

"Quite sure."

"Did you ever see anybody like the prisoner?"

"Not so much like that I could be mistaken."

"Look well upon that gentleman, my learned friend over there. Then look well upon the prisoner. How say you, are they very like each other?"

They are sufficiently like each other to surprise everybody present. Sydney Carton lays aside his wig. The likeness becomes more remarkable. The counsel asks the witness whether he would have been so confident had he seen this resemblance sooner; whether he would now be so confident having seen it. The witness admits the possibility of error and retires in confusion.

And now the jury go out to consider the verdict. In the midst of the excitement that ensued, Sydney Carton, the debauched, disreputable-looking barrister, changed neither his place nor his attitude. Yet he takes in more of the details of the scene than he appears to take in; for now when Miss Manette's head drops upon her father's breast, Sydney Carton is the first to see it and to say, "Officer! look to that young lady. Help the gentleman to take her out. Don't you see she will fall?"

The trial had lasted all day, and the lamps in the court were now being lighted. It began to be rumoured that the jury would be out a long while. The spectators dropped off to get refreshment, Carton among the rest. On his way he inquired for Miss Manette, and returning to court he went forward to the dock.

"Mr. Darnay."

The prisoner looked up.

*Cart.* You will naturally be anxious to hear of the witness—Miss Manette. She will do very well; you have seen the worst of her agitation.

*Darn.* I am deeply sorry to have been the cause of it. Could you tell her so for me, with my fervent acknowledgments?

*Cart.* Yes, I could. I will, if you ask it.

*Darn.* I do ask it. Accept my cordial thanks.

Carton left the court-house; and an hour and a half limped heavily away before the jury returned with their verdict of "Not Guilty."

The lights are all extinguished; the iron gates are closed; the dismal place deserted. Sydney Carton had leaned up against the

wall, had silently strolled out, and had looked on until the coach carrying Lucie Manette and her father had driven away.

The counsel had been fee'd and thanked, but nobody had made any acknowledgment of Mr. Carton's part in the day's proceedings. He had taken off his wig and gown, and was none the better for it in appearance. These were drinking days, when men drank hard. Carton smelt of port-wine, and was not sober. He laughed and turned to Darnay.

*Cart.* This is a strange chance that throws you and me together. It must be a strange night to you standing alone here with your counterpart.

*Darn.* I hardly seem to belong to the world again.

*Cart.* I don't wonder at it. You were pretty far advanced on your way to another. You speak faintly.

*Darn.* I begin to think I am faint

*Cart.* Then why on earth don't you dine?

Drawing Darnay's arm through his own Carton takes him into a tavern. There he recruits his strength with dinner and good wine. Carton sits opposite to him with his separate bottle before him.

*Cart.* Do you feel yet that you belong to this world again, Mr Darnay?

*Darn.* I am confused regarding time and place, but I am so far mended as to feel that I am alive.

*Cart.* It must be an immense satisfaction. As to me, the greatest desire I have is to forget that I belong to the world. It has no good in it for me—nor I for it. So we are not much alike in that particular. We are not much alike in any particular, you and I.

Darnay, at a loss how to answer, answers not at all

*Cart.* Your dinner is done, call a health, Mr. Darnay. Give your toast

*Darn.* What health? What toast?

*Cart.* Why, it's on the tip of your tongue.

*Darn.* Miss Manette, then!

*Cart.* Miss Manette, then!

Carton looks his companion full in the face, drinks the toast, flings the glass against the wall, where it shivers to pieces.

*Cart.* A fair young lady to be wept for by. How does it feel? Is it worth being tried for one's life to be the object of such sympathy, Mr Darnay?

Darnay answers not a word.

*Cart.* She was mightily pleased to have your message when I gave it her.

The allusion reminds Darnay of the share Carton had in his acquittal. He thanks him for it.

*Cart.* I neither want thanks nor merit any. It was nothing to do in the first place, and I don't know why I did it in the second. Let me ask you one question

*Darn.* Willingly.

*Cart.* Do you think I particularly like you?

*Darn.* You have acted as if you do, but I don't think you do.

*Cart.* I don't think I do. I begin to have a good opinion of your understanding.

Charles Darnay rises and wishes him good-night.

*Cart.* A last word, Mr. Darnay; you think I'm drunk. You shall likewise know why. I am a disappointed drudge, sir. I care for no man on earth, and no man on earth cares for me.

*Darn.* Much to be regretted. You might have used your talents better.

*Cart.* Maybe so, Mr. Darnay, maybe so. Don't let your sober face elate you. You don't know what it may come to. Good-night.

Left alone, this strange tipsy barrister goes to a glass that hangs against the wall and surveys himself.

Do you particularly like the man? he says to his own image. Why should you particularly like a man who resembles you? There is nothing in you to like. You know that. What a change you have made on yourself! He shows you what you have fallen away from—what you might have been! Change places with him. Would you have been looked at by those blue eyes as he was? Come on and have it out in plain words! you hate the fellow!

He gets out of the house into the cold, sad air—the dull sky overcasts, the whole scene is a lifeless desert. Waste forces within him; a desert all around. This man stands still upon his way, and sees for a moment a mirage of honourable ambition, self-denial, and perseverance; gardens in which the fruits of life hang ripening. A moment! It is gone!

*Act the First.*—DOCTOR MANETTE'S LODGINGS.

Period: 1781. Scene: England.

More months than twelve had come and gone. Charles Darnay was now established in London as a teacher of the French language. From the days of Eden the world of man has gone one way—the way of love of a woman. The Eden to Charles Darnay was the love of

Lucie Manette, whom he had loved since the hour of his trial. He had never seen a face so beautiful as hers when it was confronted with his own at the Old Bailey.

Sydney Carton had not improved during these twelve months. If he shone anywhere he certainly never shone in the house of Dr. Manette. He had been there during a whole year, a moody and morose loungeur. The cloud of caring for nothing which overshadowed him with such a fatal darkness was very rarely pierced by the light within him.

Yet he cared for the streets that environed that house. Many a night he vaguely wandered there when wine had brought no transitory gladness to him, and dreary daybreak revealed his solitary figure lingering there. These quiet times brought some sense of better things—else forgotten—to his mind.

On a day in August he called at the house.

Shown upstairs, he found Lucie at her work alone. He seated himself near her table. Looking at his face she saw a change in it.

*Lucie.* You are not well, Mr. Carton!

*Cart.* No! But the life I lead is not conducive to it. What is to be expected from, or by, such profligates?

*Lucie.* Is it not—forgive me,—a pity to live no better life?

*Cart.* God knows! it is a shame!

*Lucie.* Then why not change it?

Looking gently at him, she is saddened and surprised. Tears were in his eyes and his voice as he answered,—

*Cart.* It is too late for that.

He leaned an elbow on her table and covered his eyes with his hands. The table trembled in the silence that followed, as without looking at her, he said:—

*Cart.* Forgive me, Miss Manette. I break down before the knowledge of what I want to say to you. Will you hear me?

After a little while he spoke steadily.

*Cart.* Don't be afraid to hear me. Don't shrink from anything I say; I am like one who *died*. All my life might have been——.

*Lucie.* The best part might still be. You might be much, much worthier of yourself.

*Cart.* Say much worthier of you, Miss Manette, and although in the wretchedness of my own heart I know better, I shall never forget it! She was pale and trembling.

*Cart.* If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you, this wasted, drunken creature, that, in spite of his happiness, would have brought

you to misery. I know very well you can have no tenderness for me. I ask for none I am thankful it cannot be.

*Lucie.* But without it can I not save you, Mr. Carton? I know that you would say this to no one else. Can I turn it to no good account for yourself?

He shook his head.

*Cart.* No, Miss Manette, to none. Hear me through, a very little more, and all you can do for me is done. I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. In my degradation I have not been so degraded but that the sight of you with your father, and of this home, made such a home by you, has stirred old memories that I thought had died. Since I knew you I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again; whispers from old voices that I thought were silent for ever. I have had ideas of beginning anew; of fighting out the abandoned fight. A dream—all a dream! But I wish you to know that you inspired it. You kindled me—heap of ashes that I am—into fire—a fire lighting nothing, quickening nothing, burning itself away.

*Lucie.* Can I use no influence to serve you? Have I no power for good with you at all?

*Cart.* Yes. Let me carry through the rest of my life—the remembrance that I opened my heart to you—that there was something left in me which you could pity. Will you let me believe that the last confidence of my life was reposed in your pure breast—that it lies there alone?

*Lucie.* Mr. Carton, the secret is yours, not mine; I promise to respect it.

*Cart.* Thank you; and again, God bless you!

He put her hand to his lips and moved towards the door, then stopped and said,

*Cart.* Don't be afraid; I shall never refer to this again.

He was so unlike what he had ever shown himself to be, that Lucie Manette wept as he stood looking back at her.

*Cart.* I am not worth such feeling, Miss Manette. An hour hence and the habits I scorn, but yield to, will render me less worth such tears than any wretch who creeps along the streets. But within myself I shall always be to you what I am now. Will you believe this?

*Lucie.* I will.

*Cart.* For you or any one dear to you, I would do anything—embrace any sacrifice for you or your loved ones. The time will come when new ties will be formed about you that will ever grace and

gladden you. When the little picture of a happy father's face looks up in yours, when you see your own bright beauty springing up anew, think now and then that there is a man who would give his *life* for you. I would gladly give,—but, no more,—farewell, Miss Manette, and God bless you.

*Act the Second—The Terrorist Tribunal.*

Period: 1793. Scene: Paris.

The new era had begun. The Republic of liberty, equality, fraternity! The black flag waved night and day from the great towers of Notre Dame. No pause, no pity, no peace, no interval of relenting rest. All lost in the raging fever of a nation. The executioner showed the people the head of the king and almost in the same breath the head of his fair wife. There was a revolutionary tribunal and a law of the suspected which struck away security for liberty or life; prisons were gorged with people who had done no wrong and could obtain no hearing. One hideous figure was as familiar as if it had been before the general gaze from the foundations of the world—the Guillotine.

The dread tribunal of the Terrorists sat every day. Their lists went forth every evening—were read out by jailers to their prisoners. “Charles Evremonde (called Darnay).”

So began the list one evening at the prison of La Force.

Charles Evremonde (called Darnay) stepped apart into a spot reserved for those thus set apart for trial.

His judges sat upon the bench in feathered hats, the rough, red cap and tri-coloured cockade otherwise prevailing. The lowest, cruellest, and worst were the directing spirits of the scene. The men were armed. The women—some wore knives, some daggers, some ate and drank as they looked on, some knitted.

Charles Evremonde (called Darnay) was accused as a Royalist, whose life was forfeit to the Republic under the decree which banished all Royalists on pain of death. He had been taken in France; his head was demanded.

“An enemy to the Republic!” was shouted. “Take off his head.”

The prisoner was asked whether he had not lived many years in England?

“Yes.”

“Was he not a Royalist? What did he call himself?”

“Not a Royalist within the sense and spirit of the law.”

“Why not?”

“Because he had voluntarily relinquished a title that was distaste-



ful to him, and had left his country to live by his own industry in England."

"He had married in England?"

"True, but not an Englishwoman."

"A citizeness of France?"

"Yes, by birth."

"Her name?"

"Lucie Manette."

"Why had he returned to France?"

"He had returned on the written entreaty of a French citizen, whose life was endangered by his absence. He had come back to save a citizen's life."

Charles Evremonde (called Darnay) denounced! An enemy to the Republic! An aristocrat! One of a family of tyrants! Of a race proscribed, for they had used their privileges to the infamous oppression of the people.

At every juryman's vote there was a roar Guilty! And again guilty! Death within four-and-twenty hours!!

The wretched wife of the innocent man doomed to die, fell down under the sentence as if mortally stricken. She uttered no sound Yet so strongly did she feel that it was she of all the world who must uphold her husband in his misery, that it raised her from the shock.

"If I might touch him, embrace him once! Oh, good citizens, have so much compassion for us!"

They passed her over to where he could fold her in his arms.

As he was drawn away his wife released him. As he went out at the prisoners' door she turned and tried to speak to him, and fell to the ground.

Issuing from a corner in which during the trial he had never moved, Sydney Carton came and took her up. His arm trembled as he raised her. He carried her lightly to the door, laid her tenderly down in a coach, and took his seat beside the driver. Carried her up the staircase to her room, where her child and friends wept over her.

"Oh, Carton, Carton, dear Carton!" cried the child, throwing her arms around him in a burst of grief, "Do something to help mamma to save papa. Look at her. Can you of all people bear to see her so!"

He bent over the child, laid her cheek against his careworn face, then looked at the unconscious mother.

"Before I go, I may kiss her?"

He bent down, touched her face, murmured:—

"I will save the life of the man you love!" and walked with a settled step downstairs.

*Act the Third.*—A PRISON. A PUBLIC SQUARE.

Period: 1793. Scene: Paris.

In the black prison of La Force the doomed of the day awaited their fate. Charles Darnay, alone in his cell, lay down on his straw bed, and awoke in the sombre morning. It flashed upon his mind, "This is the day of my death!"

Clocks struck the numbers he was never to hear again—nine, ten, eleven, twelve. The final hour was three.

ONE!

TWO! There is but another hour now!

Footsteps in the stone passage outside the door. The key was put in the lock and turned. The door quickly opened and there stood before him—Sydney Carton.

*Cart.* "Of all people in the world, you least expected to see me, I come from her, your wife."

The prisoner grasped his hand.

*Cart.* "I bring you a request from her, earnest, pressing, and emphatic. You must comply. You have no time to ask why I bring it or what it means."

Darnay looked at Carton with a strong, fixed gaze. Carton met it. Never had they seemed in features more alike.

*Cart.* "Take off those clothes you wear, and put on those of mine. Quick!"

*Darn.* "Carton, there is no escaping from this place. It is madness."

*Cart.* "When I ask it, tell me it is madness, and remain here. Change that cravat for this of mine; that coat for mine."

With strength of will and action he forced these changes on him.

*Cart.* "There are pen, ink, and paper on this table; write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!"

Darnay sat down. Carton, with his right hand on his breast, stood close beside him.

*Cart.* "Write as I speak; address it to no one. Now begin."

*"If you remember the words that passed between us long ago, you will know what this means when you see it."*

As Carton said this he was drawing his hand from his breast. The prisoner in his hurried wonder looked up. The hand stopped, closing upon something. It was a phial.

*Darn.* "Is that a weapon in your hand?"

*Cart.* "You shall know soon; write but a few words more

*"I am thankful the time has come when I can prove them. That I do so is no cause for grief."*

Carton's hand, holding the phial, slowly and softly moved to the writer's face

The pen dropped. Darnay looked about him vacantly.

*Darn.* "What vapour is that?"

*Cart.* "Vapour! I can feel nothing. Take up the pen and finish."

The prisoner made an effort, with altered breathing.

*"If it had not been so [Carton's hand again stealing down], I should but have had the more to answer for"*

The pen was now trailing off into mere signs

The prisoner sprang up; but Carton's hand was firm at his nostrils, and within a minute he was stretched insensible on the ground

With hands true as his heart, Carton, dressed in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then softly called, "Enter there! Come in!"

Two men raised the unconscious figure of Darnay, placed it on a litter to carry it away. The door closed, Carton was left alone—Charles Darnay was free!

The clock outside began to strike.

THREE!

The jailer looked into his cell, merely saying, "Follow me, Evremonde."

He stood by the wall, whilst some of the prisoners were brought in after him. Fifty-two were to die that day.

His number was *twenty-three*.

A young girl, with a slight form, a sweet, spare, pale face, and large, still eyes, came to him

"Citizen Evremonde, I am a little sempstress, who was with you before your trial"

It thrilled him with a dread lest it should be discovered he was not the man she took him for.

*Cart.* "True; of what were you accused?"

*Semp.* "Plots! though the just Heaven knows I never thought of any. Why should I? a poor, little, weak creature like me."

The sad smile with which she said it so touched him that tears sprang to his eyes.

*Semp.* "I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evremonde, but I have done nothing. Will you let me hold your hand; I am little and weak, it will give me more courage?"

The still sad eyes were on his face. He saw a sudden doubt in them. He put his finger to his lips. She understood.

*Semp.* "Are you dying for him?"

*Cart.* "Hush! yes, and his wife and child!"

*Semp.* "O you will let me hold your hand?"

*Cart.* "Yes, my poor sister! to the last!"

Along the Paris streets the tumbrils rumble. A guard of horsemen ride abreast. People press to the third cart. The horsemen point to one man in it. He stands at the back, his head bent down to a mere girl who sits and holds his hand.

Cries are raised against him. He only shakes his hair more loosely about his face.

The tumbrils come on to the place of execution. The populace close behind the last, all following to the guillotine.

In front of it, seated in chairs, are a number of women knitting. They count the heads—one—two—three, and so on, as the dread guillotine does its work.

Sydney Carton descends; the sempstress is lifted out. He has not loosed her hand, but holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine.

She looks up and thanks him.

*Semp.* "I think, dear stranger, you were sent to me by Heaven!"

*Cart.* "Or you to me. Keep your eyes on me, child; mind nothing else."

*Semp.* "I mind nothing whilst I hold your hand. Is the moment come?"

*Cart.* "Yes."

These two children of the universal Father, else so wide apart, have come together on the dark highway to go to home and rest. She kisses his lips, he kisses hers.

The spare hand does not tremble as he lets it go. She is gone.

The knitting women count "TWENTY-TWO."

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE: HE THAT BELIEVETH ON ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE."

The murmuring of voices, the upturning of faces, the pressing on of footsteps, the crowd pushing forward in a mass like one great heave of water, all flashes away as the knife descends. The knitting women say calmly,—

"TWENTY-THREE!"

—Adapted from "A Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens, by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

## NELLIE'S PRAYER.

By the kind permission of the Editor of the *Referee*, and Mr. G. R. Sims.

George R. Sims, the author of this poem, was born at London in 1847, educated at Hanwell College, and afterwards at Bonn. In 1874 he joined the staff of *Fun* and the *Weekly Despatch*, and subsequently he contributed a series of popular ballads to the *Referee* under the pseudonym of "Dagonet." He produced his first play in 1879, entitled *Crutch and Toothpick*, and this was followed by such successful melodramas as *The Lights o' London*, *The Romany Rye*, and *The Harbour Lights*, the latter being written in collaboration with Mr. Henry Pettit. He takes a keen interest in the social condition of the poor, as may be seen in the graphic revelations contained in his *Horrible London* and *How the Poor Live*. He has written several novels, and a collection of his poems has recently been published under the title of *Dagonet's Duties*.

It's a month to-day since they brought me  
The news of my darling's death ;  
I knew what it meant when the neighbours  
Whispered under their breath ;  
And one good motherly creature,  
Seeing my Nell at play,  
Stooped down, with her eyelids streaming,  
And kissed her and turned away.

It was there in the evening paper,  
His name was among the dead—  
We had won a glorious battle,  
And the enemy, beaten, fled.  
Then they counted the dead and wounded,  
And found him among the slain ;  
O God ! had I known when we parted  
We were never to meet again !

I couldn't believe the story—  
I couldn't believe that he,  
My darling—my soldier husband—  
Would never come back to me.  
I had thought of him night and morning ;  
I had passed long nights on my knees  
Praying that God would bring him  
Back to me over the seas

It all came back like a vision ;  
I could hear the band as it played

When the regiment marched to the station,  
And the noise that the people made  
As they shouted "Good luck" to the soldiers,  
And gave them three ringing cheers,  
While the women, with ashen faces,  
Walked by the side in tears.

We walked by *his* side that morning,  
And Nellie was quite elate  
With the band and the crowd and the cheering—  
My Nellie was only eight.  
She never thought of the danger;  
He had tried to make her gay,  
And told her to take care of mother—  
He wouldn't be long away.

He held her up at the station,  
Lifted her up to kiss,  
And then, with her arms flung round him,  
Said to her, softly, this:  
Nellie, my pet, at bed-time,  
When you kneel at your mother's knee  
To pray to the God who loves us,  
Say a wee prayer for me.

"I shall think of you in the twilight,  
When the stars come out above,  
And fancy I see you kneeling  
With your blue eye full of love,  
Breathing my name to Heaven.  
And if, as the good folks say,  
God hears the prayers of the children,  
He'll guard me while I'm away."

"You needn't have asked me, daddy,  
I always do that!" she said;  
"Don't I pray for you and for mammy  
At night when I go to bed?  
God loves the little children,  
And answers their prayers, they say:  
I'm sure that you'll come back safely,  
I'll ask in my prayers that you may."  
It's only a month since they started.  
We thought when the regiment went

That long ere the troops were landed  
The force of the war would be spent.  
And so I had taken courage,  
And looked on the bright side first,  
Though now and again I fretted,  
And sometimes feared the worst.

I was left alone with my sorrow—  
Alone in my little room,  
Where the evening shadows deepened  
Into the twilight gloom.  
I had heard the words they uttered,  
I had seen his name on the list,  
But I sat and peered through the darkness  
As a sailor peers through the mist.

I sat like a sleeper doubting  
If she dreams or is wide awake,  
Till the truth came on me fiercely,  
And I thought that my heart would break.  
As I sat in the deepening gloaming  
The child came back again,  
And I picked her up and kissed her  
While my tears ran down like rain.

"Why are you crying, mammy?"  
I only shook my head.  
"It's nothing, Nellie," I whispered;  
"Kiss me and go to bed."  
"Let me say my prayers, mammy—  
Will you hear me say them now?"  
She prayed for her absent father;  
I listened, but God knows how.  
She prayed to the Lord to bring him,  
Safe and sound and well,  
Back from the far-off country  
To mother and little Nell—  
Prayed *that*, with her father lying  
In that far-off country dead!  
"Now, father's safe till to-morrow,"  
She whispered, and went to bed.  
I hadn't the heart to tell her,  
So night after night she prayed,

Just as she promised her father  
When the last good-bye he bade.  
But the prayer was a cruel dagger  
To me as I sat and heard,  
And my heart was stabbed to bleeding  
With every childish word.

So a weary month went over,  
Till at last my nerves gave way,  
And I told her to stop one evening,  
As she came to my knee to pray.  
My brain was turned with sorrow,  
I was wicked and weak and wild  
To speak as I spoke that evening,  
And shock the faith of a child.

She heard what I said; then, sobbing,  
Broke from my knee and fled  
Up to her room, and I heard her,  
Kneeling beside her bed.  
She prayed in her childish fashion,  
But her words were choked with tears—  
I had told her it wasn't always  
God the prayer of the children hears.

She prayed that her absent father  
Might come back safe and well,  
From the perils of war and battle,  
To mother and little Nell.  
And, ere ever her prayer was finished,  
The door was opened wide,  
And my darling rushed towards me—  
My darling who had died!

I gave one cry and I fainted,  
And Nell ran down at the cry:  
"They said God wouldn't hear me,"  
She told him by and by.

When the shock of surprise was over  
We knew what the miracle meant,  
There'd been a mistake in the bodies,  
And the news to the wrong wife sent.

There were two of his name in the regiment,  
The other was killed, and when



It came to making the list out  
An error was made in the men.  
Yet I think as I clasp my darling,  
Would he still be here to-day  
Had I shaken Nell's simple tenet,  
"God listens when children pray."

### THE LEVEL CROSSING.

#### A HOMELY BALLAD.

Robert Walker, b 1844, poet, secretary to the Fine Arts Institute, Glasgow The author of many charming poems which have appeared in the leading magazines

[The speaker is supposed to be a railway labourer, and the story is founded on an incident which recently occurred on an English railway The provincial dialect should be assumed throughout the delivery of the poem]

Joe Smith? Yes, mates, I knew him well—  
As rough as rough could be,  
Yet, spite of all that parsons say,  
There's worse on earth than he!  
There wasn't much of the saint in him,  
Only he never lied,  
And few who've lived a better life  
A nobler death have died.  
His death? Ay, lads, I mind it well,  
And how the sun did shine  
On the level crossing that morn,  
Athwart the railway line!  
The gates were shut and fastened,  
That no one might pass through;  
A distant rumbling plainly told  
The Scotch express was due.  
On the hillside I was working,  
While Joe sat on the grass,  
Waiting alongside the rails below,  
Until the train should pass.  
The morn was cool, and bright, and still,  
The lark sang shrill and clear;  
I always think of Joe, poor lad,  
Whene'er that song I hear.  
He sat by the railway smoking,  
Thinking of—who can say?

Mayhap of last night's fun, mayhap  
Of some one far away !

I wrought and listened, when sudden  
There came a cry from Joe;  
I turned ; oh, heav'n ! how faint I felt  
At what I saw below !

The gates, I said, were bolted fast;  
But clamb'ring through the fence,  
On to the line, had strayed a child.  
Heav'n help its innocence !

There came the engine tearing on,  
With its exulting scream,  
Ruthless it seemed and fiercely sped, like  
A monster in a dream.

Right on the track the infant stood,  
A primrose in its hand,  
And on the coming death it smiled,  
Too young to understand.

One moment more had been too late ;  
Joe bounded to his feet,  
And on with some fierce word he dashed  
As any racehorse fleet.

I, on the hillside, saw him rush  
Straight to the jaws of death,  
And up the hillside seemed to come  
The engine's fiery breath.

His strong hand seized and threw the child  
Right there, beside the brook ;  
A few sharp stings from the thorny side,  
Was all the harm it took !

But Joe, poor lad, 'twas worse for him—  
The engine left him lying  
Beside the rails, a ghastly heap—  
Torn, bleeding, stunned, and dying !

We raised him up. I held him,  
His head on my arm laid.  
He spake but once again, brave lad  
And this was all he said :

"The chick's pulled through, I hope," and then  
Lay closer to my breast.  
I need not tell you more, my mates,  
You all must know the rest.

A rough-shaped cross marks where he lies,  
There on the lone hillside,  
And Tom, the Methody, said 'twas right,  
'Cos Joe for man had died.

And wild flowers oft-times you will see  
Laid lightly on the grave,  
Put there by her, now woman grown,  
Whom Joe Smith died to save.

### THE TWINS.

In form and feature, face and limb  
I grew so like my brother,  
That folks got taking me for him,  
And each for one another.  
It puzzled all our kith and kin,  
It reached a fearful pitch;  
For one of us was born a twin,  
And not a soul knew which.

One day to make the matter worse,  
Before our names were fixed,  
As we were being washed by nurse,  
We got completely mixed;  
And thus, you see, by fate's decree,  
Or rather nurse's whim,  
My brother John got christened me,  
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness ever dogged  
My footsteps when at school,  
And I was always getting flogged,  
When John turned out a fool.  
I put this question, fruitlessly,  
To every one I knew,  
"What would you do, if you were me,  
To prove that you were you?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide  
 Of my domestic life,  
 For somehow, my intended bride  
 Became my brother's wife  
 In fact, year after year the same  
 Absurd mistakes went on,  
 And when I died, the neighbours came  
 And buried brother John.—*Henry S. Leigh.*

## AFTER-DINNER ORATORY.

David Macrae Independent minister, Dundee, b. 1845 His works bear the charm of simple diction, dry humour, and sound morality. Little Tiz, from which volume the following humorous selection is made, is a charming and touching tale —Burke and Hare were two well-known murderers, the former of whom was executed at Edinburgh for a series of dastardly crimes, Hare having saved his neck by turning king's evidence.

We had a great public dinner in connection with the Charity School. When dinner was over and the toast-drinking commenced, I wish you could have been there to hear some of the speeches. How, for instance, in proposing the health of the Governor of the School, our Chairman, who had never heard of the Governor before, said that he was sure we would drink this toast with the utmost enthusiasm.

"It is entirely unnecessary for me," he said, "to say a single word in regard to one whose name is so familiar to us all as the name of —of" (a pause, Chairman trying to remember)—"as the name of Mr."—(trying to find it now upon the programme)—"the name of Mr."—

"Duffy," whispered the gentleman on his right.

"Duffy," repeated the Chairman with an air of relief—"so familiar to us all as the name of Mr. Duffy."

Then how poor Mr. Duffy, who had prepared an elaborate speech, but had forgotten it, got up with a face as if he were on his way to be hanged, to assure us that this was the happiest moment in all his life; which I was glad to hear Mr. Duffy say, for I should not have inferred it from his appearance.

The Rev. Mr. Maclacky rose next, and proposed, in a pulpit voice of appalling solemnity, the health of Mrs. Anderson, the matron of the Institution.

It was, he said, a wonderful Institution. We were living in a wonderful age. He might point abroad, and he might point at home. He might point to—to the Cattle Plague, which had proved

itself of so destructive a character. He was not aware that that plague had extended itself to sheep, but amongst cattle of all kinds it had proved itself most destructive in its character."

As there seemed no likelihood of Mr. Maclacky getting off this singular tack, his next neighbour nudged him.

"Yes," said Mr. Maclacky, "it is time to be done. I must not detain you with any lengthened observations. But after what has been already said, I am sure that you will cordially join with me in drinking the health of Mrs. Anderson, the matron of this Institution."

But the memorable speech of the evening was to come.

The Rev. Mr. Burke, our Episcopal minister, was there, of course; and M'Swilling of M'Swilling was to propose the Clergy, coupling the toast with Mr. Burke's name. When the time came, however, M'Swilling was nowhere to be seen, being, as we afterwards discovered, asleep, in a rather fuddled condition, in the cloak-room, with an admirable speech on the progress of religion and morality in the tail-pocket of his coat.

As M'Swilling had disappeared, the Chairman pencilled a note hastily to my next neighbour, Rumbleton, asking *him* to propose the toast, and not forget, in winding up, to pay a compliment to the Episcopal clergyman, and refer to his connection with "the celebrated Burke"—meaning, of course, the famous orator and statesman. The last word, however, was indistinctly written, and Rumbleton, after staring at it for a while, nudged me and said, "What word is this?—The celebrated B—n—k—e, Binkie! 'The celebrated Binkie'—Who was he?"

"No," I said; "that's 'Burke'—the same name as our clergyman. His family is related to the famous Burke."

"Oh, indeed!" said Rumbleton, apparently with some surprise. He paused awhile, and then said in a low voice, "Would he like that mentioned? Do you think Burke was a good man?"

"Certainly," I said. "Why not? His peculiar views may have gained him some bitter enemies; but there can be no doubt that, personally, Burke was both a good and a great man."

Rumbleton looked rather dubious; but having his reputation to sustain as a crack speaker, he threw himself into the subject with his usual enthusiasm. Towards the close of his speech he paid a high-flown compliment to the Rev. Mr. Burke, and proceeded to refer to his family.

"Who has not heard a thousand times," he said, "of his connection with the celebrated Burke? (Hear, hear.) I hold that Burke was a good man (hear, hear)—yes, a good and a great man. (Cheers.)

I am aware that some people have thought otherwise, owing, of course, to the peculiar views which Mr. Burke held on the [Rumbleton looked doubtfully at Mr. Burke, and coughed]—on the subject,” he said, as if disgorging an alligator, “of providing bodies for the Edinburgh doctors.”

Edinburgh doctors! I got a shock like the shock of a voltaic battery. Bodies for the Edinburgh doctors! What! Did the idiot think it was Burke the murderer?

A deathly stillness had fallen suddenly upon the company. Mr. Burke’s face turned fiery red. Every eye was turned on Rumbleton with an awful expression. Rumbleton saw the change, seemed surprised, but evidently felt that he had a strong case to go upon.

“I cannot but think, gentlemen,” he said in a tone of expostulation, “that these peculiar views of Mr. Burke’s had a doubtful look—at least to *some* people,—mark me, I say *only* to some people!”

“Stop, man, stop!” I whispered, twitching his coat-tail. “That was another person altogether!”

“A different person!” exclaimed Rumbleton, looking round at me in utter bewilderment, while the company began to break into uproar. “Oh, now I see; yes, yes, you mean the other man!”

“One moment, gentlemen!” he cried. “Hear me for a moment, gentlemen! I said, to *some* people they had a doubtful look; but why, gentlemen, why? Because these people are shamefully ignorant of the circumstances of the case. But my own opinion is, and I think I may assure Mr. Burke that the opinion of this entire company is, that it was a different person altogether!—that Burke was not the man, though he suffered for it!—that it was the other man—the scoundrel Hare—that did the business!”

## ADVICE TO CHILDREN.

Theodore Edward Hook, b 1788, d. 1841, humorist, novelist, and playwright. Educated at Harrow. Was the author of sixteen novels and numerous other works. As a wit and practical joker he had a great reputation, and for a time enjoyed the patronage of the Prince Regent. As editor of *John Bull*, a Tory newspaper, he wrote so bitterly against Queen Caroline that the Whig party instituted proceedings against him, and he was imprisoned for a short period.

My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn to shun that very silly thing indeed which people call a pun. Read Entick’s rules, and ’twill be found how simple an offence it is to make the selfsame sound afford a double sense. For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an *ant* may kill, you in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay the *bill*. Or if to France your bark you steer, at Dover

it may be a *peer* appears upon the *pier*, who blind, still goes to *sea*. Thus one might say when to a treat good friends accept our greeting, 'tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat, should eat their *meat* when meeting. Brawn on the *board's* no *bore* indeed, although from *boar* prepared, nor can the *fowl* on which we feed *foul* feeding be declared Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however vulgar they, and actors still the harder slave the oftener they play; so poets can't the *baize* obtain unless their tailors choose, while grooms and coachmen not in vain each evening seek the *mews*. The *dyer* who by *dying* *lives*, a *dire* life maintains, the glazier, it is known, receives his profits from his *panes*; by gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when Spring is in its prime, but *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if you are *tied* for *time*

### THE CHILDREN.

Charles M Dickenson, an American schoolmaster, lays claim to the following poem, which is said to have been found in the desk of Dickens after his death.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
 And the school for the day is dismissed,  
 And the little ones gather around me,  
 To bid me good-night and be kissed;  
 Oh, the little white arms that encircle  
 My neck in a tender embrace!  
 Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,  
 Shedding sunshine of love on my face!  
 And when they are gone I sit dreaming  
 Of my childhood too lovely to last  
 Of love that my heart will remember,  
 When it wakes to the pulse of the past,  
 Ere the world and its wickedness made me  
 A partner of sorrow and sin,  
 When the glory of God was above me,  
 And the glory of gladness within.  
 Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,  
 And the fountains of feeling will flow,  
 When I think of the paths, steep and stony,  
 Where the feet of the dear ones must go;  
 Of the mountains of sins hanging o'er them,  
 Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;  
 Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy,  
 As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households,  
They are angels of God in disguise;  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,  
His glory still gleams in their eyes;  
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,  
They have made me more manly and mild!  
And I know how Jesus could liken  
The Kingdom of God to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones,  
All radiant as others have done,  
But that life may have just enough shadow  
To temper the glare of the sun;  
I would pray God to guard them from evil,  
But my prayer would bound back to myself.  
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,  
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,  
I have banished the rule and the rod;  
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,  
They have taught me the goodness of God;  
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,  
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;  
My frown is sufficient correction;  
My love is the law of the school

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,  
To traverse its threshold no more;  
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,  
That meet me each morn at the door!  
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,  
And the gush of their innocent glee,  
The group on the green and the flowers  
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,  
Their song in the school and the street:  
I shall miss the low hum of their voices  
And the tramp of their delicate feet.  
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"  
May the little ones gather around me,  
To bid me good-night and be kissed.



## THE PLUM-CAKES.

**Hannah More**, born at Stapleton, Gloucestershire, 1745; died 7th September, 1833.

One of the most prominent of authors at the beginning of this century. She was the daughter of a schoolmaster, and at the age of seventeen she published her first work, a pastoral drama, entitled *The Search after Happiness*, which attracted considerable attention. Johnson greatly admired her works, and considered her the best of the female poets.

A farmer who some wealth possest, with three fine boys was also blest. Tom, Will, and Jack, like other boys, loved tops and marbles, sport and toys. The farmer scouted the false plan, that money only makes the man; and to the best of his discerning was bent on giving them good learning; so with good care a school he sought, where his young sons might well be taught. Twelve days before the closing year, when Christmas holidays were near, the father called to see the boys, and asked how each his time employs; then from a basket straight he takes a goodly number of plum-cakes; twelve cakes he gives to each dear son, who each expected only one; and then with many a kind expression, he leaves them to their own discretion, resolved to mark the use each made, of what he to their hands conveyed. The twelve days past, he comes once more, and brings their ponies to the door; as home with them his ride he takes, he asks the history of the cakes.

Says Will, "Dear father, life is short, so I resolved to make quick sport; the cakes were all so nice and sweet, I thought I'd have a jolly treat; so, snugly by myself I fed when every boy was gone to bed; I ate them all, both paste and plum, and did not spare a single crumb, but, oh! they made me, to my sorrow, as sick as death upon the morrow."

Quoth Tom, "I was not such a dunce to eat my plum-cakes all at once; and though the whole were in my power, did I a single cake devour? thanks to the use of keys and locks, they're all now snug within my box." The mischief was, by hoarding long they grew so mouldy and so strong that none of them were fit to eat, and so he lost his father's treat.

"Well, Jack," the anxious parent cries, "how did you manage?"—Jack replies, "I thought each day its wants would have, and appetite again would crave; so every day I took but one, but never ate my cake alone; with every needy boy I shared, and more than half I always spared. One every day 'twixt self and friend has brought my dozen to an end. Tom called me spendthrift not to save, Will called me fool because I gave, but when our last day came I smiled,

for Will's were gone, and Tom's were spoiled; not hoarding much, nor eating fast, my cakes were good unto the last."

These tales the father's thoughts employ; "By these," said he, "I know each boy. Yet Tom, who hoarded what he had, the world will call a frugal lad; and selfish gormandizing Will will meet with friends and favourers still; while moderate Jack, so wise and cool, the mad and vain will deem a fool. But I his sober plan approve, and Jack has gained a father's love."

### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, one of the most eminent of American poets, b 1807, d 1882. Originally intended for the law, his literary tastes led him to seek the more genial profession of a poet Travelling through Europe he attained proficiency in the European languages, and became professor of modern languages in the college in which he had formerly been a student His verse is polished and refined, his sympathies universal His disposition was singularly amiable, and his simple unostentatious life childlike in its purity.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;  
"Have nought but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"  
The Reaper said, and smiled;  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care;  
And saints upon their garments white  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
 The Reaper came that day;  
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
 And took the flowers away.

## A FAIR PRETENDER.

### THREE CHARACTERS

CHARLES ..... KATE ..... SUSAN, her Maid.

*Scene: a Drawing Room at KATE O'BRIEN'S. Enter KATE reading a letter.*

*Kate.* A letter from my good guardian; and to inform me that, as I am to expect a visit from his nephew, he hopes I will appear to the best advantage; displaying, I suppose, all my graces, and none of my airs. [*Reads.*] "*You have only to exert the fascinations you possess, to win his heart. The woman he marries must be perfection.*" Perfection. I will try and win him; but it shall be without displaying one of the perfections which he has declared to be indispensable. He thinks to take me by surprise; but he shall not find me without a plot. [*Enter SUSAN.*] Susan, wheel that sofa this way. [*KATE lies on sofa.*] Unfold my shawl. Throw it over my feet. Now leave me. [*Exit SUSAN, who returns introducing CHARLES.*

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Chas.* Madam, my uncle being prevented calling with me as he intended, I am obliged to introduce myself.

*Kate.* You will excuse my not rising to receive you, sir. Pray sit down. [*CHARLES sits*] I am very happy to see you. The nephew of my father's old friend must always be welcome here.

*Chas.* Madam, you are very kind; I am afraid I've called at an unseasonable hour; I have disturbed you—you are reposing—perhaps you were sleeping?—possibly dreaming.

*Kate.* No, sir; you could not have called more opportunely. I have been looking over this endless portfolio of drawings. [*Points to table on which are drawings.*

*Chas.* Drawings!—are you fond of the art?

*Kate.* Excessively! I could look at them for ever.

*Chas.* [*Aside.*] Accomplished creature! I always said that when I *did* fall in love, it would be at first sight; and I do believe my time is come at last,

*Kate.* What a delightful art painting is! to be able to perpetuate the features of those who are dear to us.

*Chas.* Charming!

*Kate.* Or to treasure up remembrances of scenes in which we have been happy, but which we may never look upon again.

*Chas.* Delightful!

*Kate.* Or to copy the classical groups of antiquity!—or form new combinations of graceful, lovely figures.

*Chas.* Oh! your enthusiasm quite enchants me!

*Kate.* Ah, then *you* are enthusiastic, also?

*Chas.* Oh! prodigiously. Pray, my dear madam, allow me to feast my eyes upon some of your drawings.

*Kate.* Sir?—I—I—what did you say?

*Chas.* Permit me to see one of *your* performances.

*Kate.* I regret to say that I never had the least idea of drawing! my houses, my trees, and my cattle, and my faces, are all one confused jumble of scratches.

*Chas.* Not draw?

*Kate.* No!

*Chas.* I— Oh, no!—But I quite misunderstood you: I thought.—  
[*Aside.*] Dear me! what a pity such a creature should lack such an accomplishment, such a resource!

*Kate.* Is anything the matter, sir?

*Chas.* Oh, nothing. [*Aside*] After all, it is but *one* accomplishment wanting; I've no doubt she has all the rest.

*Kate.* Did you speak?

*Chas.* I was saying I never heard so musical a voice.

*Kate.* Oh, you flatter me. You mention music—do you not *doat* on it?

*Chas.* Ah! there we *do* agree!—The woman who sings—

*Kate.* Yes, sir.

*Chas.* The woman who plays—

*Kate.* Yes, sir.

*Chas.* The woman who does both well is a divinity. *You* are an enthusiast in your love of music. I see you are.

*Kate.* I am, sir; music is my passion! music in the morning! music in the evening! music at the silent hour of night! music on the water!

*Chas.* Music under the water!

*Kate.* Music at any hour!

*Chas.* Yes, or on any instrument!

*Kate.* Ah, yes; from the magnificent organ to the gentle lute.

*Chas.* Yes, delicious!

*Kate.* Or a voice!—better than all, a soul-enchanting voice.

*Chas.* [*Aside.*] There *is* no resisting her. Oh, madam, sing!

*Kate.* Alas, sir! how shall I make the sad confession? Much as I love music, I can only listen.

*Chas.* What?

*Kate.* I have not a singing note in my voice; and no one could ever teach me to play.

*Chas.* [*Aside.*] Was there ever such an impostor?—Madam, you positively astonish me.

*Kate.* My fate is an unhappy one—I am an orphan, as you know, and, of course, labouring under such manifest defects, I never mean to marry.

*Chas.* Never mean to marry?

*Kate.* Never!

*Chas.* Oh, madam, in mercy to mankind, make not so rash, so inconsiderate a resolve.

*Kate.* Sir, it *is* in mercy to mankind I make it. What would be a fond husband's sufferings, were he to see the wife of his bosom sinking under the degrading consciousness that she was unworthy of him?

*Chas.* Unworthy!

*Kate.* Would he not cast her from him? Yes, yes, he would do so—I must live on, unloved.

*Chas.* [*Aside.*] She is irresistible!—Madam, I offer to you my hand and heart. [*Kneels.*]

*Kate.* I must retire. My maid shall return and speak a few words to you; and then, after you have seen your uncle, you may visit me again. [*Kate is wheeled out by Susan, who immediately returns.*]

*Chas.* Well, positively, that is the laziest proceeding I ever witnessed. I suppose she was too faint to move. Well, Susan, how is your mistress? She is a charming creature. What a happy girl you are—what a sweet mistress you have got!

*Sus.* She *is* charming—poor thing!

*Chas.* Poor thing!—what do you mean by poor thing?

*Sus.* Oh, it's very sad!

*Chas.* What is sad?

*Sus.* You saw my mistress whisper me?

*Chas.* Yes, to be sure! but there's nothing so sad in a whisper.

*Sus.* Indeed, but there *is*, though! She desired me to reveal the affair to you: she had not courage to tell you herself. To be sure, you must have known it, sooner or later.

*Chas.* What can you mean?—You frighten me out of my wits.

*Sus.* It's a sad affliction for her!—a very great defect!—she's much to be pitied.

*Chas.* A defect? *another* defect? and I have committed myself!—I've proposed! what is it?—

*Sus.* Oh, sir!

*Chas.* Speak out, do!

*Sus.* Many years ago—

*Chas.* That's as bad as "once upon a time." Pray go on!—make haste.

*Sus.* My mistress was thrown from her horse—

*Chas.* Yes—well—she was not *killed*; so, what then?

*Sus.* Fractured limb—

*Chas.* Oh! What limb?

*Sus.* Foot—broke it—all to bits—and—

*Chas.* Well?—speak!

*Sus.* Amputation!

*Chas.* Horror!—What?

*Sus.* She has got a cork foot!

[*Exit Susan.*]

*Chas.* A cork foot! Horror! What have I done? engaged myself to a—~~a~~ cork foot. What am I about to do? renounce her! see her no more because she is unfortunate—no, no. I'm no such cold-hearted coward! Oh, here she is.

[*Kate is wheeled in.*]

*Kate.* Still here! waiting to say farewell.

*Chas.* No, you wrong me! When I offered to be your protector and friend, I knew not how much you needed both; and now that I do know it, do you think that I will desert you?—Never!

*Kate.* Generous man! Take my hand, and when I forget your kindness, neglect and spurn me. I have already endeavoured to show my sense of your goodness—I have prepared a surprise for you. You seemed disappointed at my not being able to draw. In my absence I have endeavoured to make a sketch. [*Gives picture.*] Here it is.

*Chas.* Wonderful!—what a likeness! 'tis your own portrait.

*Kate.* I'm glad you think it like. Take it; and remember, 'twas my first gift.

*Chas.* Thanks! a thousand thanks!

*Kate.* You are fond of music, too! Like most young ladies, when they are asked to sing, I refused at first—but now, if you press me sufficiently, I may be induced to own I can sing, and what's more, dance a little too. [*She springs from the sofa and dances round Charles.*]

*Chas.* Take care—you will hurt yourself. What am I to think?

*Kate.* Think? only they have brought machinery to very high perfection.

*Chas.* Impossible! nay, your foot never was fractured!

*Kate.* It never was.

*Chas.* Huzza! my wife's perfection! She has feet—and thus I fall at them! [*Kneels.*] But I have not met with that monster, a perfect woman; for you certainly displayed one little failing.

*Kate.* Well, what is it, pray?

*Chas.* Fibbing! A cork foot! Oh, fie!

*Kate.* Nay, I told you no fib.

*Chas.* How so?

*Kate.* I have a cork foot—absolutely, two cork feet—for I was born in Cork, in the province of Munster, in my own dear native Ireland.

*Chas.* Cork! Well, then I suppose, we must admit you are a cork model of a perfect woman.

### SIR BALAAM.

**Alexander Pope**, poet and satirist, b. 1688, d. 1744. His father was a linendraper in London, and Pope received his education under a Roman Catholic priest. He had one of the prime qualities of a great poet in exactly answering the intellectual needs of his age. The mirror in which he viewed society gave back a faithful image, powdered and rouged and intent on trifles, yet still as human in its own way as the heroes of Homer in theirs.

[The first line of the following poem alludes to the monument on Fish Street Hill, London, built in memory of the Great Fire of 1666, and bearing an inscription importing that the city was burned by the papists.]

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,  
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;  
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,  
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;  
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;  
His word would pass for more than he was worth.  
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,  
An added pudding solemnized the Lord's:  
Constant at church, and change; his gains were sure,  
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,  
And longed to tempt him like good Job of old:  
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,  
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Roused by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep  
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;

Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,  
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,  
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes;  
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word,  
And lo! two puddings smoked upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,  
An honest factor stole a gem away:  
He pledged it to the knight; the knight had wit,  
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.  
Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought,  
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat,  
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—  
And am so clear too of all other vice."

The tempter saw his time; the work he plied,  
Stocks and subscriptions poured on every side,  
Till all the demon makes his full descent  
In one abundant shower of cent per cent,  
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,  
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,  
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;  
What late he called a blessing, now was wit,  
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.  
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:  
His counting-house employed the Sunday morn;  
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life)  
But duly sent his family and wife.  
There (so the devil ordained) one Christmas-tide  
My good old lady caught a cold and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight;  
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:  
Leaves the dull city, and joins (to please the pair)  
The well-bred coxcombs in St James's air:  
First, for his son a gay commission buys,  
Who drinks, swears, fights, and in a duel dies:  
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;  
She bears a coronet and shames her life.  
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,  
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.  
My lady falls to play; so bad her chance,  
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;



The House impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;  
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs :  
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own,  
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeits to the crown :  
The devil and the king divide the prize,  
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

### GABRIEL GRUB (ABRIDGED).

[The idea of this story seems to be carried out in a more extended and poetic form in Dickens' famous story *A Christmas Carol*]

In an old abbey town, a long while ago—so long, that the story must be a true one, because our great-grandfathers implicitly believed it—there officiated as sexton and grave-digger, one Gabriel Grub, an ill-conditioned, cross-grained, surly and lonely man, who consorted with nobody but himself, and an old wicker bottle.

A little before twilight, one Christmas Eve, Gabriel shouldered his spade, lighted his lantern, and betook himself towards the old churchyard ; for he had got a grave to finish by next morning. As he went his way, up the ancient street, he saw the cheerful light of the blazing fires gleam through the old casements, and heard the cheerful shouts of those who were assembled around them. All this was gall and wormwood to the heart of Gabriel Grub ; and when groups of children bounded out of the houses, tripped across the road, and were met, before they could knock at the opposite door, by half a dozen curly-headed little rascals who crowded round them as they flocked upstairs to spend the evening in their Christmas games, Gabriel smiled grimly, and clutched the handle of his spade with a firmer grasp, as he thought of measles, scarlet-fever, and a good many other sources of consolation besides.

In this happy frame of mind, Gabriel entered the churchyard : locking the gate behind him.

He took off his coat, put down his lantern, and getting into the unfinished grave, worked at it for an hour or so, with right goodwill, and looked down into the grave, when he had finished work for the night, with grim satisfaction : murmuring as he gathered up his things :

Brave lodgings for one, brave lodgings for one,  
A few feet of cold earth, when life is done ;  
A stone at the head, a stone at the feet,  
A rich, juicy meal for the worms to eat ;  
Rank grass over head, and damp clay around,  
Brave lodgings for one, these, in holy ground !

"Ho! ho!" laughed Gabriel Grub, as he sat down on a flat tombstone which was a favourite resting-place of his, and drew forth his bottle. "A coffin at Christmas! A Christmas Box. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" repeated a voice which sounded close behind him.

Gabriel paused, in some alarm, in the act of raising the wicker bottle to his lips, and looked round. The bottom of the oldest grave about him was not more still and quiet, than the churchyard in the pale moonlight.

"It was the echoes," said Gabriel Grub, raising the bottle to his lips again.

"It was *not*," said a deep voice.

Gabriel started up, and stood rooted to the spot.

Seated on an upright tombstone, close to him, was a strange unearthly figure. His long fantastic legs which might have reached the ground, were cocked up, and crossed; his sinewy arms were bare; and his hands rested on his knees. He was sitting perfectly still; his tongue was put out, as if in derision; and he was grinning at Gabriel Grub with such a grin as only a goblin could call up.

"It was *not* the echoes," said the goblin.

Gabriel Grub was paralysed, and could make no reply.

"What do you do here on Christmas Eve?" said the goblin sternly.

"I came to dig a grave, sir," stammered Gabriel Grub.

"What man wanders among graves and churchyards on such a night as this?" cried the goblin.

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!" screamed a wild chorus of voices that seemed to fill the churchyard. Gabriel looked fearfully round—nothing was to be seen.

"What have you got in that bottle?" said the goblin.

"Hollands, sir," replied the sexton, trembling more than ever.

"Who drinks Hollands alone, and in a churchyard, on such a night as this?" said the goblin.

"Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!" exclaimed the wild voices again.

The goblin leered maliciously at the terrified sexton, and then raising his voice, exclaimed.

"And who then is our fair and lawful prize?"

To this inquiry the invisible chorus replied, "Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!"

"I'm afraid my friends want you, Gabriel," said the goblin, thrusting his tongue further into his cheek than ever.

"Under favour, sir," replied the horror-stricken sexton, "I don't think they can, sir; they don't know me, sir; I don't think the gentlemen have ever seen me, sir."

"Oh yes they have," replied the goblin; "we know the man with the sulky face and grim scowl, that came down the street to-night, throwing his evil looks at the children, and grasping his burying spade the tighter. We know the man who struck the boy in the envious malice of his heart, because the boy could be merry, and he could not. We know him, we know him."

"I—I—am afraid I must leave you, sir," said the sexton, making an effort to move.

"Leave us!" said the goblin, "Gabriel Grub going to leave us. Ho! ho! ho!"

As the goblin laughed, the sexton observed, for one instant, a brilliant illumination within the windows of the church, as if the whole building were lighted up; it disappeared, the organ pealed forth a lively air, and whole troops of goblins, the very counterpart of the first one, poured into the churchyard, and began playing at leap-frog with the tombstones with the utmost marvellous dexterity.

The sexton's brain whirled round with the rapidity of the motion he beheld, and his legs reeled beneath him, as the spirits flew before his eyes: when the goblin king, suddenly darting towards him, laid his hand upon his collar, and sank with him through the earth.

Gabriel Grub found himself in what appeared to be a large cavern. A thick cloud which obscured the remoter end of the cavern, rolled gradually away, and disclosed, apparently at a great distance, a small and scantily furnished, but neat and clean apartment. A crowd of little children were gathered round a bright fire, clinging to their mother's gown, and gamboling around her chair. The mother occasionally rose, and drew aside the window-curtain, as if to look for some expected object; a frugal meal was ready spread upon the table; and an elbow-chair was placed near the fire. A knock was heard at the door: the mother opened it, and the children crowded round her, and clapped their hands for joy, as their father entered. He was wet and weary, and shook the snow from his garments, as the children crowded round him, and seizing his cloak, hat, stick, and gloves, with busy zeal, ran with them from the room. Then, as he sat down to his meal before the fire, the children climbed about his knee, and the mother sat by his side, and all seemed happiness and comfort.

But a change came upon the view almost imperceptibly. The scene was altered to a small bed-room, where the fairest and youngest child lay dying; the roses had fled from his cheek, and the light from his eye; and even as the sexton looked upon him with an interest he had never felt or known before, he died. His young brothers and sisters crowded round his little bed, and seized his tiny

hand, so cold and heavy; but they shrunk back from its touch, and looked with awe on his infant face; for calm and tranquil as it was, and sleeping in rest and peace as the beautiful child seemed to be, they saw that he was dead, and they knew that he was an Angel looking down upon, and blessing them, from a bright and happy Heaven.

Many a time the cloud went and came, and many a lesson it taught to Gabriel Grub. He saw that men like himself, who snarled at the mirth and cheerfulness of others, were the foulest weeds on the fair surface of the earth; and setting all the good of the world against the evil, he came to the conclusion that it was a very decent and respectable world after all. No sooner had he formed it, than the cloud which closed over the last picture, seemed to settle on his senses, and lull him to repose. One by one, the goblins faded from his sight; and as the last one disappeared, he sunk to sleep.

The day had broken when Gabriel Grub awoke, and found himself lying at full length on the flat gravestone in the churchyard.

But he was an altered man, and he could not bear the thought of returning to a place where his repentance would be scoffed at, and his reformation disbelieved. He turned away to wander where he might, and seek his bread elsewhere, but he became as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world, and it was said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well if any man alive possessed the knowledge.—*Charles Dickens.*

## WRECK OF THE GOLDEN BEE.

[By kind permission of CHARLES DICKENS, Esq.]

Amelia B. Edwards, born 1831, was an authoress first recognized by the public through her stories which appeared from time to time in *All the Year Round*. Her chief works are.—*The White House by the Sea*, *My Brother's Wife* (1855), *The Ladder of Life* (1857), *Hand and Glove* (1859), *Barbara's History*, *Half a Million of Money*, &c.; several works of travel, besides juvenile and educational books. The following poem was a contribution to *All the Year Round*. It was published anonymously; but its beauty of diction, and the simple pathos of the tale, soon gained for it a deserved popularity. It is but a few years since, however, that Miss Edwards was known to the public as the authoress.

### PART I.

Laden with precious merchandise, the growth of Chinese soil,  
And costly work of Chinese hands, the patient wealth of toil,  
Over the wave with outspread sails, like white-winged bird at sea,  
Swiftly, gaily, homeward bound, sped on the Golden Bee.

Blithe was the Captain's gallant heart, for things had prospered well,  
Soon should he reach his home on shore with much good news to  
tell;

Good news for his Parsee merchants, and for the fair young wife,  
Whose sweet affection made the joy and beauty of his life.

Soon should he kiss his bonnie boy, and hold him on his knee,  
The while he'd listen eager-eyed to stories of the sea;  
Soon should he kiss his latest-born, and then the Captain smiled,  
Smiled father-like to think of her, his little unseen child.

Hark! what terrific cry was that of horror and affright,  
Which broke like some tempestuous sound the stillness of the night,  
Rousing the crew from rest and sleep to tremble with dismay,  
Waking the Captain's sunny dreams of harbour far away?

Oh, Captain, wake! 'Tis but a dream—the harbour is not won,  
Thou dost not clasp thy Mary's hand, or kiss thy little son;  
Thy baby sweetly sleeps ashore—that shore is far from thee—  
Oh, Captain, wake! for none but God can save thy Golden Bee.

"FIRE!"—'twas an awful sound to hear on solitary seas,  
With double danger in the breath of every fresh'ning breeze;  
An awful sight it was to see the vessel all alight,  
As if a blazing meteor dropped into the darksome night.

Foremost and calm amid his crew the Captain gave command,  
Nor backward in a moment's need to help with skilful hand,  
Awhile the courage in his voice and firmness on his brow  
Imparted strength and hope to hearts which ne'er had drooped till  
now.

"Get out the boats!" with firm quick voice the short command was  
said,  
And no man spoke, but straight and swift the order was obeyed;  
Then one by one the crew stepped forth—but all looked back with  
tears,  
Upon the bonnie Golden Bee, their home of many years.

But first the Captain snatched from flame, and pressed within his  
breast,  
A relic of departed days, of all his heart loved best:  
A little Prayer-book, well-worn now, a gift in early life,  
Sweet token from his early love ere yet he called her wife.

Then out upon a lonely sea, six hundred miles from land,  
The solitary boat sailed forth with that courageous band;  
Sailed forth as drifts a wither'd leaf upon the surging tide,  
With only hope to be their strength, and only God as guide.

Alas! it was a fearful thing to float and drift away,  
Upon so wide a wilderness, day after weary day,  
With meagre store of food and drink which, ere two days had rolled,  
They measured out as never yet a miser did his gold.

"Oh, Captain!" cried a sailor boy, "I ran away to sea,  
And well I know my mother's heart has sorely grieved for me;  
Will some one take my parting love?—I shall not reach the shore."  
And then he smiled a saintly smile, nor smiled nor spoke no more.

The red sun dipp'd into the sea, and lit the west afar,  
The crimson clouds paled one by one, beneath the evening-star;  
A calm of even-tide enwrap'd both breeze and sky and wave,  
When in God's great cathedral vault the sailor found a grave.

They wept no more—but, silent, stood and watched the placid deep;  
Thinking with wistful hearts of him who slept such blessed sleep.  
And one—a gaunt and giant man—sent forth a bitter cry,  
And clenched his hand, and shrieked aloud, "OH, MASTER, LET US  
DIE!"

OH, LET US DIE! The words rang forth through the sweet summer  
air,  
As if a mad and tortured soul breath'd out its last wild prayer.  
They sounded far athwart the sea, and up into the sky,  
Till even silence seemed to make the echo, "LET US DIE!"

Then rose the Captain, sternly sad, and where the sun had set,  
He waved one hand, and cried in tones which could command them  
yet:

"Oh, comrades! will you see His works, and doubt that He can still  
Save e'en in the eleventh hour, if such should be His WILL?"

"Oh, whilst there's life, despair not! Have we mothers, children,  
wives?

Does not THEIR memory give us all the strength of double lives?  
Mind ye not how the widow's cruse, though wasted, filled again:  
We've yet the widow's God o'erhead, and yet a little grain."

## PART II.

Where palaces of merchant kings in marbled splendour rise—  
And gleam beneath the burning blue of fair Calcutta's skies—  
Where orange groves and myrtle bowers weigh down the sultry air,  
The Captain's fair young wife abode, and watch'd his coming there.

She never heard the billows roar, or saw a ship at sea,  
Without a thought of those who steer'd the bonnie Golden Bee;  
She never kiss'd her babes at night, or woke at dawn of day,  
Without a prayer that God would speed her sailor on his way.

One night rose up a fierce monsoon, and with a sudden roar,  
Startled the waves from twilight rest, and dashed against the shore;  
Where all night long they shrieked and wailed, and sobbing sunk to  
sleep,  
As dying groans of shipwreck'd men fade on the silent deep.

The Captain's babes serenely slept, and through the tempest smiled,  
As sweet forget-me-nots bloom fair amid an Alpine wild;  
The mother, weeping, clasp'd her hands, and pacing to and fro,  
Pray'd, with a white-faced misery, in murmurs faint and low.

"Oh, THOU! who 'mid ten thousand worlds has fixed Thy glorious  
seat,  
And cares for every human heart that worships at Thy feet,  
Pity my happy, helpless babes—my watchful agony,  
And guide my husband's precious life in safety back to me."

Days glided by, and brought the time when every ship might be  
That one for which her soul was sick of wistfulness to see;  
Days grew to weeks, and still she watch'd, and hoped, and pray'd  
the same,  
For the Golden Bee's safe advent which never, never came.

She held her children to her heart, and pray'd without a word  
(Of times the heart's unspoken prayer by Heaven is soonest heard);  
And if the heedless play'd or slept, the passion of her grief  
Would spend itself in wailing tears, which brought her no relief.

Then, as a soft and tranquil day follows a night of rain,  
And drooping flowers will feel the sun, and ope their leaves again,  
For sweetest sake of feeble babes, no helper by save ONE,  
She learned to lead a widow'd life, and say, "THY WILL BE DONE."

One night the moon escaped from clouds, and with a pale light  
gleam'd

Over the sea, which felt the glow, and murmur'd as it dream'd;  
Her bright boy cradled at her feet, her baby on her breast,  
She sung her evening cradle song, and hush'd the pair to rest.

Awhile the elder child still drows'd, and like a dove in June,  
Cooed from his little drowsy nest unto his mother's tune,  
A ship that bore a foreign flag rode calmly with the tide,  
And dropp'd its anchor in the port, by the fair city's side.

Before the mother's voice had ceased its chanting, fond and sweet,  
A distant footstep echoed through the silence of the street;  
And when the boy's blue dreamy eyes sought for her face no more,  
A shadow fleck'd the window panes, and paused without the door.

A shadow of a human form, but oh, so white and wan!  
As if the strong vitality of manhood must be gone;  
Then came a low breathed, tender voice, it only murmured "WIFE!"  
And heart to heart the two were clasp'd, called back to new glad life.

For hours they hardly spoke a word, but shedding blessed tears,  
Pour'd out their prayers of thankfulness to One who always hears;  
Those tears fell on their sleeping babes. O children, ye receive  
Such pure baptismal rite as Church or Priesthood ne'er can give.

#### A GREYPORT LEGEND. [1797.]

They ran through the streets of the sea-port town;  
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay:  
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down  
Was never as cold or white as they.

"Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney, and Tenterden!  
Run for your shallops, gather your men,  
Scatter your boats in the lower bay."

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday  
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,  
Filled with the children in happy play,  
Parted its moorings, and drifted clear,—  
Drifted clear beyond reach or call,—  
Thirteen children they were in all,—  
All adrift in the lower bay!



Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!  
She will not float till the turning tide!"

Said his wife, "My darling will hear my call  
Whether in sea or heaven she bide."

And she lifted a quavering voice and high,  
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,  
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each labouring crew,  
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore:  
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,  
And the lap of water and creak of oar.

And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown  
O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,  
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale,  
That, when fogs are thick on the harbour reef,  
The mackerel fishers shorten sail;  
For the signal they know will bring relief:  
For the voices of childrep, still at play  
In a phantom hulk that drifts away  
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,  
A theme for a poet's idle page  
But still when the mists of doubt prevail,  
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,  
We hear from the misty troubled shore  
The voice of the children gone before,  
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.—*Bret Harte.*

### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the road-side fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only

Such as these have lived and died!—*Longfellow.*

### THE PIN.

Only a pin, yet it calmly lay  
On the tufted floor in the light of day;  
And it shone serenely fair and bright,  
Reflecting back the noonday light.

Only a boy, yet he saw that pin,  
And his face assumed a fiendish grin;  
He stooped for a while, with look intent,  
Till he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair, but upon its seat  
 A well-bent pin found safe retreat;  
 Nor had the keenest eye discerned  
 That heavenward its point was turned.

Only a man, but he chanced to drop  
 Upon that chair; when, fizz-bang-pop!  
 He leaped like a cork from out a bottle,  
 And opened wide his valve de throttle.

Only a yell, though an honest one,  
 It lacked the element of fun;  
 And boy and man, and pin and chair  
 In wild confusion mingled there.—*Anon.*

### CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

[The Curfew was instituted in the reign of William the First A bell was rung at sunset to give notice to the people that they were to put out their fires and candles (French, *couvre feu*, cover fire) The Klokans in Abo, even to the present day, traverse the towns crying, "Go to bed time." Those abroad are told to make haste home to "put out their fires" The incident here related is founded partly on fact, and has formed the subject of a drama called "Blanche Heriot"]

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,  
 Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;  
 And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden fair,  
 He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating hair;  
 He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and  
     white,  
 Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night"

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,  
 With its walls so dark and gloomy,—walls so dark, and damp, and  
     cold,—

"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,  
 At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.  
 Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely  
     white,  
 As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart  
 Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart;

"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;

Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;  
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,  
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,

And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow;  
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,

"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood *must die*."

And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—

One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew *must not ring to-night!*"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,

Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before;  
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,  
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro:  
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,  
Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,  
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;  
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now—  
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,  
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below;  
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;

And the half-deaf Sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),  
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;  
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,  
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more

Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before

Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done,  
Should be told in long years after—as the rays of setting sun  
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white,  
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,  
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden beauty now;  
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn;  
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,  
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty light;  
“Go, your lover lives!” cried Cromwell; “Curfew shall not ring to-night.”  
*Rosa Hartwick Thorpe.*

### THE MODEL HUSBAND.

On a week-day, he walks out with his wife, and is not afraid of a milliner's shop. He even has “change” when asked for it, and never alludes to it afterwards. He is not above carrying a large brown paper parcel, or a cotton umbrella, or the clogs, or even holding the baby in his lap in an omnibus. He runs on first, to knock at the door, when it is raining. He goes outside, if the cab is full. He goes to church regularly, and takes his wife to the Opera once a year. He pays for her losses at cards, and gives her all his winnings. His clothes never smell of tobacco. He respects the curtains, and never smokes in the house. He carves, but never secretes for himself “the brown.” He respects the fiction of his wife's age, and would as soon burn his fingers as touch the bright poker. He never invades the kitchen, and would no more think of blowing up any of the servants than of ordering the dinner, or having the tray brought up after eleven. He is innocent of a latch-key.

He lets the family go out of town once every year, whilst he remains at home with one knife and fork, sits on a brown holland chair, sleeps on a curtainless bed, and has a charwoman to wait on him. He goes down on the Saturday, and comes up on the Monday, taking with him the clean linen, and bringing back the dirty clothes. He is very easy and affectionate, keeping the wedding anniversary punctually; never complaining if the dinner is not ready; making the breakfast himself if no one is down. He runs all his wife's errands, pays all her bills, and cries like a child at her death.—*Horace Mayhew.*

## A STRANGE PROPOSAL.

Charles James Mathews, comedian and dramatist, born 1803, died 1878. He commenced life as an architect—his father, “a very popular comedian,” saying that he meant his son to “draw houses” as his father had done before him. Charles, after residing for some years with Count D’Orsay and Lady Blessington, took to the stage, on which he was recognized as a master of light and eccentric comedy.

## THREE CHARACTERS.

SIR CHARLES COLDSTREAM, BART.,... “Used Up.”  
 LADY CLUTTERBUCK, .. a Widow.  
 Servant.

SCENE—*Library at Sir Charles’.*

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Servant.* Lady Clutterbuck, Sir Charles, wishes to see you.

*Sir C.* Show her up—stay!—Is she a widow?

*Servant.* I don’t know, Sir Charles!

*Sir C.* Very well, then. If she’s a widow, show her in; if she’s married, show her out.

*Servant.* Very well, Sir Charles. [*Exit Servant, who immediately returns showing in LADY CLUTTERBUCK.*]

*Lady C.* Sir Charles Coldstream, I presume. I have not the pleasure of knowing you, and I believe you have not the honour of knowing me.

*Sir C.* [*Aside.*] A good beginning.—[*Aloud*] May I take the liberty of enquiring, madam—but pardon me—first, I believe, you are a widow?

*Lady C.* Yes, sir.—[*Aside.*] How very odd!

*Sir C.* Then permit me to offer you a chair.—[*Aside.*] I can’t propose so abruptly as that. [*They sit.*]

*Lady C.* Sir Charles, we will proceed to business.

*Sir C.* [*Feeling his pulse.*] No sensation as yet; my pulse is calm!

*Lady C.* I ventured to intrude upon your generosity, Sir Charles, in favour of our infant school,—the girls are sadly in want of blue mittens, and the boys of corduroy—a—a—corduroys—any subscription most gratefully acknowledged in the *Morning Post*.

*Sir C.* [*With his hand on his pulse.*] No, not the slightest effect.

*Lady C.* I beg you won’t say that, Sir Charles.

*Sir C.* Might I ask, madam—we are neighbours, I believe?

*Lady C.* My house is close to yours—a mere cottage, but I remain there with pleasure, as it was there I lost my poor husband.

*Sir C.* I understand, the pleasures of memory;—and have we

bachelors suffered for any length of time the disgrace of your widowhood?

*Lady C.* Sir?

*Sir C.* I say, madam, is it long that you have enjoyed your misfortune?

*Lady C.* Oh, a considerable period.

*Sir C.* A good match, the lamented Clutterbuck?

*Lady C.* Ah—h, sir, I have been wedded twice. My first, poor Ironbrace, wooed me from a flourishing business in town.

*Sir C.* Musical?

*Lady C.* No, millinery; he was an ironfounder,—not handsome, but—

*Sir C.* Good?

*Lady C.* No, sir, wealthy; while I had nothing to offer him, as dowry, but my virtue.

*Sir C.* Ah! little enough!

*Lady C.* Sir!

*Sir C.* I simply remarked, that in this money-making age, mere virtue—unfortunately—but pray proceed.

*Lady C.* Three months after marriage, news reached me of his death. I immediately quitted London with what fortune I possessed, to hide my tears at a watering-place, where I met Sir Stephen Clutterbuck, a little wizen old gentleman, who wore powder, but one couldn't look upon that as a physical objection, you know, sir—

*Sir C.* On the contrary, madam.

*Lady C.* He offered me his hand and heart—a heart of five-and-fifty is rather—

*Sir C.* Tough!

*Lady C.* A hand of half a century seemed to me a—

*Sir C.* A paw—I catch the idea! well, you sighed, thought of your unprotected state, and took the heart and the—

*Lady C.* Exactly; besides, he kept his carriage, and his family was good—his name a pretty one—you think Clutterbuck a pretty one, don't you, sir?

*Sir C.* Distinguish, madam.

*Lady C.* When, what, sir, do you think I discovered a week after our marriage? That he hadn't a sixpence.

*Sir C.* Just now, you said he had a carriage.

*Lady C.* So he had, but no horses—'twas only jobbed.

*Sir C.* Oh, *Corpo di Bacco*,—then 'twas a swindle!

*Lady C.* He soothed my indignation—for he had a good heart withal—by making me the only atonement in his power.

*Sir C.* I see—he left the country.

*Lady C.* No, he died.

*Sir C.* That was rather handsome of him.

*Lady C.* Yes. However, notwithstanding his behaviour, I mourned him the regular time.

*Sir C.* It does honour to your head and heart, madam.

*Lady C.* [*She rises.*] But in your delightful conversation I forgot the object of my visit.

*Sir C.* [*Puts chairs up.*] Your pardon: my steward will give you a check for twenty guineas.

*Lady C.* You are generosity itself.

*Sir C.* Not at all.

*Lady C.* Good morning, Sir Charles.

*Sir C.* Permit me; delighted to have made the acquaintance of so lovely a neighbour—farewell. [*Exit Lady Clutterbuck.*] Rather an odd woman, that, and rather amusing for a short time—but stay—dear me, I forgot to propose to her. Hollo!—[*Calls.*] I beg pardon, madam—yes—you—madam!—one moment if you please—She's coming—positively, she amused me so, that she drove the idea of marriage out of my head.

*Re-enter LADY CLUTTERBUCK.*

*Lady C.* Sir Charles.

*Sir C.* I beg ten thousand pardons. If you'll allow me I'll close the door. I omitted to mention a small matter—a—a—you—you—are positively very good-looking still! [*Hands chair. They sit*

*Lady C.* [*Looks astonished.*] Oh, Sir Charles.

*Sir C.* I never pay compliments; but of all the women I ever adored (that is, the days when I did adore), out of about two hundred, I may say, who have possessed my heart, there were several who could not in justice compare with you.

*Lady C.* You are very polite, I'm sure, Sir Charles.

*Sir C.* Do me the favour to look at me—observe me critically—how old am I?

*Lady C.* Dear me, how odd!—I should say about seven or eight and twenty.

*Sir C.* Lady Clutterbuck, do you remember the comet of 1811?

*Lady C.* The comet!

*Sir C.* You cannot be old enough,—don't answer; perhaps the question is indelicate;—but if that comet still existed, we should be precisely of the same age.

*Lady C.* You and I, Sir Charles?

*Sir C.* No, madam, I and the comet.



*Lady C.* Let me see. [*Counts fingers.*] 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814—

*Sir C.* Don't trouble yourself, I am thirty-three.

*Lady C.* Is this what you called me back to tell me, Sir Charles?

*Sir C.* It was, madam.

*Lady C.* Oh!

*Sir C.* Madam, I am by nature melancholy.

*Lady C.* You? Why you have been saying all manner of funny things to me this half hour.

*Sir C.* You are mistaken: they were melancholy truths, positively. Why, 'twas only last week I made my will, left all my property amongst some friends, who are now on a visit here, before I carried out a fancy I had entertained for some time of hanging myself on a tree!

*Lady C.* Hanging yourself on a tree!

*Sir C.* Or throwing myself into the river: I've a window here convenient—the water flows to the wall.

*Lady C.* Oh, you are joking!

*Sir C.* But since I have seen you my mind is changed: I have taken up another fancy, one in which you can assist me.

*Lady C.* [*Aside.*] What does he mean?—me!

*Sir C.* You! Listen: I have a house in town—estates in the three kingdoms, and one for a freak in the Isle of Man—I've a shooting box on the banks of the Mississippi; three carriages—a—with horses—£12,000 a year, and I offer you my hand.

*Lady C.* Your hand to me!

*Sir C.* I am, as I have told you, only thirty-three; and according to the highest female authorities, this cannot be designated a *paw*—[*Holds out his hand*—will you accept it.

*Lady C.* Sir Charles, you amaze me! is this intended for a declaration of love?

*Sir C.* Quite the contrary—it is a proposal of marriage.

*Lady C.* But—

*Sir C.* Excuse me, I have had so much love-making in my time, I am sick of it—[*gradually goes to sleep*—there's nothing in it—the same thing over and over again—I prefer coming to the point at once: will you have me, you will do me a favour, and I shall be able to say, I have a charming wife; if you refuse me it will be precisely the—I shall then simply say, I have a charming neighbour.—Turn it over in your mind, my dear lady—excuse my memory, give it your serious reflection; pardon my going to sleep for a few minutes, and pray don't allow my violent arguments to alarm you into matrimony.

*Lady C.* Asleep! the wretch! I'll awake him—hem! Sir Charles!

[*Shakes chair*

*Sir C.* [*Starting.*] Eh—what—oh, is it you, my dear madam?—you destroyed the most delicious dream—I was dreaming of you.

[*Comes down.*

*Lady C.* Oh!

*Sir C.* Yes, I dreamt that you refused me.

*Lady C.* But dreams go by contraries, you know, Sir Charles.

*Sir C.* Alas, yes.

*Lady C.* What!

*Sir C.* I meant, it was agitating—I was wretched!—but still it was something to be that—it was a sign of existence.

*Lady C.* Yes, Sir Charles, I awoke you to say—

*Sir C.* What?

*Lady C.* That the few minutes are past.

*Sir C.* What ten minutes?—eh—oh—ah—beg pardon; of course I remember my proposal.

*Lady C.* I have considered, and—

*Sir C.* You refuse me—well—

*Lady C.* I accept.

*Sir C.* Aha, good!—

*Lady C.* That surprises you, I believe.

*Sir C.* Not in the least. We'll fix the happy day as soon as you please.

## DRAWING-ROOM THEATRICALS.

Great was the anxiety of Mr Gattleton's interesting family, as the day fixed for the representation of the Private Play which had been "many months in preparation," approached. The bed-rooms were crowded with scenery, the kitchen was occupied by carpenters. Rehearsals took place every other night in the drawing-room, and every sofa in the house was more or less damaged by the perseverance and spirit with which Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, and Miss Lucina, rehearsed the smothering scene in "Othello"—it having been determined that that tragedy and the opera of "Masaniello" should form the first portion of the evening's entertainments.

"When we're a *leettle* more perfect, I think it will go admirably," said Mr. Sempronius, addressing his *corps dramatique*, at the conclusion of the hundred and fiftieth rehearsal. "Evans," continued Mr. Gattleton, the younger, addressing a tall, thin, pale young gentleman, with extensive whiskers—"Evans, you play *Roderigo* beautifully." "But, egad," said the manager, rubbing his hands,

"we shall make a decided hit in 'Masaniello.' Harleigh sings that music admirably."

Everybody echoed the sentiment. Mr. Harleigh smiled, and looked foolish—not an unusual thing with him—hummed "Behold how brightly breaks the morning," and blushed as red as the fisherman's nightcap he was trying on.

"Let's see," resumed the manager, telling the number on his fingers, "we shall have three dancing female peasants, besides *Fenella*, and four fishermen. Then, there's our man Tom; he can have a pair of ducks of mine, and a check shirt of Bob's, and a red nightcap, and he'll do for another—that's five. In the choruses, of course, we can sing at the sides; and in the market-scene we can walk about in cloaks and things. When the revolt takes place, Tom must keep rushing in on one side and out on the other, with a pickaxe, as fast as he can. The effect will be electrical; it will look exactly as if there were an immense number of 'em. And in the eruption scene we must burn the red fire, and upset the tea-trays, and make all sorts of noises—and it's sure to do."

"Sure! sure!" cried all the performers *und voce*.

The long-looked-for Thursday arrived, and brought with it no disappointments to speak of. True, it was yet a matter of doubt whether *Cassio* would be enabled to get into the dress which had been sent for him from the masquerade warehouse. It was equally uncertain whether the principal female singer would be sufficiently recovered from the influenza to make her appearance. Everybody knew his ~~part~~, the dresses were covered with tinsel and spangles; the white plumes looked beautiful; Mr. Evans had practised falling until he was bruised from head to foot and quite perfect; *Iago* was sure that, in the stabbing-scene, he should make "a decided hit." A self-taught deaf gentleman had kindly offered to bring his flute; Miss Jenkins's talent for the piano was well known; and Mr. Brown had kindly undertaken, at a few hours' notice, to bring his violoncello.

Seven o'clock came, and so did the audience; all the rank and fashion of Clapham and its vicinity was fast filling the theatre. The overture was not unlike a race between the different instruments; the piano came in first by several bars, and the violoncello next; for the deaf gentleman *too-too'd* away, quite unconscious that he was at all wrong, until apprised, by the applause of the audience, that the overture was concluded. A considerable bustle and shuffling of feet was then heard upon the stage, accompanied by whispers of "Here's a pretty go!—what's to be done?" &c. The

audience applauded again, by way of raising the spirits of the performers; and then Mr. Sempronius desired the prompter, in a very audible voice, to "clear the stage, and ring up."

Ting, ting, ting! went the bell again. The curtain was violently convulsed, but rose no higher; the audience tittered. After as much ringing with the little bell, and a vast deal of whispering, hammering, and calling for nails and cord, the curtain at length rose, and discovered Mr. Sempronius Gattleton *solus*, and decked for *Othello*. After three distinct rounds of applause, during which Mr. Sempronius applied his right hand to his left breast, and bowed in the most approved manner, the manager advanced and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I assure you it is with sincere regret, that I regret to be compelled to inform you, that *Iago* who was to have played Mr. Wilson—I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, but I am naturally somewhat agitated (applause)—I mean, Mr. Wilson, who was to have played *Iago*, is—that is, has been—or, in other words, ladies and gentlemen, the fact is, that I have just received a note, in which I am informed that *Iago* is unavoidably detained at the Post-office this evening. Under these circumstances, I trust—a—a—amateur performance—a—another gentleman undertaken to read the part—request indulgence for a short time—courtesy and kindness of a British audience." Overwhelming applause. Exit Mr. Sempronius Gattleton, and curtain falls.

Several other minor causes, too, united to damp the ardour of the *dramatis personæ*. None of the performers could walk in their tights, or move their arms in their jackets; the pantaloons were too small, the boots too large, and the swords of all shapes and sizes. Mr. Evans, naturally too tall for the scenery, wore a black velvet hat with immense white plumes, the glory of which was lost in "the flies," and the only other inconvenience of which was, that when it was off his head he could not put it on, and when it was on he could not take it off. Notwithstanding all his practice, too, he fell with his head and shoulders through one of the side scenes. The red fire, which was burnt at the conclusion of the second act, not only nearly suffocated the audience, but nearly set the house on fire into the bargain; and, as it was, the remainder of the piece was acted in a thick fog.

The audience went home at four o'clock in the morning, exhausted with laughter, suffering from severe headaches, and smelling terribly of brimstone and gunpowder.—*Dickens*.

## THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY.

Clement Scott, b. 1841. Poet, dramatist, and miscellaneous writer. He has contributed to the *Daily Telegraph*, *Punch*, and the *Illustrated London News*, and is one of the best modern dramatic critics. The poem is on an incident recorded in a shipwreck which took place in the early part of the year 1882.

Come, my lad, and sit beside me; we have often talked before  
Of the hurricane and tempest, and the storms on sea and shore:  
When we read of deeds of daring, done for dear old England's sake,  
We have cited Nelson's duty, and the enterprise of Drake;  
Midst the fever'd din of battle, roll of drum, and scream of fife,  
Heroes pass in long procession, calmly yielding up their life.  
Pomps and pageants have their glory, in cathedral aisles are seen  
Marble effigies; but seldom of the mercantile marine.  
If your playmates love adventure, bid them gather round at school  
Whilst you tell them of a hero, Captain Strachan of Liverpool.

Spite of storm and stress of weather, in a gale that lash'd the land,  
On the *Cyprian* screw steamer, there the Captain took his stand.  
He was no fair-weather sailor, and he often made the boast  
That the ocean safer sheltered than the wild Carnarvon coast.  
He'd a good ship underneath him, and a crew of English form,  
So he sailed from out the Mersey in the hurricane and storm.  
All the luck was dead against him—with the tempest at its height,  
Fires expired, and rudders parted, in the middle of the night  
Sails ~~were~~ torn and rent asunder. Then he spoke with bated breath:  
"Save yourselves, my gallant fellows! we are drifting to our death!"

Then they looked at one another, and they felt the awful shock,  
When, with louder crash than tempest, they were dashed upon a  
rock.

All was over now and hopeless; but across those miles of foam  
They could hear the shouts of people, and could see the lights of  
home.

"All is over!" screamed the Captain. "You have answered duty's  
call.

Save yourselves! I cannot help you! God have mercy on us all!"  
So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt, and oar, and rope—  
For the sailor knows where life is, there's the faintest ray of hope—  
Then, amidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn of day,  
From the hold of that doomed vessel crept a wretched Stowaway!

Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad?

Was it wild adventure stirred him, was he going to the bad?

Was he thief, or bully's victim, or a runaway from school,  
 When he stole that fatal passage from the port of Liverpool?  
 No one looked at him, or kicked him, 'midst the paralyzing roar  
 All alone he felt the danger, and he saw the distant shore.  
 Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was breaking fast,  
 And the captain with his lifebelt—he prepared to follow last;  
 But he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy grey,  
 "Who are you?" roared out the Captain. "I'm the boy what stow'd  
 away!"

There was scarce another second left to think what he could do,  
 For the fatal ship was sinking—Death was ready for the two.  
 So the Captain called the outcast—as he faced the tempest wild—  
 From his own waist took the lifebelt—and he bound it round the child!  
 "I can swim, my little fellow! Take the belt, and make for land.  
 Up, and save yourself!" The outcast humbly knelt to kiss his hand.  
 With the lifebelt round his body then the urchin cleared the ship;  
 Over went the gallant Captain, with a blessing on his lip.  
 But the hurricane howled louder than it ever howled before,  
 As the Captain and the stowaway were making for the shore!

When you tell this gallant story to your playfellows at school,  
 They will ask you of the hero, Captain Strachan, of Liverpool.  
 You must answer: They discovered, on the beach at break of day,  
 Safe—the battered, breathing body of the little Stowaway;  
 And they watched the waves of wreckage and they searched the  
 cruel shore,  
 But the man who tried to save the little outcast—was no more.

When they speak of English heroes, tell this story where you can,  
 To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man,  
 Tell it out in tones of triumph or with tears and quickened breath,  
 "Manhood's stronger far than storms, and Love is mightier than  
 Death!"

### MR. TWIDDLE'S TROUBLE.<sup>1</sup>

My name is Teviotdale Twiddle; my age—two-and-twenty; income—four hundred a-year; condition—Bachelor; profession—Gentleman. I suffer from a species of nervousness that exhibits itself in

<sup>1</sup> For the idea of this sketch, the author is indebted to a little charade, called "Trying it On," by the late Mr William Brough.

a propensity to meddle with every object that comes within reach. Most unfortunately all these individual volitions are exhibited on my part without my having at the time the slightest idea of what I am doing. Say that I talk to a friend in the street, I discover myself fingering his chain, or fumbling over his shirt collar. Only last week I was ignominiously dismissed the house of a most valued clerical acquaintance through unconsciously pulling off the apron of the maid-servant and tying it round myself, whilst making preliminary inquiries on the doorstep of the rectory. On the previous evening I was present at one of the most fashionable concerts of the season. Enraptured with one of the exquisite airs from "Martha," I all at once discovered myself breathing on, polishing, looking through and unscrewing a pair of opera glasses which somebody had placed in my immediate proximity. I was of course confused, and, looking round, I encountered the eyes of a young lady fixed on me as firmly as a bee on a sunflower. I was enraptured; for the moment entranced—spell-bound by her beauty. She was evidently the owner of the glasses; she tried to take them from me, extended her hand, I, with my habitual infirmity, no less naturally took her hand in mine. Her friends remonstrated; I attempted to apologize; redress or explanation was refused; several misguided individuals in the gallery shouted "ORDER," some one in the front seats cried "SEND FOR THE POLICE;" and I was carried out of the hall. Bent on an explanation, I hurried to the music-sellers where the tickets were procured and places booked. I gave them a description of the whole party, and ascertained they came from the house of a Mrs Scripp, who resided in the neighbourhood. Scripp! the name was familiar; I remembered a fourth cousin of that name on my mother's side, who, (so I was once told), resided somewhere in India. I called at the house, asked for the mistress, sent in my card, and was ushered into the drawing-room. As my thoughts became concentrated on what would probably be my reception, my unhappy failing obtruded itself with a force that my sturdiest resolution could not withstand. Every article in the room came in its turn to be the object of my tampering proclivity. I will not allude to the fancy Oriental dusting brush, the feathers of which I plucked out so vehemently, that in less than two minutes, it was as bald as the head of a sucking pig; neither will I advert to a bottle of *Eau de Cologne*, with which, in my melancholy excited unconsciousness, I saturated my pocket handkerchief and every chair and *Anti-macassar* in the immediate vicinity; I will not dwell upon the fact that of the plants in the adjoining conservatory, I plucked several stems perfectly

bare; nor my feelings on being subsequently informed that I had decorated my button-hole with a Rhododendron.

One object was destined to inflict on me, in fifteen minutes, more misery, than in half a century I could attempt to describe. My recreant fingers happened to stray upon—what? A NECKLACE!—A DIAMOND NECKLACE! lying in an open velvet case on the table. “Diamonds! hers of course! Diamonds! not half so brilliant as her eyes! A necklace too! It has clasped her neck, her swan-like throat, so white, so majestic! Ah!” I continued as I contemplated it, “what’s my throat in comparison with hers, it would go about half way round that I suppose.” Why shouldn’t I try it on and see what a brute I looked, compared with that most graceful female of all the feminine gender?

I took the necklace up, put it at the back of my neck; was taking the exact measurement of that part of my anatomy in proportion to hers, when—the parlour door was suddenly opened, and—

“My mistress will see you directly,” said the servant girl entering. I started—“Oh goodness gracious! Horror of horrors!”

THE NECKLACE SLIPPED DOWN MY BACK!!!

I thrust one hand down my back, and the other up inside my coat-tails to stop its progress.

“What’s the matter, sir?” gasped the girl.

“Matter! nothing. I’m feeling for my gloves.”

“Lor’ bless us, sir!” said the girl, “do you keep your gloves there?”

I don’t know what I answered, I continued to dive into the recesses of my back; I was just clutching the object of my search, when I raised my eyes and encountered a demure looking genteel lady of some fifty-five summers—she was gazing through a pair of gold spectacles on me in my interesting posture, evidently with a species of bewildered fascination.

“Good morning, ma’am,” I stammered, as I struggled into an erect posture; “Mrs. Scripp?”

She motioned me to take a seat. Then there ensued an ominous pause. I spasmodically buttoned my coat, and clapped my hand to the centre of my back.

“You seem uneasy,” frigidly observed the old lady.

“Yes, madam,” I replied, confusedly, as I felt the necklace taking another leap; “that is, if I must tell you, I am suffering from—from—CORNS,” I added, to clinch the explanation.

“With CORNS, sir?” she ejaculated. “What! IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR BACK?”

“May I inquire the object of your visit? Mr. —,” said Mrs. Scripp.



"My name is Twiddle, ma'am, Teviotdale Twiddle."

Every moment was consigning the necklace further into unexplorable regions.

If I could but get her out of the room, but for an instant, whilst I divested myself of my coat and vest, I should be satisfied; but such an idea was hopeless,—there she sat, with an immovable dignity; those gold spectacles, under which all my words, thoughts, acts, my very limbs themselves,—all but my back, seemed paralysed. I expected every moment the gold spectacles would be removed from me, only to discover the empty case, and that the necklace was missing.

"Mr. Twiddle,—Teviotdale Twiddle," I found myself murmuring. "I am most respectably connected. I've four hundred a year and——"

"I'm not aware that it's necessary to present your credentials, Mr ——"

"Twiddle, ma'am, Teviotdale Twiddle."

There was a pause. I felt driven to desperation when—I remembered suddenly that I had distant relatives of the name of Scripp living somewhere in India. In an instant I had hazarded the experiment—unfortunately, as it turned out—with the most disastrous results.

"I beg your pardon, but the fact is, I am nearly related to your family."

"To my family?" echoed the old lady.

"Yes! by the Indian branch,—the Scripps of—of—of Bombay."

The old lady rose, stared; then beaming with delight, she exclaimed,

"You are he, then? I thought so from the first."

She took me by both hands, and fell upon my neck in a shower of tears and hysterical sobs.

"Goodness gracious, ma'am!" I exclaimed, struggling to release myself, "compose yourself; what is the matter?"

"After so many years of absence, too!" said the lady, "to think we should meet and be about to part like this. *You*, too; *HER HUSBAND*."

Down the old lady sank on my neck.

"Why did you send us in a false name?" continued the old lady. "To give us the greater surprise? Oh, you wicked Don Juan, you! But you want to see your wife, of course. You shall see her—she has been expecting you all day."

She advanced towards the bell.

My situation was every minute growing more alarming. I had never met with anything so awful.

"Ma'am," I began, imploringly. "Don't! pray don't, Ma'am!"

"Ma'am!" cried the delighted old lady. "Call me Mamma! Mary said you would be *here to-day*. I didn't believe it, but"—

"Don't Ma'am—Mamma, I mean—excuse me Ma'am, I'm not here at all—that is, ~~HE~~ isn't here at all—I ought to be somebody else; but I'm *not*, I'm not ~~HE~~—so I'd rather not see ~~SHE~~—I am Teviotdale Twiddle—excuse me."

"What!" exclaimed the old lady, pausing.

"I can't express to you what I feel," I began—this was literally the fact, for, the diamonds were cutting into my back like a twenty-bladed knife—"I cannot express the regret I feel at having been thus the innocent cause of your agitation; but"—

The gold spectacles were through me again.

"You're mistaken! I'm not the—the individual you take me for."

The gold spectacles were gradually sinking aghast into a chair.

"I regret exceedingly that I have intruded, I assure you; but my name is Teviotdale Twiddle, I am four-and-twenty years of age"—

The gold spectacles quivered with embarrassment, and glared indignation. She moved towards the door—

"I apprehend you, sir," she said.

"No, no," I replied—connecting the term with police phraseology. "Don't! I'm a perfect paragon of honesty! I wouldn't wrong you or any human being of a farthing."

The gold spectacles relaxed into one of reproach, then into pity, lastly, to fear. It was all over: she thought me insane—another instant, the door had closed on her—I was ALONE.

Time was precious—a moment more and the servants would be there to remove me as a lunatic or expel me as an impostor: or to brand me as a housebreaker. Heart, soul, and action—all were instantly combined to recover the necklace. I seized the tongs—down my back they went in the search: they grasped it—but for a moment—and down the necklace slid more frantically than before. I shook myself violently—and then I felt the necklace sliding gradually down.

It lodged in the heel of my boot.

I recovered the diamonds; my boot was off; but how on earth was I to get it on; where could I find a pair of boothooks? I searched the work-basket, pulled open drawers, explored every table: I seized on a paper knife and a pen!—they snapped with the first tug. I grasped the poker, and encased that through one strap, and experimentalized through the other with the shovel,—dragged myself across the room with the poker dangling at my bootless heel. I seized

on the leg of one chair, and seated myself firmly on another—unfortunately the chair I had occupied when Mrs. Scripp had been overcome—determined to pull on that boot or perish. With rigid muscles and extended leg, I threw my concentrated strength into the act and flung myself back. The chair gave way.

Ceiling, floor, and furniture turned suddenly topsy-turvy, like a flash of lightning. I heard a wild and awful crash, as of falling steel, the first object that met my eyes was my boots elevated into the air, the back of my head being amongst the fire-irons in an upturned fender—All this took place just as the door opened, and Mrs. Scripp, her niece, and somebody else, came into the room.

All was eventually explained. I was really a relative—but a very distant one. The niece of Mrs. Scripp, the young lady who had been the innocent cause of all my misfortunes, had been married in India, and had returned some months before, leaving her husband to follow her. He had been expected on the day and at the very hour on which I made my memorable visit. Whilst I had been left alone, the real “Simon Pure” had arrived; and he with his wife—oh, shade of blighted love! my Mary—the unspoken to, but adored owner of the opera-glasses. They now stood contemplating me in this awful extremity. What I said! what I did! I have not now the least recollection. Like Cassio I remember a mass of things but nothing distinctly. I fancy I must have murmured something about “the weather,” “hoping they were quite well,” or some lunatic phrases of that sort. I saw a pitying smile upon her face, and her hand trembled, I recollect, as she, with him she had blessed with the privilege of calling her wife, helped me on with my coat, and assisted in collecting my boots and setting the limbs of the shattered chair. I have never seen any of them since.—*Walter Baynham.*

## PARODY ON THE CHARGE AT BALACLAVA.

### CLAPHAM JUNCTION

[From *The Hornet*, by kind permission of the Publishers.]

[Clapham is a fashionable suburban district of London, and the Railway Junction there is considered to be one of the most confusing for its extensive traffic.]

Up the steps, down the steps,  
All pushing forward,  
Every one out of breath,  
Rush'd the Six Hundred.

"ALL CHANGE," the porters cry,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs but to ring and cry,  
Worrying almost to death  
    The gallant Six Hundred.  
Trains to the right of them,  
Trains to the left of them,  
Trains right in front of them  
    Panted and thunder'd.  
Storm'd at with porter's yell,  
Deafen'd with clanging bell,  
Kicking in frantic haste,  
Bag, box, and trunk pell mell,  
    Rush'd the Six Hundred.  
Flash'd all the signals bare,  
Flash'd all at once in air,  
Startling the people there,  
While upon every stair,  
    Swift footsteps thunder'd.  
Plunging through steam and smoke.  
Blinded with dust of coke,  
Watching each engine stroke,  
Up and down platforms still  
    Folks ran and blunder'd.  
Then they rushed back, but not,  
    Not the Six Hundred.  
Goods trains to right of them,  
Excursions to left of them,  
Cattle behind them bellow'd and thunder'd.  
Storm'd at with bell and yell,  
Thinking it quite a sell,  
Losing their only train,  
Taunting their fate in vain,  
Down the steps rush'd again,  
All that was left of them,  
    Left of Six Hundred.  
Honour the swift and bold,  
Cab-drivers young and old,  
Long shall the tale be told,  
    How they with unction  
Here, there, and everywhere,

Street, warehouse, lane and square,  
Four wheels and hansoms tear,  
All charging double fare,  
Cleared Clapham Junction.

### THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

["Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me"—  
Mat xxv 37, 40  
"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off"—Is xxxiii. 17.]

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"  
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,  
Kneeling on the floor of stone,  
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition  
For his sins of indecision,  
Prayed for greater self-denial  
In temptation and in trial;  
It was noonday by the dial,  
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,  
An unwonted splendour brightened  
All within him and without him  
In that narrow cell of stone;  
And he saw the Blessed Vision  
Of our Lord, with light Elysian  
Like a vesture wrapped about him,  
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,  
Not in agonies of pain,  
Not with bleeding hands and feet,  
Did the Monk his Master see;  
But as in the village street,  
In the house or harvest-field,  
Halt and lame and blind he healed,  
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,  
Hands upon his bosom crossed,

Wondering, worshipping, adoring,  
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.  
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,  
Who am I, that thus thou deignest  
To reveal thyself to me?  
Who am I, that from the centre  
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter  
This poor cell, my guest to be?  
Then amid his exaltation,  
Loud the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Rang through court and corridor  
With persistent iteration  
He had never heard before.  
It was now the appointed hour  
When alike in shine or shower,  
Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
To the convent portals came  
All the blind and halt and lame,  
All the beggars of the street,  
For their daily dole of food  
Dealt them by the brotherhood;  
And their almoner was he  
Who upon his bended knee,  
Rapt in silent ecstasy  
Of divinest self-surrender,  
Saw the Vision and the Splendour  
Deep distress and hesitation  
Mingled with his adoration;  
Should he go, or should he stay?  
Should he leave the poor to wait  
Hungry at the convent gate,  
Till the Vision passed away?  
Should he slight his radiant guest,  
Slight his visitant celestial,  
For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
Beggars at the convent gate?  
Would the Vision there remain?  
Would the Vision come again?  
Then a voice within his breast  
Whispered, audible and clear,

As if to the outward ear  
"Do thy duty; that is best;  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,  
And with longing look intent  
On the Blessed Vision bent,  
Slowly from his cell departed,  
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,  
Looking through the iron grating,  
With that terror in the eye  
That is only seen in those  
Who amid their wants and woes  
Hear the sound of doors that close.  
And of feet that pass them by;  
Grown familiar with disfavour,  
Grown familiar with the savour  
Of the bread by which men die!  
But to-day, they knew not why,  
Like the gate of Paradise  
Seemed the convent gate to rise,  
Like a sacrament divine  
Seemed to them the bread and wine  
In his heart the Monk was praying,  
Thinking of the homeless poor,  
What they suffer and endure;  
What we see not, what we see;  
And the inward voice was saying:  
"Whatsoever thing thou doest  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou doest unto me!"  
Unto me! but had the Vision  
Come to him in beggar's clothing,  
Come a mendicant imploring,  
Would he then have knelt adoring,  
Or have listened with derision,  
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,  
Full of troublesome suggestion,

As at length, with hurried pace,  
Towards his cell he turned his face,  
And beheld the convent bright  
With a supernatural light,  
Like a luminous cloud expanding  
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling  
At the threshold of his door,  
For the Vision still was standing  
As he left it there before,  
When the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Summoned him to feed the poor.  
Through the long hour intervening  
It had waited his return,  
And he felt his bosom burn,  
Comprehending all the meaning,  
When the Blessed Vision said,  
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

*H. W. Longfellow.*

### ANNABEL LEE.

Edgar Allan Poe, poet and miscellaneous writer, born in Baltimore, 1809, died in Baltimore Hospital, 1849. His literary career may be said to have begun in 1835, but it was not until ten years later that the poem of "The Raven" obtained for him instant popularity. For this remarkable production, however, he only received £2. He also wrote a number of tales, in which he exhibited a weird yet fascinating imagination. His faults, as a man, were numerous, yet they were made unduly prominent by Rufus Griswold, his first biographer.

It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the Sea, that a Maiden there lived, whom you may know by the name of Annabel Lee; and this Maiden she lived with no other thought than to love, and be loved by me! *I* was a child, and *she* was a child, in this kingdom by the Sea; but we loved with a love that was more than love—I and my Annabel Lee; with a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven coveted her and me! And this was the reason that, long ago, in this kingdom by the Sea, a wind blew out of a cloud, chilling my beautiful Annabel Lee; so that her high-born kinsmen came, and bore her away from me, to shut her up in a sepulchre—in this kingdom by the Sea. The Angels, not half so happy in heaven, went envying her and me; yes! that was the reason (as all men know, in this kingdom by the Sea) that the Wind came out of the cloud by night, chilling and killing my Annabel Lee. But our love it was



stronger by far than the love of those who were older than we—of many far wiser than we; and neither the Angels in heaven above,—nor the Demons down under the sea,—can ever dis sever my soul from the soul of the beautiful Annabel Lee! For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams of the beautiful Annabel Lee; and the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes of the beautiful Annabel Lee; and so, all the night tide, I lie down by the side of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride; in her sepulchre there by the Sea,—in her tomb by the sounding Sea!

### A ROUGH DIAMOND.

[Sir William Evergreen, a baronet, has, whilst staying at a farmhouse, fallen in love with the farmer's daughter, and married her. He brings her to London, and endeavours to educate her by the aid of visiting masters, and to train her in the conventionalities of fashionable society, stipulating meantime that none of her relatives shall be received by her. Cousin Joe, an old playmate, accidentally calls on her, and the following scene is supposed to take place in the baronet's drawing-room.]

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#### THREE CHARACTERS.

SIR WILLIAM EVERGREEN,.. .... A Wealthy Baronet.

COUSIN JOE,.. ..... A warm-hearted Country L<sup>o</sup>ut.

MARGERY, ... .. Wife to Sir William.

SCENE: *Drawing-room in the house of Sir William Evergreen.*

*Sir W.* Now, my dear, that we are alone, I must tell you that your behaviour has been abominable.

*Mar.* Oh! has it? Now if I didn't think I was quite the lady!

*Sir W.* What with your directions respecting your animals, and your reference to your cousin Joe, and the old woman your school-mistress, and your ridiculous eulogium on the uniform of the yeomanry, I thought I should have taken to my heels and have run out of the house.

*Mar.* I wish you had—I know I should have got on much better without *you* at my elbow. And as for my cousin Joe, he may be a stupid fellow and all that, but he's a very good fellow, and if he don't know how to make a proper bow, or a long speech like you do—such as when I've heard you practising to yourself about railroads, and borrowing money, and taxes, and the state of the nation, and situation of the population, and that horrible education—he can talk so as I can understand him, and that's more than I always can when you talk—or anybody else, for the matter o' that. And if I did like the sojers I used to see so often, what harm was

there in that? I'm sure the captain was a fine man, a very fine man, whiskers and all, and I've often looked at him till I've felt as if I could eat him.

*Sir W.* I know that you mean no harm—I know that your heart is pure; but you must learn to be conscious of your present station in society. The diamond, though of value in its rough and original state, must be polished and set before it can be worn. Now, to-day, when I rang for the cook and wished you to commence giving your own orders for dinner, and had previously practised you in the pronunciation of asking for *cabillaud au gratin poulet roti—pomme de terre bûte*——

*Mar.* Well, I couldn't recollect it, and so I thought it best to ask for what I liked better than anything.

*Sir W.* And are you aware what you did ask for?

*Mar.* I only asked for a toad in a hole.

*Sir W.* And didn't you perceive the vain endeavour of the servant to conceal his laughter? didn't you perceive my face suffused with blushes?

*Mar.* Well, I speak according to my knowledge, and I know I always speak the truth and what I want to say, without any beating about the bush; and that's much better than being deceitful and making believe to be glad to see people when you really wish 'em at Jericho, and go grinning and smiling up to 'em, and shaking hands, when in your heart you'd like to shake 'em inside out—and make use of fine words and say beautiful things when you don't mean it. You may call it polish if you like, but I call it telling lies.

*Sir W.* But the usages of society—the——

*Mar.* I don't care! I shall follow my own usages, and I begin this morning by packing off my French master and my music master; and as for the dancing master, if he dares come here again and make my feet ache as he did yesterday, I'll break his little fiddle over his head for him!

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* If you please, ma'am, there is an individual asking for you—says his name is Cousin Joe.

*COUSIN JOE appears at the back. SIR WILLIAM eyes Joe disdainfully and retires.*

*Joe.* This must be the house—I found the gate open, and the Nag's Head told me this was Sir William's, and he's the gentleman that married my cousin, and—— What, Margery! Why, bless us!

*Mar.* What, Joe, is it you? how d'ye do, Joe? [*They shake hands.*]  
Well, I am glad to see you! Well, and how are you, cousin Joe?

*Joe.* Oh, I'm very well, thank ye!

*Mar.* What's brought you here? come to see me?

*Joe.* Yes.

*Mar.* That's right.

*Joe.* I'm going up to a place in London. You see, mother knows somebody there, and as I didn't care much about farming, and always had a kind o' sort o' notion of being a bit of a gentleman, why, they said I was cut out for sarvice; and the end of it is, I'm going to London to be a page to a fine lady.

*Mar.* La! Joe!

*Joe.* The very thing for a genteel youth like me, they say. I ain't to wear these clothes then. No, I'm to be all over buttons, and have a hat with gold lace, and my hair is to be curled every morning, and I'm to carry letters in to missus on a silver plate, and walk arter her with the lap-dog in the street, and take care nobody's sarcy to her.

*Mar.* Can't you stop here a day or two before you go to your place? we would have such fun—for though my husband has often said that none of my family must come here, as he wanted me to forget all their ways, yet as you *are* here, I think I could coax him to let you stop. Sit down, Joe—here's a chair. [*Hands him a chair. They sit.*] Well, and so—and how's your mother?

*Joe.* Hearty.

*Mar.* And what's the news?—tell me all you can think of. Has Tom Dixon married Lizzie Turvey yet?

*Joe.* No; they were going to be married only a week ago, and when they got to the church Tom took fright and ran all the way home again, and left Lizzie Turvey crying her eyes out at the porch door.

*Mar.* You don't say so! Well, I always said Tom was a fool. How comfortable this is to have somebody to talk to in one's own fashion! I do feel so free and easy again! Well, and tell me, Joe, is Dame Willows living?

*Joe.* No—died six months ago.

*Mar.* Did she leave all her money to her nephew, Jem Porter?

*Joe.* No, bless your life! Oh, there's such work!

*Mar.* Come, go on!—go on! and tell me.

*Joe.* You see, Jem made sure of the money, and lived in such style—bought a horse and shay, and went to races, and played nine pins—when, lo and behold! the old lady died and he found it was

all left to a smooth-faced fellow that nobody never heard on, that got somehow or other into the old lady's good books and she had it writ down. It was all because Jem one day kicked her favourite dog, that used to fly at everybody's legs—now the dog's gone to live with a baker, and Jem's in prison for debt.

*Mar.* And Harry Bacon, what's become of him?

*Joe.* Gone to sea, because Mary Brown took up with a tailor what opened a shop from London. And you recollect Tom Hammer, the blacksmith?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Joe.* Well, if he ain't gone and bought all Merryweather's pigs, I'm a Dutchman! And Merryweather's gone to America, and the eldest daughter's married Sam Holloway, the cutler, and folks say it ain't a good match, because he was a widow with three children, and she might have had Master Pollard the schoolmaster, and he's gone and turned serious and won't let the boys play at no games, and so they're all going away to a new man that'll let them do just what they like; and Will Twig has been found out stealing chickens, and he's in prison, and Johnny Trotter, the postman, has opened a grocer's shop; and they've pulled down the old parsonage and are building a new 'un; and the doctor's got a large lamp over his door, with big blue and red bull's eyes; and there's a new beadle, and all the parish children have got the hooping-cough, and Mrs. Jenkins' cow's dead, and—that's all!

*Mar.* Oh, Joe! I can shut my eyes and see everything and everybody you've been talking about, oh, so plain! and to see you again does seem so like old times.

*Joe.* And didn't we have games? when you used to climb up the cherry-tree, and call out to me, "Joe, come and help me, or I shall tumble down and break something!"

*Mar.* Yes! and Joe, when my father used to take you and I to market, and we used to sit at the bottom of the cart and eat apples.

*Joe.* And when sometimes I used to try to give you a kiss, what knocks on my nose you used to give!

*Mar.* Ah! didn't I?

*Joe.* And when I got savage, how I used to kick you wi' my hob-nail shoes! Oh, how friendly we was—wasn't we?

*Mar.* And how we did sing!

*Joe.* And dance!

*Mar.* And were so happy!

*Joe.* Oh, Margery!

*Mar.* Oh, Joe! [*Margery and Joe shake hands and embrace.*]

SIR WILLIAM *comes forward.*

*Sir W.* Margery! are you out of your senses!

*Mar.* [to Joe] Don't go away—it's only my husband.

*Sir W.* [to Margery] Will you be happier if I leave you to follow the dictates of your own heart and feelings, without the direction of masters or of books?

*Mar.* Yes! yes, I *will* try my hardest to be as you would wish me, if you but let me try in my own way; and I am sure, in time, you will not be ashamed of me. When you want me to learn, teach me *yourself*—a loving word and gentle patience, and all from *you*, will make us both happy, and me I hope sincere.

## THE DEATH OF MINNEHAHA.

Minnehaha, the heroine of Longfellow's famous poem of *Hiawatha*, is the daughter of the arrow-maker Dacotah, and the wife of Hiawatha. She was called Minnehaha ("laughing-water") from the waterfall of that name. Gitché Manito is the Great Spirit and Master of Life, the idea to the Indian of the Almighty. Panguk is a cunning mischief-maker, who, taking to flight because Hiawatha has threatened to slay him, becomes eventually transformed into an eagle.]

O the long and dreary Winter! O the cold and cruel Winter! Ever thicker, thicker, thicker froze the ice on lake and river, ever deeper deeper, deeper fell the snow o'er all the landscape. Hardly from his buried wigwam could the hunter force a passage; vainly walked he through the forest; sought for bird or beast, and found none; in the ghastly, gleaming forest fell, and could not rise from weakness, perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever! O the wasting of the famine! O the blasting of the fever! O the wailing of the children! O the anguish of the women! All the earth was sick and famished; hungry was the air around them, hungry was the sky above them, and the hungry stars in heaven, like the eyes of wolves, glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam came two guests; and silent, gloomy, sat without a word of welcome in the seat of Laughing Water; Famine one, the other Fever; and the lovely Minnehaha shuddered as they looked upon her, lay down on her bed in silence; lay there trembling, freezing, burning, at the looks they cast upon her, at the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest rushed the maddened Hiawatha; "Gitché Manito, the Mighty!" cried he with his face uplifted, in

that bitter hour of anguish, "Give your children food, O Father! give us food, or we must perish! give me food for Minnehaha, for my dying Minnehaha!"—Through the far resounding forest rang that cry of desolation; but there came no other answer than the echo of his crying, "Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis, with those gloomy guests, that watched her, with the Famine and the Fever, she was lying, the beloved, she—the dying Minnehaha. "Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing, hear a roaring and a rushing; hear the Falls of Minnehaha calling to me from a distance!" "No, my child!" said old Nokomis, "'tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!" "Look!" she said; "I see my father standing lonely at his doorway, beckoning to me from his wigwam, in the land of the Dacotahs!" "No, my child!" said old Nokomis, "'tis the smoke, that waves and beckons!" "Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk glare upon me in the darkness; I can feel his icy fingers clasping mine amid the darkness! Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"—And the desolate Hiawatha, far away amid the forest, miles away among the mountains, heard that sudden cry of anguish, heard the voice of Minnehaha calling to him in the darkness, "Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless, under snow-encumbered branches, homeward hurried Hiawatha, empty-handed, heavy-hearted; heard Nokomis moaning, wailing.—"Wahonomin! Wahonomin! would that I had perished for you! would that I were dead as you are! Wahonomin! Wahonomin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam: saw the old Nokomis slowly rocking to and fro, and moaning; saw his lovely Minnehaha lying dead and cold before him; and his bursting heart within him uttered such a cry of anguish, that the very stars in heaven shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless, on the bed of Minnehaha, at the feet of Laughing Water; at those willing feet, that never more would lightly run to meet him, never more would lightly follow. Seven long days and nights he sat there, speechless, motionless, unconscious of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha in the forest deep and darksome, underneath the moaning hemlocks; wrapped her in her robes of ermine, covered her with snow, like ermine. On her grave a fire was lighted, for her soul upon its journey to the Islands of the Blessed.

From his doorway Hiawatha watched it burning in the forest, that it might not be extinguished, might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha! Farewell, O my Laughing Water! All my heart is buried with you, all my thoughts go onward with you! Come not back again to labour, come not back again to suffer, where the Famine and the Fever wear the heart and waste the body. Soon my task will be completed, soon your footsteps I shall follow to the Islands of the Blessed, to the kingdom of Ponemah, to the Land of the Hereafter!"

### THE MURDER OF MONTAGUE TIGG (ADAPTED).

Charles Dickens, novelist, born 1812, died 1870 Of his numerous novels *Pickwick* is the funniest, *Barnaby Rudge* the most instructive, *Martin Chuzzlewit* the most dramatic, and *David Copperfield* the best Dean Stanley said of him. "He was the friend of mankind, the friend of youth, the friend of the poor, the enemy of every form of meanness and oppression. He occupied a greater space than any other writer in the minds of Englishmen during thirty years. We were roused by him to a consciousness of the misery of others and to a pathetic interest in human life. No author was ever more beloved or mourned."

[Mr. Montague Tigg, a director of a bubble Life Insurance Co., has discovered, through the agency of Nadgett, that Jonas Chuzzlewit, his co-director, has secretly poisoned his (Chuzzlewit's) father.]

"My dear Chuzzlewit!" cried Montague Tigg as Jonas entered. "you rise with the lark. Though you go to bed with the nightingale, you rise with the lark."

"Ecod!" said Jonas, with an air of languor and ill-humour, as he took a chair, "I should be very glad not to get up with the lark, if I could help it. But I am a light sleeper; and it's better to be up, than lying awake, counting the dismal old church-clocks, in bed."

"A light sleeper!" cried his friend. "Now, what is a light sleeper? I often hear the expression, but upon my life I have not the least conception what a light sleeper is."

"Hallo!" said Jonas, "who's that? Oh, old what's-his-name: looking as if he wanted to skulk up the chimney. He's not wanted here, I suppose. He may go, mayn't he?"

This remark of Mr. Jonas was in allusion to Mr. Nadgett, the man employed by Mr. Montague Tigg at a pound a week to make inquiries. Mr. Nadgett was then standing with his back to Jonas, apparently unconscious of the presence of anybody, and absorbed in drying his pocket handkerchief.

"Oh, let him stay, let him stay!" said Tigg. "He's a mere piece of furniture. He has been making his report, and is waiting for further orders. He has been told not to lose sight of certain friends

of ours, or to think that he has done with them by any means. He understands his business."

"He need," replied Jonas; "for of all the precious old dummies in appearance that ever I saw, he's about the worst. He's afraid of me, I think."

"It's my belief," said Tigg, "that you are Poison to him. Nadgett! give me that towel!"

He had as little occasion for a towel as Jonas had for a start. But Nadgett brought it quickly, and, having lingered for a moment, fell back upon his old post by the fire.

They were silent for a little time. Then Jonas spoke:

"Now we've done with child's talk, I want to have a word with you before we meet up yonder to-day. I am not satisfied with the state of affairs."

"Not satisfied!" cried Tigg. "The money comes in well."

"The money comes in well enough," retorted Jonas: "but it don't come out well enough. It can't be got at easily enough. I haven't sufficient power; it is all in your hands. If you should take it into your honourable head to go abroad with the bank, I don't see much to prevent you. Well! That won't do. I've had some very good dinners here, but they'd come too dear on such terms and therefore, that won't do."

"I am unfortunate to find you in this humour," said Tigg, with a remarkable kind of smile: "for I was going to propose to you—for your own advantage; solely for your own advantage—that you should venture a little more with us."

"Was you?" said Jonas, with a short laugh.

"Yes. And to suggest," pursued Montague, "that surely you have friends whom we should be delighted to receive."

"Exactly," said Jonas; "as my friends, of course. You'll be very much delighted when you get 'em, I have no doubt. And it'll be all to my advantage, won't it?"

"It will be very much to your advantage," answered Montague, looking steadily upon him.

"And you can tell me how," said Jonas, "can't you?"

"SHALL I tell you how?" returned the other.

"I think you had better," said Jonas. "Strange things have been done in the Assurance way before now, by strange sorts of men, and I mean to take care of myself."

"Chuzzlewit!" replied Montague, leaning forward, with his arms upon his knees, and looking full into his face. "Strange things have been done, and are done every day; not only in our way, but



in a variety of other ways; and no one suspects them. But ours, as you say, my good friend, is a strange way; and we strangely happen, sometimes, to come into the knowledge of very strange events."

He beckoned to Jonas to bring his chair nearer; and looking slightly round, as if to remind him of the presence of Nadgett, whispered in his ear.

From red to white; from white to red again; from red to yellow, then to a cold, dull, awful, sweat-bedabbled blue. In that short whisper, all these changes fell upon the face of Jonas Chuzzlewit, and when at last he laid his hand upon the whisperer's mouth, appalled, lest any syllable of what he said should reach the ears of the third person present, it was as bloodless, and as heavy as the hand of Death.

He drew his chair away, and sat a spectacle of terror, misery, and rage. He was afraid to speak, or look, or move, or sit still. Abject, crouching, and miserable, he was a greater degradation to the form he bore, than if he had been a loathsome wound from head to heel.

His companion leisurely resumed his dressing, and completed it, glancing sometimes with a smile at the transformation he had effected, but never speaking once.

"You'll not object," he said, when he was quite equipped, "to venture further with us, Chuzzlewit, my friend?"

His pale lips faintly stammered out a "No."

"Well said! That's like yourself. Do you know I was thinking yesterday that your father-in-law, relying on your advice as a man of great sagacity in money matters, as no doubt you are, would join us, if the thing were well presented to him. He has money?"

"Yes, he has money."

"Shall I leave him to you? Will you undertake for him?"

"I'll try. I'll do my best."

"A thousand thanks," replied the other, clapping him upon the shoulder. "Shall we walk downstairs? Mr. Nadgett! Follow us, if you please."

They went down in that order. Whatever Jonas felt in reference to Montague, whatever sense of being caged, and barred, and trapped; he never for an instant thought that the slinking figure half a dozen stairs behind him was his pursuing Fate.

Next night unwatched, alone in his own house, he took from his portmanteau a pair of clumsy shoes, and put them on his feet; also a pair of leather leggings, such as countrymen are used to wear, with straps to fasten them to the waistband. In these he dressed himself

at leisure. Lastly, he took out a common frock of coarse dark jean, which he drew over his own underclothing; and a felt hat. He looked out; passed out; locked the street door after him.

All was clear and quiet as he fled away. His object was to kill the man who held his secret.

He shaped his course for the main western road, and soon reached it: riding a part of the way, then alighting and walking on again. At last he came up with a certain lumbering, slow, night-coach, which stopped wherever it could, and was stopping then at a public-house.

He bargained for a seat outside and took it. And he quitted it no more until it was within a few miles of its destination.

Riding on among those silent sentinels of God, the stars, he slept.

He dreamed at one time that he was lying calmly in his bed, thinking of a moonlight night and the noise of wheels, when a man put his head in at the door, and beckoned him. At this signal he arose immediately, being already dressed, and accompanied him into a strange city, where the names of the streets were written on the walls in characters quite new to him. Already, great crowds began to fill the streets, and in one direction myriads of people came rushing down an interminable perspective, strewing flowers and making way for others on white horses, when a terrible figure started from the throng, and cried out that it was the Last Day for all the world. The cry being spread, there was a wild hurrying on to Judgment; and the press became so great that he and his companion (who was constantly changing, and was never the same man two minutes together, though he never saw one man come or another go), stood aside in a porch, fearfully surveying the multitude; when all at once a struggling head rose up among the rest—livid and deadly—and denounced him as having appointed that direful day to happen. They closed together. As he strove to free the hand in which he held a club, and strike the blow he had so often thought of, he started to the knowledge of his waking purpose and the rising of the sun.

He paid his fare, and got down a mile or so within the destination of the coach's journey. Wandering into a copse by the roadside he tore out from a fence a thick, hard, knotted stake; and, sitting down beneath a hay-rick, spent some time in shaping it, in peeling off the bark, and fashioning its jagged head with his knife.

The day passed on. Noon, afternoon, evening. Sunset.

At that serene and peaceful time two men, riding in a gig, came

out of the city by a road not much frequented. It was the day on which Mr. Montague Tigg had agreed to dine with Mr. Pecksniff. He had kept his appointment, and was now going home. His host was riding with him for a short distance. Jonas knew their plans. He had hung about the inn-yard while they were at dinner and had heard their orders given. Here they stopped.

"It's too soon. Much too soon," said Mr. Pecksniff. "But this is the place, my dear sir. Keep the path, and go straight through the little wood you'll come to. The path is narrower there, but you can't miss it. When shall I see you again? Soon I hope?"

"I hope so," replied Montague.

"Good-night!"

"Good-night. And a pleasant ride!"

He was flushed with wine, but not gay. His scheme had succeeded, but he showed no triumph. A shadowy veil was dropping round him, closing out all thoughts but the presentiment and vague foreknowledge of impending doom.

Cold, although the air was warm dull, though the sky was bright he rose up shivering and resumed his walk. He checked himself, undecided whether to pursue the footpath or to go back by the road.

He took the footpath.

The glory of the departing sun was on his face. The music of the birds was in his ears. Sweet wild-flowers bloomed about him. Thatched roofs of poor men's homes were in the distance.

He had never read the lesson which these things conveyed; he had ever mocked and turned away from it, but, before going down into a hollow place, he looked round, once, upon the evening prospect, sorrowfully. Then he went down, down, down, into the dell. Then, he was seen or heard no more.

Never more beheld by mortal eye or heard by mortal ear. one man excepted. That man, parting the leaves and branches on the other side, near where the path emerged again, came leaping out soon afterwards.

What had he left within the wood, that he sprang out of it, as if it were a hell?

The body of a murdered man.

In the London streets again. Hush!

It was but five o'clock. Jonas had time enough to reach his own house unobserved, and before there were many people in the streets.

The passage-way was empty when his murderer's face looked into it. He stole on, to the door, on tiptoe, as if he dreaded to disturb his own imaginary rest.

He listened. Not a sound.

He went in, locked the door. He took off his disguise, then he undressed, and went to bed.

The raging thirst, the fire that burnt within him as he lay beneath the clothes, the agony of listening for that knocking which should bring the news; the starts with which he left his couch, and looking in the glass, imagined that his deed was broadly written in his face, and lying down and burying himself once more beneath the blankets, heard his own heart beating Murder, Murder, Murder, in the bed. What words can paint tremendous truths like these!

The morning advanced. There were footsteps in the house. Then a stealthy tread outside his own door.

He looked, and his gaze was nailed to the door. Fatal, ill-omened, blighted threshold, cursed by his father's footsteps in his dying hour, cursed by his young wife's sorrowing tread, cursed by the crossing of his murderer's feet—what men were standing in the doorway?

Nadgett foremost.

Hark! It came on, roaring like a sea!

!!! MURDER!!! Hawkers burst into the street, crying it up and down; windows were thrown open that the inhabitants might hear it.

"That is the man," said Nadgett. "By the window!"

Three others came in, laid hands upon him, and secured him.

"Murder," said Nadgett, looking round on the astonished group. "Let no one interfere."

The game was up. The race was at an end, the rope was woven for his neck. He sank down in a heap against the wall, and never hoped again from that moment.

"I accuse him yonder of the murder of Mr. Montague, who was found last night, killed, in a wood. From that garret-window opposite," said Nadgett, pointing across the narrow street, "I have watched this house and him for days and nights. From that garret-window opposite I saw him return home, alone, from a journey on which he had set out with Mr. Montague. That was my token that Mr. Montague's end was gained; and I might rest easy on my watch, though I was not to leave it until he dismissed me. But, standing at the door opposite, after dark that same night, I saw a countryman steal out of this house, by a side-door in the court, who had never entered it. I knew his walk, and that it was himself, disguised. I arrest him for the Murder."

He whined, and cried, and cursed, and entreated them, and struggled, and submitted, in the same breath, and had no power to stand.

They got him away and into the coach, where they put him on a seat; but he soon fell moaning down among the straw at the bottom, and lay there.

Happening to pass a fruiterer's on their way, one of the men remarked how faint the peaches smelt.

The other assented at the moment, but presently stooped down in quick alarm, and looked at the prisoner.

"Stop the coach! He has poisoned himself! The smell comes from this bottle in his hand!"

They dragged him out, into the dark street; but jury, judge, and hangman could have done no more, and could do nothing now. Dead, dead, dead.

### TRIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Miss Mitford, authoress and dramatist, b. 1786, d. 1855. Besides some poetry published in early life, her chief prose works are *Our Village*, a series of rural sketches, and *Recollections of a Literary Life*; her more notable plays are *Julian*, *The Foscari*, *Rienzi*, and *Charles the First*.

#### Scene—WESTMINSTER HALL.

BRADSHAW, *seated*. CROMWELL, HARRISON, IRETON, and DOWNES *seated on raised benches*. COKE and other lawyers *seated at table*. *Chair of state for the KING. Guards at back.*

*Brad.* Hath every name been called and every judge appeared at the high summons?

*Coke.* Good, my lord. [*Rising.*] Each one hath answered. Peace! Silence in the court.

[*Enter the King; guards range behind the king's chair. All rise and cry Justice! Justice! All sit except Bradshaw.*]

*Brad.* My Lords Commissioners, whilst I stood pausing how fittest to disclose our mighty plea, dallying with phrase and form, yon eager cry shot like an arrow to the mark, laying bare the very core of our intent. Sirs, we are met to render justice, met to judge in such a cause as scarce the lucent sun that smiles upon us from his throne hath seen since light was born. We sit to judge a king arraigned by his own people; to make inquest into the innocent blood which hath been spilled like water; into crime and tyranny, treason and murder. Look that we chase each frail affection, each fond hidden sin, each meaner virtue from our hearts and cling to justice! only justice. Now for thee, Charles Stuart, King of England! Thou art here to render compt of awful crime. of treason, conspiracy, and murder. Answer!

*Coke.* [To King.] First, may it please you hear the charge.

*King.* Who are ye that dare to question me?

*Brad.* Thy judges. [Sits.]

*King.* Say my subjects! Who sent ye here?

*Brad.* The Commons.

*King.* [Rising.] Sir, I fling back the charge upon their heads; the guilt, the shame, the eternal infamy on them who sowed the tare of hate in fields of love; who armed brother against brother, breaking the holy tie of Nature, making war accurst as that Egyptian plague, the worst and last, when the first-born were slain. I have no answer for them or ye—I know ye not.

*Brad.* Be warned. Plead to the accusation!

*King.* I will die a thousand deaths rather than by my breath give life to this new court against the law and liberties of England.

*Brad.* Your speech and deeds but ill accord, else had you not been called the Tyrant King.

*King.* Now, by my dearest hopes you say foul slander. I love my people and would have them free; let liberty like crystal daylight enter and fill each home, illumine each path, till the king's body-guard when he goes forth on either hand, be love and loyalty.

*Brad.* Sir, we know your love of liberty and England. Call the witnesses. Be they in court?

*Coke.* They wait without.

*Brad.* Send for them quickly. Once again, King, Wilt thou plead?

*King.* Thou hast my answer—Never!

[The head of the King's stick on which he is leaning falls and rolls across. Pause.]

*Coke.* What fell? The breathless silence of the court gives to each common sound a startling clearness. What hath fallen!

*Ireton.* The head of the king's staff! See how it rolled away along the floor as hurrying to forsake the royal wretch, its master! Now it is at Cromwell's feet.

*Crom.* The toy is broken. [Picks it up.]

*Harrison.* What is the device? Some vain idolatrous image?

*Crom.* No; a crown, a gilded crown, a hollow glittering crown, shaped by some quaint and cunning goldsmith. Look on what a reed he leaned, who props himself on such a bauble!

*King.* It were better that than on a sword, stained with a true man's blood; on graves where orphans weep, their very tears changed into ink to write the record there [points upward] to judge thy soul before it meets its doom. [To Cromwell.] See there! the crown is fairly in your grasp; you stooped for it.

*Crom.* Pass the toy on to the prisoner; he hath faith in omens I fling him back his gewgaw.

[*Downes hands it to one of the King's attendants.*]

*Brad.* Master Coke, we wait too long.

*Coke.* My lord, the witnesses.

*Brad.* [*Rises.*] Call any man. Within our bleeding land there lives not one so blest in ignorance as not to know this treason. None so high but the storm overtopped him, none so low but the wind stooped to root him up. Call any man, the judge upon the bench,—the halberdiers that guard the doors.

*Coke.* Oliver Cromwell.

*Crom.* Aye.

*Coke.* Lieut-General Cromwell, wast thou present in the great fight at Naseby?

*Crom.* Was I present? Why, I think ye know that. I was.

*Coke.* Didst see the prisoner in the battle?

*Crom.* Many times. He led his army. In a better cause I should have said right valiantly. I saw him first in the onset, last in the retreat; *that* justice let me pay the king.

*Brad.* Raised he his banner 'gainst his people? Didst thou see the royal standard in the field?

*Crom.* My lord, it rose full in the centre of their host, floating upon the heavy air.

*Coke.* The arms of England?

*Crom.* Aye; the very lion shield that waved at Cressy and at Agincourt triumphant! None may better know than I, for it so pleased the Almighty Captain of the field that my arm struck down the standard bearer, and restored the English lion to the lion hearts of England.

*Coke.* Please you, sir, retire. [*Cromwell resumes his seat.*] Now summon——

*King.* [*Starting up.*] Call not another. What I have done boldly in the face of day and of the nation, nothing repenting, nothing derogating, from the king's high prerogative; boldly and freely I avow to you, to all men. I own ye not as judges Ye have power, as pirates or land robbers, o'er the wretch entrapped within their den; a power to mock your victim with a form of trial, to dress plain murder in a mask of law. As *judges* I know ye not.

*Brad.* Enough that you confess the treason.

*King.* Stop. Sir, I appeal to them whence you derive your power—the people.

*Brad.* The people? King, thou seest them here in me.

*King.* Oh that my voice could reach my loyal people! That the winds could waft the echo of this groined roof, so that each corner of the land might hear their rightful monarch's cry! Then should ye hear from this great nation the stern shout of just deliverance, mighty and prolonged, smiting each guilty conscience with such fear as wait on the great judgment day. The wish is vain. I and my people are o'ermastered. Yet, sir, I demand a conference with these masters. Tell the Commons the king would speak with them.

*Brad.* We have no power to stay the trial.

*Dow.* Nay, good my lord; perchance the king would yield such reason as might move the Commons to renew the treaty. Best confer with them.

*Crom.* [*Rises (to Downes).*] Art mad?

*Dow.* 'Tis ye are mad that urge with such remorseless haste this work of savage butchery.

*Crom.* This is sudden.

*Dow.* He's our king.

*Crom.* Our king! Have we not faced him in the field a thousand times! Our king! why I have seen thyself hewing through mailed battalia till thy sword and thy good arm were dyed in gore to reach yon man. Didst mean to save him? [*Aloud.*] Why do ye pause?

*Coke.* My high and honouring task to plead at this great bar for lawful liberty were needless now and vain. The haughty prisoner denies your jurisdiction. I call on ye for instant judgment.

*Brad.* All ye who deem Charles Stuart guilty, Rise. [*The judges rise.*]

*King.* What, all!

*Brad.* Not one is wanting. Clerk, record them guilty.

*Coke.* Now the sentence.

*King.* Now speak your doom and quickly.

*Brad.* Death! Thou art adjudged to die. Do ye all accord in this just sentence? [*Judges all rise.*]

*King.* I am ready. To a head aching with royal cares the block is a kind pillow. Yet once more,—

*Brad.* Silence! The sentence is pronounced; the time is past, conduct them from the court. [*Sits.*]

*King.* Not hear me! me your anointed king! Bear witness then the world what justice a meaner man may hope for.

*Crom.* Why refuse his death speech to a prisoner? whoso knoweth what weight hangs on his soul? Speak on and fear not.

*King.* Fear! let the guilty fear. As I lift up this sword, miscalled of justice, my clear voice hoarsens not, falters not. See I can smile as, thinking on the axe, I draw the bright keen edge across my hand.



Fear! Would ye ask what weight is on my soul, I tell ye none save that I yielded once to your decree and slew my faithful servant. Oh, Strafford! Strafford! this is a retribution.

*Brad.* Better weep thy sins than that just holy act.

*King.* For ye, my subject judges, I could weep; for thee, beloved and lovely country, thou wilt groan under the tyrant Marry—till some bold and crafty soldier [*looking at Cromwell*] shall come and climb the vacant throne and fix him there a more than king. Cromwell, if such thou knowest tell him the rack would prove an easier couch than he shall find that throne, tell him the crown on an usurper's brow will scorch and burn as though the diamonded and emined round were framed of glowing steel.

*Crom.* Hath this dread wrath smitten thee with frenzy?

*King.* Tell him that doubt and discord shall like fell harpies wait upon him. By night, by day, beneath the palace roof, fear shall appal and danger threaten the usurper, and all natural love wither and die, till on his dying bed, old 'fore his time, the wretched traitor lies heartbroken. Then, Cromwell, bid him think on me and how I fell. Oh, thou shalt envy in thy long agony my fall that shakes a kingdom but not me.

*Crom.* He is possessed.

*King.* On to my prison—on.

## THE COLONEL'S DEATHBED.

William Makepeace Thackeray, novelist and miscellaneous writer, born in Calcutta 1811, died in London 1863. Educated at Charter House School. Principal works. *Vanity Fair*, *History of Pendennis*, *Henry Esmond*, *The Virginians*, *The Newcomes*, *English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*, *Lectures on the Four Georges*, *Paris Sketch Book*, and *Irish Sketch Book*; besides various contributions to *Punch*, *Fraser's Magazine*, and the *Cornhill Magazine*, of which latter he was for some time the editor. Severe upon society, he had the strongest faith in human nature, and his own great heart beat responsive to all that was generous in history, or the world of his time.

[Colonel Newcome, says Hannay, is the finest portrait that has been added to the gallery of fiction since the time of Sir Walter Scott.—The colonel has served in the Indian army. Returning to England, he enters into speculations by which he is ruined, whilst the ill-treatment he receives at the hands of a female relative, eventually breaks the warm heart of the old soldier. "The pathos with which his ruin and death are treated, places Thackeray in the very highest rank of poetic humorists"]

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it.

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to

flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face: and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited; Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I curre*, little white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend!

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "*Toujours, toujours!*" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; the nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madam de Florac started up. "He is very bad, he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; "and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while: then again he would sigh and be still: once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India;" and then with a heartrending voice he called out, "*Léonore, Léonore!*" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and

he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

## DEATH OF GAWTREY THE COINER.

Edward George Lytton Bulwer, afterwards Lord Lytton, poet, novelist, and dramatist, b. 1805, d. 1873, educated at Cambridge. Of his numerous novels the most popular are *The Disowned*, *Paul Clifford*, *Eugene Aram*, *Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Caxtons*, *Night and Morning*, *My Novel*; of his plays, *Money*, *Lady of Lyons*, and *Ruchelieu*. "His prose romance is ingenious and varied, showing the result of deliberate intellect and culture, and an honest love for the beautiful and the sublime." He was a novelist-poet, and one of the most persistent. During middle age he renewed the efforts made in his youth to obtain for his metrical writings a recognition, always accorded to his ingenious and prose romance. But whatever he did in verse was the result of deliberate intellect and culture; the fire was not in him, and his measures do not give out heat and light, and his shorter lyrics never have the true ring. He was the youngest of three brothers—sons of the union of two ancient Norman houses, the Bulwers of Norfolk and the Lyttons of Herts, Edward Bulwer was the earliest on the way to fame, and his boyish days were as happily surrounded as those of Sir Walter Scott. He was blessed with a mother of rare gifts and solid accomplishments, who watched lovingly over his infancy, and filled his mind with stories of high deeds, and he was cradled like Scott in the midst of heroic traditions.

[Gawtreys is a character in Bulwer's famous novel of *Night and Morning*, illustrative of the force of circumstances driving a man of strong passions, but naturally honest disposition, to commit offences against society and its laws.]

At both doors now were heard the sounds of voices. "Open in the king's name, or expect no mercy!" "Hist!" said Gawtreys. "One way yet—the window—the rope."

Morton opened the casement—Gawtreys uncoiled the rope. The dawn was breaking; it was light in the streets, but all seemed quiet without. The doors reeled and shook beneath the pressure of the pursuers. Gawtreys flung the rope across the street to the opposite parapet; after two or three efforts the grappling-hook caught firm hold—the perilous path was made.

"Go first," said Morton; "I will not leave you now; you will be longer getting across than I shall. I will keep guard till you are over."

"Hark! hark!—are you mad? *You* keep guard! What is your strength to mine? Twenty men shall not move that door while my weight is against it. Quick, or you destroy us both! Besides, you will hold the rope for me, it may not be strong enough for my bulk of itself. Stay!—stay one moment. If you escape, and I

fall—Fanny—my father, he will take care of her—you remember—thanks. Forgive me all! Go, that's right!"

With a firm pulse Morton threw himself on that dreadful bridge; it swung and crackled at his weight. Shifting his grasp rapidly—holding his breath—with set teeth—with closed eyes—he moved on—he gained the parapet—he stood safe on the opposite side. And now, straining his eyes across, he saw through the open casement into the chamber he had just quitted. Gawtreys was still standing against the door to the principal staircase, for that of the two was the weaker and the more assailed. Presently the explosion of a firearm was heard; they had shot through the panel. Gawtreys seemed wounded, for he staggered forward and uttered a fierce cry; a moment more and he gained the window—he seized the rope—he hung over the tremendous depth! Morton knelt by the parapet, holding the grappling-hook in its place with convulsive grasp, and fixing his eyes, bloodshot with fear and suspense, on the huge bulk that clung for life to that slender cord!

"*Le viola! le viola!*" cried a voice from the opposite side. Morton raised his gaze from Gawtreys, the casement was darkened by the forms of the pursuers—they had burst into the room—an officer sprang upon the parapet, and Gawtreys, now aware of his danger, opened his eyes, and, as he moved on, glared upon the foe. The policeman deliberately raised his pistol—Gawtreys arrested himself—from a wound in his side the blood trickled slowly and darkly down, drop by drop, upon the stones below; even the officers of law shuddered as they eyed him; his hair bristling—his cheek white—his lips drawn convulsively from his teeth, and his eyes glaring from beneath the frown of agony and menace in which yet spoke the indomitable power and fierceness of the man. His look, so fixed—so intense—so stern, awed the policeman; his hand trembled as he fired, and the ball struck the parapet an inch below the spot where Morton knelt. An indistinct, wild, gurgling sound—half laugh, half yell—of scorn and glee, broke from Gawtreys's lips. He swung himself on—near—near—nearer—a yard from the parapet.

"You are saved!" cried Morton; when at that moment a volley burst from the fatal casement—the smoke rolled over both the fugitives—a groan, or rather howl, of rage, and despair, and agony, appalled even the hardiest on whose ear it came. Morton sprang to his feet, and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless, motionless mass—the strong man of passion and levity—the giant who had played with life and soul, as an infant with the baubles that it prizes and breaks—was what the Cæsar and

the leper alike are, when all clay is without God's breath—what glory, genius, power, and beauty would be for ever and for ever, if there were no God !

### THE MAIN TRUCK; OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

George P Morris, American poet, b 1802, d 1864 "An artiste of the beautiful, one who delights in the manifestation of objective beauty "

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,  
In the harbour of Mahon;  
A dead calm rested on the bay,  
The waves to sleep had gone;  
When little Hal, the captain's son,  
A lad both brave and good,  
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,  
And on the main-truck stood !  
A shudder shot through every vein,  
All eyes were turned on high !  
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,  
Between the sea and sky ;  
No hold had he above, below,  
Alone he stood in air ;  
To that far height none dared to go ;  
No aid could reach him there.  
We gazed,—but not a man could speak !  
With horror all aghast,  
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,  
We watched the quivering mast.  
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,  
And of a lurid hue ;  
As riveted unto the spot,  
Stood officers and crew  
The father came on deck,—he gasped,  
" Oh God ! thy will be done !"  
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,  
And aimed it at his son,  
" Jump far out, boy, into the wave !  
Jump or I fire !" he said ;  
" That only chance thy life can save !  
Jump ! jump, boy !"—he obeyed.

He sunk,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,—  
And for the ship struck out;  
On board, we hailed the lad beloved,  
With many a manly shout.  
His father drew, in silent joy,  
Those wet arms round his neck,—  
Then folded to his heart his boy,  
*And fainted on the deck.*

## AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,  
And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers;  
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,  
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter:  
It seemed that a law had been recently made,  
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;  
And in order to make them all willing to marry,  
The tax was as large as a man could well carry,  
The bachelors grumbled and said 'twas no use—  
'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,  
And declared that to save their own heart's blood from spilling  
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.  
But the rulers determined them still to pursue,  
So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue:—  
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,  
To rattle his bell and a trumpet to blow,  
And to call out to all he might meet in his way,  
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day:"  
And presently all the old maids in the town,  
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,  
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red, and pale,  
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.  
The auctioneer then in his labour began,  
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,  
"How much for a bachelor? who wants to buy?  
In a twink, every maiden responded, "I—I."  
In short, at a highly extravagant price,  
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice:  
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,  
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

—*Lucretia Davidson.*

## SONG OF THE STARS.

William Cullen Bryant, American poet, b 1794, d. 1878, editor for thirty years of  
*New York Evening Post*

When the radiant morn of creation broke,  
And the world in the smile of God awoke,  
And the empty realms of darkness and death  
Were moved through their depth by his mighty breath,  
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,  
From the void abyss by myriads came,  
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,  
Through the widening wastes of space to play,  
Their silver voices in chorus rung,  
And this was the song the bright ones sung.—

“Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,  
The fair blue fields that before us lie;  
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,  
Each planet poised on her turning pole,  
With her isles of green and her clouds of white,  
And her waters that lie like a fluid light.

“For the source of glory uncovers his face,  
And the brightness o’erflows unbounded space;  
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides,  
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides;  
Lo, yonder the living splendours play!  
Away, on our joyous path, away!

“Look, look through our glittering ranks afar,  
In the infinite azure, star after star,  
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass;  
How the verdure runs o’er each rolling mass!  
And the path of the gentle wind is seen,  
Where the small leaves dance and the young woods lean

“And see where the brighter day-beams pour,  
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;  
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,  
Shift o’er the bright planets and shed their dews,  
And ’twixt them both, o’er the teeming ground,  
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

“Away, away!—In our blossoming bowers,  
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,

In the seas and fountains that shine with morn  
 See, love is brooding, and life is born,  
 And breathing myriads are breaking from night,  
 To rejoice, like us, in motion and light."

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres!  
 To weave the dance that measures the years.  
 Glide on in the glory and gladness sent  
 To the farthest wall of the firmament,  
 The boundless visible smile of him,  
 To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

### THE FOUR MISS WILLISES.

[The *Sketches by Boz* were written (says Dickens) "when I was a very young man, and were put by me on a dark night into a dark letter-box in a dark court in Fleet Street." Boz was the pet name of the author's younger brother Moses, which, being pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and so finally settled into Boz.]

When the four Miss Willises settled in our parish thirteen years ago they were far from juvenile; and we are bound to state that, thirteen years since, the authorities in matrimonial cases considered the youngest Miss Willis in a very precarious state, while the eldest sister was positively given over, as being far beyond all human hope. Well, the Miss Willises took a lease of the house; it was fresh painted and papered from top to bottom; four trees were planted in the back garden, several small baskets of gravel sprinkled over the front one; vans of elegant furniture arrived; the maid-servants told their "Missises," the Missises told their friends, and vague rumours were circulated throughout the parish that No 25 in Gordon Place had been taken by four maiden ladies of immense property.

At last the Miss Willises moved in; and then the "calling" began. The house was the perfection of neatness—so were the four Miss Willises. Everything was formal, stiff, and cold—so were the four Miss Willises. Not a single chair of the whole set was ever seen out of its place—not a single Miss Willis of the whole four was ever seen out of hers. There they always sat, in the same places, doing precisely the same things at the same hour. The eldest Miss Willis used to knit, the second to draw, the two others to play duets on the piano. They seemed to have no separate existence—the Siamese twins multiplied by two. The eldest Miss Willis grew bilious—the four Miss Willises grew bilious immediately. The eldest Miss Willis grew ill-tempered and theological—the four Miss



Willises were ill-tempered and theological directly. Whatever the eldest did the others did, and whatever anybody else did they all disapproved of. Three years passed over in this way when an unlooked for and extraordinary phenomenon occurred. Was it possible? one of the four Miss Willises was going to be married!

Now, where on earth the husband came from, by what feelings the poor man could have been actuated, or by what process of reasoning the four Miss Willises succeeded in persuading themselves that it was possible for a man to marry one of them without marrying them all, are questions too profound for us to resolve: certain it is, however, that the visits of Mr. Robinson were received—that the four Miss Willises were courted in due form by the said Mr. Robinson—that the neighbours were perfectly frantic in their anxiety to discover which of the four Miss Willises was the fortunate fair one, and that the difficulty they experienced in solving the problem was not at all lessened by the announcement of the eldest Miss Willis—“*We are going to marry Mr. Robinson.*”

They were so completely identified the one with the other that the curiosity of the whole row was roused almost beyond endurance. The subject was discussed at every little card-table and tea-drinking. One old gentleman expressed his decided opinion that Mr. Robinson was of eastern descent, and contemplated marrying the whole family at once; and the row generally declared the business to be very mysterious. They hoped it might all end well; it certainly had a very singular appearance, but certainly the Miss Willises were *quittè* old enough to judge for themselves, and to be sure people ought to know their own business best.

At last, one fine morning, at a quarter before eight o'clock A.M., two coaches drove up to the Miss Willises' door, at which Mr. Robinson had arrived in a cab ten minutes before, his manner denoting a considerable degree of nervous excitement. It was also hastily reported that the cook who opened the door wore a large white bow of unusual dimensions, in a much smarter head-dress than the regulation-cap to which the Miss Willises invariably restricted the somewhat excursive tastes of female servants in general.

It was quite clear that the eventful morning had at length arrived; the whole row stationed themselves behind their first and second-floor blinds, and waited the result in breathless expectation.

At last the Miss Willises' door opened; the door of the first coach did the same. Two gentlemen, and a pair of ladies to correspond—friends of the family, no doubt; up went the steps, bang went the door, off went the first coach, and up came the second.

The street door opened again; the excitement of the whole row increased—Mr. Robinson and the eldest Miss Willis. "I thought so," said the lady at No. 19; "I always said it was *Miss Willis*!" "Well, I never!" ejaculated the young lady at No. 18 to the young lady at No. 17—"Did you ever, dear?" responded the young lady at No. 17 to the young lady at No. 18. "It's too ridiculous!" exclaimed a spinster of an uncertain age at No. 16, joining in the conversation. But who shall portray the astonishment of Gordon Place when Mr. Robinson handed in *all* the Miss Willises, one after the other, and then squeezed himself into an acute angle of the coach, which forthwith proceeded at a brisk pace after the other coach, which other coach had itself proceeded at a brisk pace in the direction of the parish church! Who shall depict the perplexity of the clergyman when *all* the Miss Willises knelt down, and repeated the responses incidental to the marriage service in an audible voice—or who shall describe the confusion which prevailed when—even after the difficulties thus occasioned had been adjusted—*all* the Miss Willises went into hysterics at the conclusion of the ceremony!

As the four sisters and Mr. Robinson continued to occupy the same house after this memorable occasion, and as the married sister, whoever she is, never appeared in public without the other three, we are not quite clear that the neighbours ever have discovered the real Mrs. Robinson.

### GRAVES AND LADY FRANKLIN.

The following selection is from the play of *Money*, one of Bulwer-Lytton's most sterling comedies, and the only one which has survived his efforts as a playwright in this class of work.

[Mr. Graves is a widower, in a chronic state of grief at the loss of his wife Lady Franklin, a light-hearted widow, sees a genial heart and merry vein through the sombre looks of the widower, and resolves to restore him once more to the pleasures of society, in which effort she succeeds.]

#### TWO CHARACTERS.

MR. GRAVES,.... a Widower.

LADY FRANKLIN,.. a Widow.

SCENE: *Lady Franklin's Boudoir.* Enter LADY FRANKLIN reading a letter.

*Lady F.*—Dear Sir John,—As since the death of my sainted Maria I have been living in chambers where I cannot so well invite ladies, you will allow me to read the will of the late Mr. Mordant at your house. I shall be with you at two precisely. (Signed) HENRY GRAVES.

So Mr. Graves is the executor—the same Mr. Graves who is always in black, his liveries are black, his carriage is black, he always

rides a black Galloway, and faith, if he ever marry again, I think he will show his respect to his sainted Maria by marrying a black woman. Poor Mr. Graves, who is always lamenting his ill-fortune, and his sainted Maria—who led him the life of a dog. Poor man! not contented with plaguing him while she lived, she must needs haunt him now she's *dead*. And why does he *regret* her. Why! because he has everything to make him *happy*. I take so much compassion on this poor man who is determined to make himself wretched that I am equally determined to make him happy. Well! if my scheme does but succeed he shall laugh, he shall sing, he shall—Hush! here he comes.

*Enter GRAVES (not seeing Lady F.).*

*Graves.* Lady Franklin not here! well I'll wait! She was worthy to have known the lost Maria. So considerate to ask me hither—not to console me—that would be impossible, but to indulge in the luxury of woe. It will be a mournful scene, but we'll mingle our groans together. My heart beats, that must be for grief. Poor sainted Maria! Where's my pocket-handkerchief—not a white one, just my luck. I call on a lady to talk of the dear departed—and I have nothing about me but a great gaudy flaunting—red, blue, and yellow abomination from India, that it's even indecent for a disconsolate widower to exhibit; perhaps I've a white one in my hat! Where is my hat? Left it down-stairs. Just my luck! if I had been born a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads. Oh! here she is. Ah! Lady Franklin, this is a most melancholy meeting. The poor deceased! What a man he was!

*Lady F.* A sad occasion, Mr. Graves!

*Graves* But everything in life is sad. Be comforted, Lady Franklin. True, you have lost an uncle, but I—I have lost a wife, the first of her sex, and second cousin to the defunct.

*Lady F.* Take some refreshment—a glass of wine.

*Graves.* Thank you. Ah! my poor sainted Maria! Sherry was her wine, everything reminds me of Maria. Ah! Lady F., you knew her. Nothing in life can charm me now.

*Lady F.* Ah! Mr. Graves, what a world this is!

*Graves.* It's an atrocious world, ma'am.

*Lady F.* Here's the newspaper.

*Graves.* Ah! read the newspaper! they'll tell you what the world is made of—daily calendars of roguery and woe. Here advertisements from quacks, money-lenders, cheap warehouses, and spotted boys with two heads. So much for dupes and impostors. Turn to the

other column, police reports, bankruptcies, swindling, forgeries, and a biographical sketch of a snub-nosed man who immolated three little children in a two-pair-back of a three-storied house in Pentonville. Turn to the leading article and your hair will stand on end at the horrible wickedness or melancholy idiotism of that half of the population who think differently from yourself. In my day I've seen already eighteen crises, six annihilations of agriculture and commerce, four overthrows of the Church, and three last final, awful, and irremediable destructions of the entire constitution. And that's a newspaper.

*Lady F.* Ha, ha, your usual vein! always so amusing and good-humoured.

*Graves.* Good-humoured, ma'am!

*Lady F.* You should always wear that agreeable smile, you look so much younger, so much handsomer when you smile. Charming day—don't you think so?

*Graves.* It's an east wind, ma'am, but nothing comes amiss to you.

*Lady F.* By the by, I don't think you've seen the last *Punch*. It is excellent. I think it might make you laugh.

*Graves.* Ma'am, I have not laughed since the death of my sainted Maria.

*Lady F.* Ah! that spiteful Sir Frederick says you never laugh, because—but you'll be angry.

*Graves.* Angry, pooh! I despise Sir Frederick too much to let anything he says have the smallest influence over me, he says I don't laugh, because—

*Lady F.* You've lost your front teeth.

*Graves.* Lost my front teeth! Upon my word! Ha, ha, ha! That's too good! Capital. Oh! Lady Franklin, you've a charming disposition. Poor sainted Maria! she, too, was naturally gay.

*Lady F.* Yes! she was gay! so much life and a great deal of spirit.

*Graves.* Spirit! yes! nothing could master it! she *would* have her own way.

*Lady F.* And, then, when her spirit was up, she looked so handsome. Her eyes grew so brilliant.

*Graves.* Didn't they. Ha, ha, ha! And do you remember her pretty trick of stamping her foot, the tiniest little foot. I think I see her now. Ah! this conversation is very soothing.

*Lady F.* How well she acted in your private charades.

*Graves.* You remember her Mrs. Oakley in the "Jealous Wife."

*Lady F.* Ha, ha! Yes! In the very first scene when she came

out with "your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me."

*Graves.* No, no, that's not it, more energy. "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me." I ought to know how she said it. She practised it on me twice a day, poor dear lamb!

*Lady F.* And then, she sang so well, was such a composer. What was that little French air she was so fond of?

*Graves.* Sprightly, wasn't it. Ha! ha! ha! I never felt so happy before. Alas! what am I doing?

*Lady F.* Doing! Only setting a good example in trying to remember with cheerfulness blessings past and present!

### THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN. (CONDENSED)

Robert Browning, poet and dramatic writer, born at Camberwell, in 1812, died in 1889 [The story from which the poem is taken runs thus: "A piper named Bunting undertook, for a certain sum of money, to free the town of Brunswick from the plague of rats. When he had done this by drowning them in the river Weser the town-council refused to pay him, and the piper revenged himself by inducing all the children to follow him into a cave in the mountain, which closed on them for ever. This is recorded to have taken place on June 26, 1284.]

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick, by famous Hanover city; the river Weser, deep and wide, washes its wall on the southern side; a pleasanter spot you never spied; but, when begins my ditty, almost five hundred years ago, to see the townsfolk suffer so from vermin was a pity. Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats, and bit the babies in the cradles, and ate the cheeses out of the vats, and licked the soup from the cook's own ladles, split open the kegs of salted sprats, made nests inside men's Sunday hats, and even spoiled the women's chats, by drowning their speaking with shrieking and squeaking in fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body to the Town Hall came flocking: "Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy; and as for our Corporation—shocking to think we buy gowns lined with ermine for dolts that can't or won't determine what's best to rid us of our vermin! You hope, because you're old and obese, to find in the furry civic robe ease? Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking, to find the remedy we're lacking, or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!" At this the Mayor and Corporation quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council, at length the Mayor broke silence: "For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell; I wish I were a mile hence! It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—I'm sure my poor head aches

again I've scratched it so, and all in vain. Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!" Just as he said this, what should hap at the chamber door but a gentle tap? "Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?" (with the Corporation as he sat, looking little though wondrous fat; nor brighter was his eye, nor moister, than a too-long-opened oyster, save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous for a plate of turtle green and glutinous), "Only a scraping of shoes on the mat? Anything like the sound of a rat makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger: and in did come the strangest figure. His queer long coat from heel to head was half of yellow and half of red; and he himself was tall and thin, with sharp blue eyes, each like a pin, and light loose hair, yet swarthy skin, no tuft on cheek nor beard on chin, but lips where smiles went out and in—there was no guessing his kith and kin! And nobody could enough admire the tall man and his quaint attire: quoth one: "It's as my great grandsire, starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone, had walked this way from his painted tombstone."

He advanced to the council-table: and, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able, by means of a secret charm, to draw all creatures living beneath the sun, that creep, or swim, or fly, or run, after me so as you never saw! And I chiefly use my charm on creatures that do people harm, the mole, and toad, and newt, and viper; and people call me the Pied Piper." (And here they noticed round his neck a scarf of red and yellow stripe, to match with his coat of the self-same cheque; and at the scarf-end's hung a pipe; and his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying as if impatient to be playing upon this pipe, as low it dangled over his vesture so old-fangled.) "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am, in Tartary I freed the Cham, last June, from his huge swarm of gnats; I eased in Asia the Nizam of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats: and, as for what your brain bewilders, if I can rid your town of rats will you give me a thousand guilders?" "One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept, smiling first a little smile, as if he knew what magic slept in his quiet pipe the while; then, like a musical adept, to blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,—and green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled; and ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered, you heard as if an army muttered; and the muttering grew to a grumbling; and the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling; and out of the house the rats came tumbling. Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats, brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats, grave old plodders, gay

young friskers. Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins, cocking tails and pricking whiskers, families by tens and dozens, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—followed the Piper for their lives. From street to street he piped advancing, and step for step they followed dancing, until they came to the river Weser, wherein all plunged and perished.

You should have heard the Hamelin people ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple! "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles! poke out the nests and block up the holes! consult with carpenters and builders, and leave in our town not even a trace of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face of the Piper perked in the market-place, with a "FIRST, IF YOU PLEASE, MY THOUSAND GUILDERS!"

A thousand guilders? The Mayor looked blue; so did the Corporation too. For council dinners made rare havock with Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock; and half the money would replenish their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish. To pay this sum to a wandering fellow with a gypsy coat of red and yellow! "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink, "our business was done at the river's brink; we saw with our eyes the vermin sink, and what's dead can't come to life, I think. So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink from the duty of giving you something to drink, and a matter of money to put in your poke; but, as for the guilders, what we spoke of them, as you very well know, was in joke. Beside, our losses have made us thrifty; a thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried, "No trifling! I can't wait, beside! I've promised to visit by dinner-time Bagdad, and accepted the prime of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in, for having left in the Caliph's kitchen, of a nest of scorpions no survivor—with him I proved no bargain-driver; with you, don't think I'll bate a stiver! And folks who put me in a passion may find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook being worse treated than a Cook? Insulted by a lazy ribald with idle pipe and vesture piebald? You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst, blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street; and to his lips again laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane; and ere he blew three notes (such sweet soft notes as yet musician's cunning never gave the enraptured air) there was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling, small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering, little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering, and, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering, out came the children running. All the little boys and girls, with rosy cheeks

and flaxen curls, and sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls, tripping and skipping, ran merrily after the wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood as if they were changed into blocks of wood, unable to move a step, or cry to the children merrily skipping by, and could only follow with the eye that joyous crowd at the Piper's back. But how the Mayor was on the rack, and the wretched Council's bosoms beat, as the Piper turned from the High Street to where the Weser rolled its waters right in the way of their sons and daughters! However he turned from south to west, and to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed, and after him the children pressed; great was the joy in every breast. "He never can cross that mighty top! he's forced to let the piping drop, and we shall see our children stop!" When lo, as they reached the mountain's side, a wondrous portal opened wide, as if a cavern was suddenly hollowed; and the Piper advanced and the children followed, and when all were in to the very last, the door in the mountain side shut fast.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers of scores out with all men—especially pipers: and whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice, if we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

### A WATERLOO BALLAD.

Thomas Hood, poet and humorist, b 1799, d. 1845 The predominant characteristics of Hood's genius are humorous fancies grafted on melancholy impressions. His best poems are his serious ones, although he has won deservedly the reputation of having been "the greatest punster that ever lived."

To Waterloo, with sad ado, and many a sigh and groan, amongst the dead came Patty Head, to look for Peter Stone. "Oh, prithee tell, good sentinel, if I shall find him here; I'm come to weep upon his corse, my Ninety-second dear! Into our town a sergeant came, with ribbons all so fine a-flaunting in his cap; alas! his bow enlisted mine. They taught him how to turn his toes, and stand as stiff as starch; I thought that it was Love and May, but it was Love and March. A sorry march indeed to leave the friends he might have kep'; no march of intellect it was, but quite a foolish step. Oh, prithee tell, good sentinel, if hereabout he lies: I want a corse with reddish hair, and very sweet blue eyes." Her sorrow on the sentinel appeared to deeply strike; "Walk in," he said, "among the dead, and pick out which you like." And soon she picked out Peter Stone, half turned into a corse; a cannon was his bolster, and his mattress was a horse. "Oh, Peter Stone! oh, Peter Stone! sure here has



been a skirmish; what have they done to your poor breast, that used to hold my image?" "Oh, Patty Head! oh, Patty Head! you've come to my last kissing, before I'm set in the gazette as wounded, dead, and missing. This very night a merry dance in Brussels was to be; instead of opening a ball, a ball has opened me. Its billet every bullet has, and well it does fulfil it; I wish mine hadn't come so straight, but been a crooked billet. And then there came a cuirassier, and cut me on the chest—he had no pity in his heart for he had steeled his breast. Next thing, a lancer with a lance began to thrust away; I call'd for quarter—but alas! it was not quarter-day: he ran his spear right through my arm, just here above the joint; O Patty dear, it was no joke, although it had a point. With loss of blood I fainted off, as dead as women do; but soon by charging over me, the Cold-stream brought me too. With kicks, and cuts, and balls, and blows, I throb and ache all over; I'm quite convinced the field of Mars is not a field of clover. O, why did I a soldier turn for paltry gain and pelf! I might have been a butcher in business for myself. O why did I the bounty take!" (and here he gasped for breath) "my shilling's worth of *lust* is nailed upon the door of death. Without a coffin I shall lie, and sleep my sleep eternal, not even a shell,—my only chance of being made a kernal. Oh, Patty dear, our wedding bells shall never ring at Chester; here must I lie in honour's bed, that is not worth a tester. Farewell my regimental mates, with whom I used to dress; my corps is changed, and I am now in quite another mess. Farewell, my Patty dear; I have no dying consolation, except when I am dead, you'll go and see the illumination. But Peter didn't die just then; fate was like him a jester. his Patty's *head* he changed to *Stone*, and he lived—to die at Chester.

### THE ART OF PUFFING.

[Mr. Puff, is a man who has tried his hand at everything to get a living, and at last resorts to dramatic criticism. Mr. Sneer and Mr. Dangle have been invited to a rehearsal of Mr. Puff's tragedy of "The Spanish Armada."

*Three speakers: DANGLE, PUFF, and SNEER.*

*Dan.* Mr. Sneer, give me leave to introduce Mr. Puff to you.

*Puff.* Mr. Sneer is this? (*Crosses to centre.*) Sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honour of knowing—a gentleman whose critical talents and transcendent judgment—

*Sneer.* Dear sir—

*Dan.* Nay, don't be modest, Sneer, my friend Puff only talks to you in the style of his profession.

*Sneer.* His profession!

*Puff.* Yes, sir; I make no secret of the trade I follow. I am, sir, a practitioner in panegyric, or to speak more plainly—a professor of the art of puffing, at your service—or anybody else's. I dare say now you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see, to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends?—no such thing; nine out of ten manufactured by me.

*Sneer.* Indeed! But pray, Mr. Puff, what first put you on exercising your talents in this way?

*Puff.* Egad, sir, sheer necessity—the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention: you must know, Mr. Sneer, that from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement my success was such that for some time after I led a most extraordinary life indeed!

*Sneer.* How, pray?

*Puff.* Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes.

*Sneer.* By your misfortunes!

*Puff.* Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness and other occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

*Sneer.* From sickness and misfortunes!—you practised as a doctor and attorney at once?

*Puff.* No, egad; both maladies and miseries were my own.

*Sneer.* Hey! what the plague!

*Dan.* 'Tis true, i'faith.

*Puff.* Harkee! by advertisements—"To the charitable and humane!" and "To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!"

*Sneer.* Oh! I understand you.

*Puff.* And, in truth, I deserved what I got; for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time. Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence by a train of unavoidable misfortunes!—then, sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burned out, and lost my little all both times. I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs!—that told very well, for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

*Dan.* Egad, I believe that was when you first called on me.

*Puff.* In November last? Oh, no! I was at that time a close prisoner for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend. I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very

profitable consumption—I was then reduced—Oh, no!—Then I became a widow with six helpless children, after having had eleven husbands who had deserted me and left without money to get me into a hospital.

*Sneer.* And you bore all with patience, no doubt!

*Puff.* Why, yes; though I made some attempts at *felo-de-se*, but as I did not find these rash actions answer I soon left off killing myself. Well, sir, at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishment, thro' my favourite channels of diurnal communication,—and so, sir, you have my history.

*Sneer.* But surely, Mr. Puff, there is no great *mystery* in your present profession?

*Puff.* Mystery! sir, I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated nor reduced to rule before.

*Sneer.* Reduced to rule?

*Puff.* O lud, sir! you are very ignorant, I am afraid. Yes, sir; puffing is of various sorts—the principal are the puff direct—the puff preliminary—the puff collateral—the puff collusive—and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of “letter to the editor,” “occasional anecdote,” “impartial critique,” “observation from a correspondent,” or “advertisement from the party.”

*Sneer.* The puff direct I can conceive—

*Puff.* Oh, yes, that's simple enough. For instance, a new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theatres (though, by the by, they don't bring out half what they ought to do). The author, suppose Mr. Smatter or Mr. Dapper, or any particular friend of mine—very well; the day before it is to be performed I write an account of the manner in which it was received. I have the plot from the author, and only add: characters strongly drawn—highly coloured—hand of a master—fund of genuine humour—mine of invention—neat dialogue—attic salt! Then for the performance: Mr. Dodd was astonishingly great in the character of Sir Harry!—that universal and judicious actor, Mr. Palmer, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the Colonel, but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. King; indeed he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience!—*R. B. Sheridan.*

## MARTHY VIRGINIA'S HAND.

"There, on the left!" said the colonel. the battle had shuddered and faded away,  
Wraith of a fiery enchantment that left only ashes and blood-sprinkled clay—  
"Ride to the left and examine that ridge, where the enemy's sharpshooters stood.  
Lord, how they picked off our men, from the treacherous vantage-ground of the wood!  
But for their bullets, I'll bet, my batteries sent them something as good.  
Go and explore, and report to me then, and tell me how many we killed  
Never a wink shall I sleep till I know our vengeance was duly fulfilled."

Fiercely the orderly rode down the slope of the corn-field—scarred and forlorn,  
Rutted by violent wheels, and scathed by the shot that had plowed it in scorn;  
Fiercely, and burning with wrath for the sight of his comrades crushed at a blow,  
Flung in broken shapes on the ground like ruined memorials of woe.  
These were the men whom at daybreak he knew, but never again could know.  
Thence to the ridge, where roots outthrust, and twisted branches of trees  
Clutched the hill like clawing lions, firm their prey to seize.

"What's your report?"—and the grim colonel smiled when the orderly came back at last.  
Strangely the soldier paused: "Well, they were punished." And strangely his face looked, aghast.  
"Yes, our fire told on them; knocked over fifty—laid out in line of parade.  
Brave fellows, colonel, to stay as they did! But one I 'most wish hadn't staid.  
Mortally wounded, he'd torn off his knapsack; and then, at the end, he prayed—  
Easy to see, by his hands that were clasped; and the dull, dead fingers yet held

This little letter, his wife's—from the knapsack. A pity those woods were shelled!"

Silent the orderly, watching with tears in his eyes as his officer scanned

Four short pages of writing. "What's this, about 'Marthy Virginia's hand?'"

Swift from his honeymoon he, the dead soldier, had gone from his bride to the strife;

Never they met again, but she had written him, telling of that new life,

Born in the daughter, that bound her still closer and closer to him as his wife.

Laying her baby's hand down on the letter, around it she traced a rude line:

"If you would kiss the baby," she wrote, "you must kiss this outline of mine."

There was the shape of the hand on the page, with the small, chubby fingers outspread.

"Marthy Virginia's hand, for her pa,"—so the words on the little palm said.

Never a wink slept the colonel that night, for the vengeance so blindly fulfilled,

Never again woke the old battle-glow when the bullets their death-note shrilled.

Long ago ended the struggle, in union of brotherhood happily stilled;  
Yet from that field of Antietam, in warning and token of love's command,

See! there is lifted the hand of a baby—Marthy Virginia's hand!

—*George Parsons Lathrop.*

### TRIAL FROM PICKWICK. (ABRIDGED.)

MR. JUSTICE STARELEIGH, SERJEANTS BUZFUZ and SNUBBIN, MR. WINKLE  
SAM WELLER, Foreman of the Jury, OLD WELLER

*Buzfuz.* My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury,—Never, in the whole course of my professional experience—never, from the very first moment of my applying myself to the study and practice of the law—have I approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon me;—a responsibility, I will say, which I could never have supported, were I not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounts to positive certainty, that the cause of truth and justice, or,

in other words, the cause of my much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom I now see in that box before me.

The plaintiff, gentlemen, the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford.

Sometime before his death he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street, and here she placed in her front parlour window, a written placard, bearing this inscription,—"Apartments, furnished, for a single gentleman! Inquire within." I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—"Apartments, furnished, for a single gentleman!" Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—she had no suspicion. Mr. Bardell, said the widow; Mr. Bardell was a man of honour—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself: to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, for consolation; in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let. Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour window. Did it remain there long? No! The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the window three days—three days, gentlemen—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. That man was Pickwick—Pickwick the defendant.

And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties; letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open,

fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications; but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first—"Garraway's twelve o'clock.—Dear Mrs. B. Chops and tomato sauce! Yours, PICKWICK!" Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and tomato sauce! Yours, PICKWICK! Chops! gracious powers! and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious.—"Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression—"Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan!" The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comfortable article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconceived system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick, with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain?

But, gentlemen, enough of this; it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages are the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen.

*Buzfuz.* Call Elizabeth Cluppins.

*Crier.* Elizabeth Muffins!

*Mrs. CLUPPINS enters the witness-box.*

*Buzfuz.* Mrs. Cluppins, pray compose yourself, ma'am Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins—do you recollect being in Mrs Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartment?

*Mrs Cluppins.* Yes, my lord and jury, I do.

*Buzfuz.* Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first-floor front, I believe?

*Mrs. Cluppins.* Yes, it were, sir.

*Judge.* What were you doing in the back-room, ma'am?

*Mrs. Cluppins.* My lord and jury, I will not deceive you—

*Judge.* You had better not, ma'am.

*Mrs. Cluppins.* I was there unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell. I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pounds of red kidney purtaties—which was three pound tuppence ha'penny—when I see Mrs. Bardell's street-door on the jar.

*Judge.* On the what?

*Snubbin.* Partly open, my lord.

*Judge.* She said on the jar.

*Snubbin.* It's all the same, my lord.

*Mrs. Cluppins.* I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went, in a permiscuous manner, upstairs and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front room, and—

*Buzfuz.* And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?

*Mrs. Cluppins.* Beggin' your pardon, sir, I would scorn the haction. The voices was very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear.

*Buzfuz.* Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of these voices Pickwick's?

*Mrs. Cluppins.* Yes, it were, sir. My lord and jury, I heard the sound of voices, and I peeped in—I won't deceive you, gentlemen—and his arms were round Mrs. Bardell's neck and he called her a good creature.

*Buzfuz.* That will do. You can go now, Mrs. Cluppins.—Call —|- Nathaniel Winkle.

*Crier.* Nathaniel Winkle!

*Winkle.* Here. [*Bows to the judge.*]

*Judge.* Don't look at me, sir; look at the jury.

*Buzfuz.* Now, sir, have the goodness to let his lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?

*Winkle.* Winkle.

*Judge.* What's your Christian name, sir?



*Winkle.* Nathaniel, sir.

*Judge.* Daniel—any other name?

*Winkle.* Nathaniel, sir—my lord, I mean.

*Judge.* Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?

*Winkle.* No, my lord; only Nathaniel; not Daniel at all.

*Judge.* What did you tell me it was Daniel for then, sir?

*Winkle.* I didn't, my lord.

*Judge.* You did, sir. How could I have got Daniel on my notes unless you told me so, sir?

*Buzfuz.* Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my lord. We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say.

*Judge.* You had better be careful, sir.

*Buzfuz.* Now, Mr. Winkle, attend to me, if you please, sir, and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his lordship's injunction to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?

*Winkle.* I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I can recollect at this moment, nearly—

*Buzfuz.* Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of the defendant's?

*Winkle.* I was just about to say that—

*Buzfuz.* Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?

*Judge.* If you don't answer the question you'll be committed, sir.

*Buzfuz.* Come, sir; yes or no, if you please.

*Winkle.* Yes, I am.

*Buzfuz.* Yes, you are. And why couldn't you have said so at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff too; eh, Mr. Winkle?

*Winkle.* I don't know her. I've seen her.

*Buzfuz.* Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her. Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by that, Mr. Winkle.

*Winkle.* I mean that I am not intimate with her, but that I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick, in Goswell Street.

*Buzfuz.* How often have you seen her, sir?

*Winkle.* How often?

*Buzfuz.* Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir.

*Winkle.* It is impossible to say how many times I have seen Mrs. Bardell.

*Buzfuz.* Have you seen her twenty times, sir?

*Winkle.* Certainly! more than that.

*Buzfuz.* Have you seen her a hundred times?

*Winkle.* No, I think not.

*Buzfuz.* Will you swear you have not seen her more than fifty times?

*Winkle.* I think not.

*Buzfuz.* Don't you know that you have seen her at least seventy-five times?

*Winkle.* I think I may have seen her seventy-five times, but I am uncertain.

*Judge.* You had better take care, sir.

*Buzfuz.* Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant Pickwick at these apartments in the plaintiff's house, in Goswell Street, on one particular morning in the month of July last?

*Winkle.* Yes, I do.

*Buzfuz.* Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room on this particular morning. Come, out with it, sir; we must have it, sooner or later.

*Winkle.* The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist, and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away.

*Buzfuz.* Did you hear the defendant say anything?

*Winkle.* I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if anybody should come; or words to that effect.

*Buzfuz.* Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his lordship's caution. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question—"My Dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come," or words to that effect?

*Winkle.* I—I didn't understand him so, certainly. I was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind is—

*Buzfuz.* The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle; which, I fear, would be of little service to honest straightforward men. You were on the staircase, and did not distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted. Do I understand that?

*Winkle.* No, I will not.

*Snubbin.* You may leave the box, Mr. Winkle.

*Buzfuz.* Call Samuel Weller. —

MR. WELLER *steps into the box.*

*Judge.* What's your name, sir?

*Sam.* Sam Weller, my lord.

*Judge.* Do you spell it with a V or a W?

*Sam.* That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord. I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spell it with a V.

*Weller, senior* [*from the audience*]. Quite right, too, Samivel. Put it down a "We," my lord; put it down a "We."

*Judge.* Who is that who dares address the court? Crier!

*Crier.* Yes, my lord.

*Judge.* Bring that person here instantly.

*Crier.* Yes, my lord.

*Judge.* Do you know who that was, sir?

*Sam.* I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord.

*Judge.* Do you see him here now?

*Sam.* [*Looking up to the ceiling*] Nō, I don't, my lord.

*Judge.* If you could have pointed him out I would have committed him instantly.

*Sam.* Thank ye, my lord.

*Buzfuz.* Now, Mr. Weller.

*Sam.* Now, sir.

*Buzfuz.* I believe you are in the service of Mr Pickwick, the defendant in this case? Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller.

*Sam.* I mean to speak up, sir. I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is.

*Buzfuz.* Little to do and plenty to get, I suppose?

*Sam.* Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes.

*Judge.* You must not tell us what the soldier or any other man said, sir; it's not evidence.

*Sam.* Wery good, my lord.

*Buzfuz.* Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant; eh, Mr Weller?

*Sam.* Yes, I do, sir.

*Buzfuz.* Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was

*Sam.* I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury, and that was a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance with me in those days.

*Judge.* You had better be careful, sir.

*Sam.* So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord; and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes—wery careful indeed, my lord.

*Buzfuz.* Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?

*Sam.* Certainly not; I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there.

*Buzfuz.* Now, attend, Mr. Weller. You were in the passage and yet you saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?

*Sam.* Yes, I have a pair of eyes, and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double mullion magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'rhaps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only *eyes* you see, my wision's limited.

*Buzfuz.* Very well.—Then that's my case, my lud.

*Snubbin.* In the absence of my leader, Serjeant Phunky, who is at Westminster, I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of replying to this case.

*Judge.* Serjeant Phunky should have been here. Gentlemen of the jury! if Mrs. Bardell be right, it is perfectly clear that Mr. Pickwick must be wrong; and if you think the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence, you will of course believe it; and if you don't, you won't. If you are satisfied that a breach of promise of marriage has been committed, you will find for the plaintiff with such damages as you think proper; and if on the other hand it appears to you that no promise of marriage has ever been given, you will find for the defendant with no damages at all.

*Crier.* Gentlemen, are you all agreed upon your verdict?

*Foreman.* We are.

*Crier.* Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?

*Foreman.* For the plaintiff.

*Crier.* With what damages, gentlemen?

*Foreman.* £750.

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## AURELIA'S YOUNG MAN.

Mark Twain is the pseudonym adopted by Samuel Langhorne Clemens. It is said that during a journey down the Mississippi to New Orleans in 1855, Mr Clemens made friends with the steamboat pilots, and was soon qualified to become himself a river pilot. In this employment he was often directed to "mark twain," that is, that there were two fathoms water; and from this he took his *nom de plume*.

[This is a good-natured satire upon the style in which certain communications are made to editors of weekly periodicals.]

When Aurelia was sixteen years old she met and loved, with all the devotion of a passionate nature, a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were engaged, with the free consent of their friends and relatives, and for a time it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterized by an immunity from sorrow beyond the usual lot of humanity. But at last the tide of fortune turned; young Caruthers became infected with an eruption of the most virulent type, and when he recovered from his illness his face was pitted like a waffle-mould, and his comeliness gone for ever. Aurelia thought to break off the engagement at first, but pity for her unfortunate lover caused her to postpone the marriage-day for a season, and give him another trial.

The very day before the wedding was to have taken place, Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well and fractured one of his legs, and it had to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurelia was moved to break the engagement, but again love triumphed, and she set the day forward and gave him another chance to reform.

And again misfortune overtook the unhappy youth. He lost one arm by the premature discharge of a Fourth-of-July cannon, and within three months he got the other pulled out by a carding-machine. Aurelia's heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not but be deeply grieved to see her lover passing from her by piecemeal, feeling, as she did, that he could not last for ever under this disastrous process of reduction, yet knowing of no way to stop its dreadful career, and in her tearful despair she almost regretted, like brokers who hold on and lose, that she had not taken him at first, before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still her brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friend's unnatural disposition yet a little longer.

Again the wedding-day approached, and again disappointment overshadowed it: Caruthers fell ill with the erysipelas, and lost the

use of one of his eyes entirely. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could reasonably be expected of her, now came forward and insisted that the match should be broken off; but, after wavering a while, Aurelia, with a generous spirit which did her credit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter, and could not discover that Breckinridge was to blame.

So she extended the time once more, and he broke his other leg.

It was a sad day for the poor girl when she saw the surgeons reverently bearing away the sack whose uses she had learned by previous experience, and her heart told her the bitter truth that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections was growing more and more circumscribed every day, but once more she frowned down her relatives and renewed her betrothal.

Shortly before the time set for the nuptials another disaster occurred. There was but one man scalped by the Owens River Indians last year. That man was Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, of New Jersey. He was hurrying home with happiness in his heart, when he lost his hair for ever, and in that hour of bitterness he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurelia is in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She still loves her Breckinridge, she writes, with truly womanly feeling—she still loves what is left of him—but her parents are bitterly opposed to the match, because he has no property and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. “Now, what should she do?” she asks, with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question; it is one which involves the lifelong happiness of a woman, and that of nearly two-thirds of a man; and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion in the case. How would it do to build to him? If Aurelia can afford the expense, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and wooden legs, and a glass eye, and a wig, and give him another show; give him ninety days without grace, and if he does not break his neck in the meantime, marry him and take the chances. It does not seem to me that there is much risk, any way, Aurelia, because if he sticks to his infernal propensity for damaging himself every time he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him, and then you are all right, you know, married or single. If married, the wooden legs, and such other valuables as he may possess, revert to the widow, and you see you sustain no actual loss save the cherished fragment of a

noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but whose extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Aurelia! I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers if he had started with his neck and broken that first; but since he has seen fit to choose a different policy and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upbraid him for it if he has enjoyed it. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try not to feel exasperated at him.

### A PARENTAL ODE TO MY INFANT SON.

[An author is supposed to be writing an ode on childhood, and his mind is constantly distracted by the presence of the child whom he has set before him to inspire his ideas.]

Thou happy, happy elf!  
 (But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)  
 Thou tiny image of myself!  
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)  
 Thou merry, laughing sprite!  
 With spirits feather-light,  
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,  
 (Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!  
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air,  
 (The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)

Thou darling of thy sire!  
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)  
 Thou imp. of mirth and joy!  
 In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,  
 Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!  
 There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—~~but~~ of earth;  
 Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,  
 In harmless sport and mirth,  
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)  
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
 From every blossom in the world that blows,  
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,  
 (Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope !  
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)  
 With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint,  
 (Where *did* he learn that squirt ?)  
 Thou young domestic dove !  
 (He'll have that jug off with another shove !)  
 Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !  
 (Are those torn clothes his best ?)  
 Little epitome of man !  
 (He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan !)  
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,  
 (He's got a knife !)  
 Thou enviable being !  
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,  
 Play on, play on,  
 My elfin John !  
 Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,  
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)  
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,  
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk  
 With many a lamb-like frisk,  
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)  
 Thou pretty opening rose !  
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)  
 Balmy, and breathing music like the south,  
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)  
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,  
 (I wish that window had an iron bar !)  
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,  
 (I'll tell you what, my love,  
 I cannot write, unless he's sent ~~it~~ above !)—*Thomas Hood.*

## WATERLOO.

GEORGE OSBORNE.—Bright. Reckless and loud with Dobbin. Soft and earnest with Amelia. DOBBIN.—Firm and quiet. OS SEDLEY.—Blustering at first, gradually emerging into fear. Finally angry and comic terror. ISIDORA.—Read in a frightened whisper. AMELIA.—Soft and low.

There never was, since the days of Darius, such a brilliant train of camp followers as hung round the train of the Duke of Wellington's army in 1815, and led it dancing and feasting to the very brink of battle. A ball, which a duchess gave at Brussels on the 15th of



June, all Brussels had been in excitement about, and the struggles to get tickets were such as only English ladies will employ in order to get admission to the society of the great of their own nation.

George Osborne got a card for himself and wife Dobbin displayed a similar invitation. George drove to the famous ball, and wild with elation went off to a play-table and began to bet frantically. He won repeatedly. He started up after a while, went to a buffet, where he drank many bumpers of wine.

Here Dobbin found him. Dobbin looked as pale and grave as his companion was flushed and jovial.

"Hullo, Dob! Come and drink, old Dob! The duke's wine is famous. Give me some more, you, sir," and he held out a trembling glass for the liquor.

"Come out, George," said Dobbin; "don't drink."

"Drink! there's nothing like it. Drink yourself, and light up your lantern jaws, old fellow. Here's to you."

Dobbin went up and whispered, "The enemy has passed the Sambre. Come away, we are to march in three hours."

Away went George, quivering with excitement—the news so long looked for—so sudden when it came. He thought about a thousand things in his rapid walk to his quarters—his past life—his future chances—the fate which might be before him—his brief married life. Hope, remorse, ambition, tenderness, and regret filled his heart.

He sat down and wrote to his father. Dawn faintly streaked the sky as he closed his farewell letter.

He had looked into his wife's room as he entered; her eyes seemed closed, and he was glad she was asleep. He went in to look at her once again.

By the pale, night lamp he could see her sweet, pale face, the purple eyelids, fringed and closed.

"Good God! how pure she was, and he, how selfish, brutal, black with crime. God bless her! God bless her!"

He came to the bedside, and bent over the pillow noiselessly towards the gentle face. Two arms closed tenderly round his neck.

"I am awake, George," the poor child said with a sob fit to break the little heart that nestled closely to his own. She was awake, and to what?

A bugle sounded and was taken up through the town, and amid drums and pipes the whole city awoke.

He bounded down the stair, ran to the alarm ground. The regiment was mustered, trooped men and officers were hurrying from their billets; his pulse was throbbing, his cheeks flushed.

The sun was rising as the march began. The band led the column playing the regimental march, then came the major in command riding on his charger, then marched the grenadiers, in the centre were the colours. Then George came marching at the head of his company. He looked up, smiled at Amelia, and the sound of the music died away.

Jos Sedley was left in command of the little colony at Brussels, with Amelia and his Belgian servant. The sun was high in the heavens before the civilian appeared at breakfast.

The almost universal belief was that Napoleon would march into Brussels before three days were over. These opinions were brought to operate on Mr. Sedley. He was told the Duke of Wellington had gone to rally his army, the advance of which had been utterly crushed the night before.

"Crushed, p'sha! The duke has gone to beat the emperor as he has beaten all his generals before."

"His papers are burned," said the servant. "Milhor Duc de Richmonds are packing up, His Grace has fled."

"The King of France is at Ghent!" said Jos, affecting incredulity.

"He fled last night to Bruges. Those who wish to be safe had better go soon."

The dinner hour arrived. Jos's spirits rose with his meal. He would drink the regiment's health.

Of a sudden Isidore started—the windows of the room were open; a dull distant sound came over the sun-lighted roofs.

"What is it? Why don't you pour, you rascal?"

"C'est le feu," cried the servant, running to the balcony.

"God defend us! it's cannon!"

Jos sank into a chair; he had torn off his neckcloth. He looked at the pale face in the glass before him, and at his moustache.

"They will mistake me for a military man," he thought, remembering the warning as to the massacre, with which the defeated army was threatened. He summoned his valet.

"Coupez moi," he shouted, "Vite! coupez moi."

The servant thought he had gone mad, and that he wished his valet to cut his throat.

"Les moustache," gasped Jos, "Les moustaches, coupez rasy vite" French voluble, not remarkable for grammar.

Isidore swept off his moustache.

"Fetch a hat and plain coat. Ne porty ploo—habit militaire—bonny—bonny a roo—prenny dehors—venny manitenong sweery—ally—party—dong la roo." And so he plunged downstairs into the street.

All that day from morning till sunset the cannon never ceased. It stopped of a sudden—the English had won. Darkness came down on field and city, and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face with a bullet through his heart.—Adapted from *Vanity Fair*.

## THE RIVALS

### TWO SCENES.

#### SCENE I.—*Apartment of Bob Acres.*

#### THREE CHARACTERS.

ACRES, ... . . . . a Country Squire.

SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER, .. a fighting Friend.

DAVID, ... .. . a Man-servant

#### *Enter DAVID.*

*David.* Here is Sir Lucifer O'Tiger, to wait on you, sir  
*Acres.* Show him in. *[Exit David.]*

#### *Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.*

*Sir L.* Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

*Acres.* My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

*Sir L.* Pray, my friend, what has brought you to Bath?

*Acres.* Faith, Sir Lucius, I've followed Cupid's Jack o' Lantern and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

*Sir L.* Pray what is the case? I ask no names.

*Acres.* Mark me, Sir Lucius:—I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival—and receive for answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

*Sir L.* Very ill, upon my conscience! Pray can you divine the cause of it?

*Acres.* Why, there's the matter! She has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath.—Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

*Sir L.* A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

*Acres.* Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

*Sir L.* Then sure you know what is to be done?

*Acres.* Not I, upon my soul.

*Sir L.* We wear no swords here—but you understand me.

*Acres.* What! fight him?

*Sir L.* Ay, to be sure; what can I mean else?

*Acres.* But he has given me no provocation.

*Sir L.* Now I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another, than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my truth, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

*Acres.* Breach of friendship! But I have no acquaintance with this man.

*Sir L.* He has the less right then to take such a liberty.

*Acres.* 'Gad that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius,—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it. I could do such deeds——

*Sir L.* Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case, these things should always be done civilly.

*Acres.* I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage!—Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper [*sits down to write*]. Indite, I say, indite. How shall I begin? Shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a——

*Sir L.* Pho, pho! do the thing decently. Begin now—"Sir"——

*Acres.* That's too civil by half.

*Sir L.* "To prevent the confusion that might arise"——

*Acres* [*writing and repeating*]. "To prevent the confusion which might arise——" Well.

*Sir L.* "From our both addressing the same lady"——

*Acres.* Oh, addressing, well——

*Sir L.* "I shall expect the honour of your company"——

*Acres.* Zounds, I am not asking him to dinner!

*Sir L.* "To settle our pretensions"——

*Acres.* Well——

*Sir L.* Let me see—ay, King's Mead-fields will do—"in King's Mead-fields."

*Acres.* So, that's down. Well, I'll hold it up presently.

*Sir L.* You see, this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

*Acres.* Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

*Sir L.* Now I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening, if you can; then, let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

*Acres.* Very true.

*Sir L.* So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honour to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands.

*Acres.* By my valour, I should like to see you fight first. Odds life, I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

*Sir L.* I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword.

[*Exeunt Sir Lucius and Acres.*]

SCENE II.—*King's Mead-fields.*

*Enter SIR LUCIUS and ACRES, with pistols.*

*Acres* By my valour! then Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance.—Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

*Sir L.* It is for muskets, or small field-pieces;—upon my conscience, Mr Acres, you must leave these things to me.—Stay, now—I'll show you [*measures six paces*]. There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

*Acres.* Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

*Sir L.* 'Faith, then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

*Acres.* No, Sir Lucius—but I should think forty, or eight-and-thirty yards——

*Sir L.* Pho, pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

*Acres.* Odds bullets, na!—by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

*Sir L.* Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

*Acres.* I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand——

*Sir L.* Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say, it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

*Acres.* A quietus!

*Sir L.* For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled, and sent home!—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

*Acres.* Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

*Sir L.* I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before.

*Acres.* No, Sir Lucius, never before, [*aside*] and never will again, if I get out of this.

*Sir L.* But, there—fix yourself so [*placing him*], let him see the broadside of your full front. [*Sir Lucius places him face to face, then turns.—Acres has in the interim turned his back in great perturbation.*] Oh, bother! do you call that the broadside of your front? [*Acres turns reluctantly.*] There—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

*Acres.* Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

*Sir L.* Ay—may they—and it is much the genteelst attitude into the bargain.

*Acres.* Lookye! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour! I will stand edge-ways.

*Sir L.* [*looking at his watch*]. Sure they don't mean to disappoint us.

*Acres* [*aside*]. I hope they do.

*Sir L.* Hah! no, 'faith—I think I see them coming.

*Acres.* Hey?—what!—coming!

*Sir L.* Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

*Acres.* There are two of them, indeed! well, let them come—hey, Sir Lucius?—we—we—we—we—won't run [*takes his arm*].

*Sir L.* Run!

*Acres.* No, I say—we *won't* run, by *my* valour!

*Sir L.* What the devil's the matter with you?

*Acres.* Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

*Sir L.* O fie! consider your honour.

*Acres.* Ay, true—my honour—do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honour.

*Sir L.* [*looking*]. Well, here they're coming.

*Acres.* Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me!—valour will come and go.

*Sir L.* Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

*Acres.* Sir Lucius is going! it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!—Sir Lucius, I give up my claim: if I can't get a wife without fighting, by my valour I'll live and die a Bachelor.—*R. B. Sheridan.*

## THE LIFEBOAT.

(*By kind permission of MR G. R. SIMS, the author of the poem.*)

NARRATIVE in the style of an old sailor Colloquial and level at first. THE WIFE — Slow, faint, and in a broken whisper BEN BROWN.—Loud, strong, and earnest. Reference to the wife should be made in a broken voice DESCRIPTION OF STORM —With increase in tone and time, beginning at the line "*We launched the boat,*" and continuing to "*I knowed no more.*" The last part very bright and ending strong

You've heard of the *Royal Helen*, the ship as was wrecked last year;  
Yon be the rock she struck on—the boat as went out be here;  
The night as she struck was reckoned the worst as ever we had,  
And this is a coast in winter where the weather be awful bad;  
The beach here was strewed with wreckage, and to tell you the  
truth, sir, then

Was the only time as ever we'd a bother to get the men.  
I was up at my cottage, yonder, where the wife lay nigh her end;  
She'd been ailin' all the winter and nothin' 'ud make her mend  
The doctor had given her up, sir, and I knelt by her side and pray'd,  
With my eyes as red as a babby's, that Death's hand might yet be  
stay'd.

I heard the wild wind howlin', and I looked on the wasted form,  
And thought of the awful shipwreck as had come in the ragin' storm;  
The wreck of my little homestead—the wreck of my dear old wife,  
Who'd sail'd with me forty years, sir, o'er the troublous waves of life;  
And I looked at the eyes so sunken, as had been my harbour lights,  
To tell of the sweet home haven in the wildest darkest nights.  
She knew she was sinkin' quickly—she knew as her end was nigh  
But she never spoke o' the troubles as I knew on her heart must lie;  
For we had one great big sorrow with Jack, our only son—  
He'd got into trouble in London, as lots o' the lads ha' done;  
Then he'd bolted, his master told us—he was allus what folks call  
wild.

From the day as I told his mother, her dear face never smiled.  
We heerd no more about him, we never knew where he went,  
And his mother pined and sickened for the message he never sent.  
I had my work to think of, but she had her grief to nurse,

So it eat away at her heart-strings, and her health grew worse and worse,

And the night as the *Royal Helen* went down on yonder sands,  
I sat and watched her dyin' holdin' her wasted hands.

She moved in her doze a little, then her eyes were opened wide,  
And she seemed to be seeking somethin', as she looked from side to side;

Then half to herself she whispered, "Where's Jack to say good-bye?  
It's hard not to see my darlin', and kiss him afore I die!"

I was stoopin' to kiss and soothe her, while the tears ran down my cheek,

And my lips were shaped to whisper the words I couldn't speak,  
When the door of the room burst open, and my mates were there outside

With the news that the boat was launchin', "You're wanted!" their leader cried.

"You've never refused to go, John; you'll put these cowards right,  
There's a dozen of lives, maybe, John, as lie in our hands to-night!"  
'Twas old Ben Brown, the captain; he'd laughed at the women's doubt,

We'd always been first on the beach, sir, when the boat was goin' out.

I didn't move, but I pointed to the white face on the bed—

"I can't go, mate," I murmured; "in an hour she may be dead.  
I cannot go and leave her to die in the night alone."

As I spoke Ben raised his lantern, and the light on my wife was thrown;

And I saw her eyes fixed strangely with a pleading look on me,  
While a tremblin' finger pointed through the door to the ragin' sea.  
Then she beckoned me near and whispered, "Go, and God's will be done,

For every lad on that ship, John, is some poor mother's son.

Go, John, and the Lord watch o'er you, and spare me to see the light,

And bring you safe," she whispered, "jut of the storm to-night."

Then I turned and kissed her softly, and tried to hide my tears,  
And my mates outside when they saw me set up three hearty cheers  
We launched the boat in the tempest, though death was the goal in view,

And never a one but doubted if the craft could live it through;  
But our boat she stood it bravely, and weary, and wet, and weak,  
We drew in hail of the vessel we had dared so much to seek.



But just as we came upon her, she gave a fearful roll,  
And went down in the seethin' whirlpool with every livin' soul!  
We rowed for the spot, and shouted, for all around was dark—  
But only the wild wind answered the cries from our plungin' bark.  
I was strainin' my eyes and watchin', when I thought I heard a cry;  
And I saw past our bows a somethin' on the crest of a wave dash by,  
I stretched out my hand to seize it. I dragged it aboard, and then  
I stumbled and struck my forrard, and fell like a log on Ben.  
I remember a hum of voices, and then I knowed no more  
Till I came to my senses here, sir,—here in my home ashore.  
My forrard was tightly bandaged, and I lay on my little bed—  
I'd slipped, so they told me arter, and a rowlock had struck my head.  
Then my mates came in and whispered; they'd heard I was coming  
round,

At first I could scarcely hear 'em, it seemed like a buzzing sound;  
But as soon as my head got clearer, and accustomed to hear 'em  
speak,

I knew as I'd lain like that, sir, for many a long, long week.  
I guessed what the lads were hidin', for their poor old shipmate's  
sake,

I could see by their puzzled faces they'd got some news to break;  
So I lifts my head from the pillow, and I says to Old Ben, "Look  
here—

I'm able to bear it now, lad—tell me, and never fear."  
Not one on 'em ever answered, but presently Ben goes out,  
And the other slinks away like, and I says, "What's that about?  
Why can't they tell me plainly as the poor old wife is dead?"  
Then I fell again on the pillows, and I hid my achin' head;  
I lay like that for a minute, till I heard a voice cry "John,"  
And I thought it must be a vision as my weak eyes gazed upon:  
For there by the bedside standin', up and well, was my wife,  
And who do ye think was with her? Why, Jack, as large as life!  
It was him as I saved from drownin' the night as the lifeboat went  
To the wreck of the *Royal Helen*; 'twas that as the vision meant.  
They'd brought us ashore together; he'd knelt by his mother's bed,  
And the sudden joy had raised her like a miracle from the dead:  
And mother and son together had nursed me back to life,  
And my old eyes woke from darkness to look on my son and wife.  
Jack? He's our right hand now, sir; 'twas Providence pulled him  
through—

He's allus the first aboard her when the lifeboat wants a crew.

## THE DEATH OF CASTLEWOOD.

[The Earl of Castlewood having suspected that Lord Mohun has succeeded in estranging from him the affection of his (Castlewood's) wife, secretly challenges Mohun. To avoid any possibility of the duel being prevented, the combatants agree to meet as if on friendly terms. Harry Esmond is cousin to Lord Castlewood, and has unknowingly been defrauded by him of his title and estates. This fact Castlewood makes a death-bed confession to the priest. The piece is considered to be the most dramatic in the works of Thackeray.]

It was midnight, but the night was bright enough for the unhappy purpose they came about. All six entered the fatal square, the chairmen keeping the gate, lest any person should disturb the duel. After not more than a couple of minutes, a cry caused Esmond to look round. He ran up to the place, where he saw his dear master was down.

My Lord Mohun was standing over him. "Are you much hurt, Frank?" he asked in a hollow voice.

"I believe I'm a dead man," my lord said from the ground.

"No! no! not so," says the other. "I call Heaven to witness, Frank Esmond, that I would have asked your pardon had you but given me a chance. I swear no one was to blame but me, and that my lady—"

"Hush!" says my poor lord viscount, lifting himself up, "don't let her name be heard in the quarrel. It was a dispute about the cards!—Harry, my boy, I loved thee, and thou must watch over my little Frank, and carry this little heart to my wife."

They brought him to a surgeon in Long Acre, the house was wakened up, and the victim carried in.

Lord Castlewood was laid on a bed, very pale and ghastly, with that fixed fatal look in his eyes which betokens death. Faintly beckoning all away from him he cried, "Oh! Harry Esmond," and his hand fell powerless on the coverlet.

"Thou art all but a priest, Harry!" he gasped, with a faint smile and pressure of his cold hand, "let me make thee a death-bed confession."

With sacred Death waiting, as it were, at the bedfoot, as an awful witness of his words, the poor dying soul gasped out his last wishes, his contrition for his faults, and his charity towards the world he was leaving. The ecclesiastic we had sent for arrived, hearing which, my lord asked, squeezing Esmond's hand, to be left alone with him.

At the end of an hour the priest came out of the room looking hard at Esmond, and holding a paper.

"He is on the brink of God's awful judgment," the priest whispered. "He has made his breast clean to me."

"God knows," sobbed out Esmond, seemingly unconscious of the words, "my dearest lord has only done me kindness all his life."

The priest put the paper into Esmond's hand.

He looked at it. It swam before his eyes. "'Tis a confession," he said.

"'Tis as you please," said the priest.

There was a fire in the room. Esmond went to the fire and threw the paper into it.

"'Tis only a confession, Mr. Atterbury. Let us go to him."

They went into the next chamber; the dawn had broke, and showed the poor lord's pale face and wild appealing eyes, which wore the awful fatal look of coming dissolution. He turned his sick eyes towards Esmond.

"My lord viscount," says the priest, "Mr. Esmond hath burned the paper."

"My dearest master," Esmond cried.

My lord viscount sprung up in his bed and flung his arms round Esmond. "God—bl—bless" was all he said. The blood rushed from his mouth. He was no more.

"Benedicti Benedicentes," whispers the priest.

And Esmond groaned "Amen."

## THE DEAD ASS.

Laurence Sterne, clergyman and novelist, b. in Clonmel 1713, d. in London, 1768. Graduated at Cambridge, held three livings in Yorkshire, and was a prebendary of York Cathedral. Principal works: *Tristram Shandy*, and *A Sentimental Journey*. "He was one of the most affected and one of the most simple of writers—one of the greatest plagiarists, and one of the most original geniuses whom England has produced."

[The following selection is one of a series of wayside sketches written by Sterne. The sketches were intended to be literary sentimental pictures of his tour through Italy, but he died soon after completing the first part.]

"And this," said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet;—"and this should have been thy portion," said he, "hadst thou been alive to share it with me." I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature. The mourner was sit-

ting upon a stone bench at the door, with an ass's pannel and bridle on one side which he took up from time to time, then laid them down, looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it, held it some time in his hand, then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle, looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made, and then gave a sigh. The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home. It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the plague, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go, in gratitude, to St. Iago in Spain. When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay nature his tribute, and wept bitterly. He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey; that it had ate the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern; La Fleur offered him money. The mourner said he did not want it; it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured loved him; and upon this, he told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other for three days: during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass; and that they had scarce either ate or drank till they met. "Thou hast one comfort, at least," said I, "in the loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him." "Alas!" said the mourner, "I thought so when he was alive; but now that he is dead I think otherwise; I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him; they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for." "Shame on the world!" said I to myself. "Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass, 'twould be something."

## THE GAMBLERS

*Scene the first.* A genteel coffee-house, whose humane screen conceals a line of grenadier bottles, and hides respectable blushes from impertinent eyes. There is a quiet little room opening out of the bar, and here sit four jovial youths. The cards are out, the wines are in. The fourth is a reluctant hand; he does not love the drink nor approve the game. He anticipates and fears the result of both. Why is he here? He is a whole-souled fellow, and is afraid to seem ashamed of any fashionable gaiety. He will sip his wine upon the importunity of a friend newly come to town, and is too polite to spoil that friend's pleasure by refusing a part in the game. They sit, shuffle, deal; the night wears on, the clock telling no tale of passing hours—the prudent liquor-fiend has made it safely dumb. The night is getting old; its dank air grows fresher; the east is gray; the gaming and drinking and hilarious laughter are over, and the youths wending homeward. What says conscience? No matter what it says; they did not hear, and we will not. Whatever was said, it was very shortly answered thus: "This has not been gambling; all were gentlemen; there was no cheating; simply a convivial evening; no stakes except the bills incident to the entertainment. If anybody blames a young man for a little innocent exhilaration on a special occasion, he is a superstitious bigot; let him croak!" Such a garnished game is made the text to justify the whole round of gambling. Let us then look at

*Scene the second.* In a room so silent that there is no sound except the shrill cock crowing the morning, where the forgotten candles burn dimly over the long and lengthened wick, sit four men. Carved marble could not be more motionless, save their hands. Pale, watchful, though weary, their eyes pierce the cards or furtively read each other's faces. Hours have passed over them thus. At length they rise without words; some, with a satisfaction which only makes their faces brightly haggard, scrape off the piles of money; others, dark, sullen, silent, fierce, move away from their lost money. The darkest and fiercest of the four is that young friend who first sat down to make out a game. He will never sit so innocently again. What says he to his conscience now? "I have a right to gamble; I have a right to be damned, too, if I choose; whose business is it?"

*Scene the third.* Years have passed on. He has seen youth ruined, at first with expostulation, then with only silent regret, then consenting to take part of the spoils; and, finally, he has himself decoyed, duped, and stripped them without mercy. Go with me into that

dilapidated house, not far from the landing, at New Orleans. Look into that dirty room. Around a broken table, sitting upon boxes, kegs, or rickety chairs, see a filthy crew dealing cards smouched with tobacco, grease, and liquor. One has a pirate-face burnished and burnt with brandy; a shock of grizzly, matted hair, half covering his villain eyes, which glare out like a wild beast's from a thicket. Close by him wheezes a white-faced, dropsical wretch, vermin-covered and stenchful. A scoundrel Spaniard and a burly negro (the jolliest of the four) complete the group. They have spectators—drunken sailors, and ogling, thieving, drinking women, who should have died long ago, when all that was womanly died. Here hour draws on hour, sometimes with brutal laughter, sometimes with threat, and oath, and uproar. The last few stolen dollars lost, and temper too, each charges each with cheating, and high words ensue, and blows; and the whole gang burst out the door, beating, biting, scratching, and rolling over and over in the dirt and dust. The worst, the fiercest, the drunkest of the four is our friend who began by making up the game.

*Scene the fourth.* Upon this bright day stand with me, if you would be sick of humanity, and look over that multitude of men kindly gathered to see a murderer hung. At last a guarded cart drags on a thrice-guarded wretch. At the gallows' ladder his courage fails. His coward feet refuse to ascend. Dragged up, he is supported by bustling officials; his brain reels, his eye swims, while the meek minister utters a final prayer by his leaden ear. The prayer is said, the noose is fixed, the signal is given; a shudder runs through the crowd as he swings free. After a moment his convulsed limbs stretch down and hang heavily and stiff; and he who began to gamble to make up a game, and ended with stabbing an enraged victim whom he had fleeced, has here played his last game—himself the stake.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

## REMINISCENCES OF DICKENS.

Dickens' habits as a speaker differed from those of most orators. He gave no thought to the composition of the speech he was to make till the day before he was to deliver it. No matter whether the effort was to be a long or a short one, he never wrote down a word of what he was going to say; but when the proper time arrived for him to consider his subject, he took a walk into the country, and the thing was done. When he returned he was all ready for his task.

It gave him a natural pleasure when he heard quotations from his

own books introduced without effort into conversation. He did not always remember, when his own words were quoted, that he was himself the author of them, and appeared astounded at the memory of others in this regard. He said Mr. Secretary Stanton had a most extraordinary knowledge of his books, and a power of taking the text up at any point, which he supposed to belong to only one person, and that person not himself.

It was said of Garrick that he was the *cheerfullest* man of his age. This can be as truly said of Charles Dickens. In his presence there was perpetual sunshine, and gloom was banished as having no sort of relationship with him. No man suffered more keenly or sympathized more fully than he did with want and misery; but his motto was, "Don't stand and cry; press forward, and help remove the difficulty."

After his return home from America he was constantly boasting in his letters of his renewed health. In one of them he says. "I am brown now beyond belief, and cause the greatest disappointment in all quarters by looking so well. It is really wonderful what those fine days at sea did me. My doctor was quite broken down in spirits when he saw me for the first time since my return last Saturday. "Good heavens!" he said, recoiling, "seven years younger!"

Bright colours were a constant delight to him; and the gay hues of flowers were those most welcome to his eye. When the rhododendrons were in bloom in Cobham Park, the seat of his friend and neighbour Lord Darnley, he always counted on taking his guests there to enjoy the magnificent show.

When in the mood for humorous characterization, Dickens' hilarity was most amazing. To hear him tell a ghost story with a very florid imitation of a very pallid ghost, or hear him sing an old-time stage song, such as he used to enjoy in his youth at a cheap London theatre, to see him imitate a lion in a menagerie-cage, or the clown in a pantomime when he flops and folds himself up like a jack-knife, or to join with him in some mirthful game of his own composing, was to become acquainted with one of the most delightful and original companions in the world.

On one occasion, during a walk, he chose to run into the wildest of vagaries about *conversation*. The ludicrous vein he indulged in during that two hours' stretch can never be forgotten. Among other things, he said he had often thought how restricted one's conversation must become when one was visiting a man who was to be hanged in half an hour. He went on in a most surprising manner to imagine all sorts of difficulties in the way of becoming interesting

to the poor fellow. "Suppose," said he, "it should be a rainy morning while you are making the call, you could not possibly indulge in the remark, 'We shall have fine weather to-morrow, sir,' for what would that be to him? For my part, I think," said he, "I should confine my observations to the days of Julius Cæsar or King Alfred."

At another time, when speaking of what was constantly said about him in certain newspapers, he observed; "I notice that about once in every seven years I become the victim of a paragraph disease. It breaks out in England, travels to India by the overland route, gets to America per Cunard Line, strikes the base of the Rocky Mountains, and rebounding back to Europe, mostly perishes on the steppes of Russia from inanition and extreme cold." When he felt he was not under observation, and that tomfoolery would not be frowned upon or gazed at with astonishment, he gave himself up without reserve to healthy amusement and strengthening mirth. It was his mission to make people happy.

However numerous the volumes of his biography, the half can hardly be told of the good deeds he has accomplished for his fellow-men,—of the subtle qualities of insight and sympathy which rendered him capable of friendship above most men—which enabled him to reinstate his ideal, and made his presence a perpetual joy, and separation from him an ineffaceable sorrow.—*James T. Fields.*

## THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

Adelaide A. Procter, poetess, b 1825, d 1864. Her principal contributions were to *Household Words*. "To turn over her pages is like telling one's beads or reading a prayer-book, so beautiful, so pure, so unselfish a spirit of Faith, Hope, Charity pervades them."

[The story is said to have been founded on a legend popular in the Middle Ages.]

The fettered Spirits linger  
 In purgatorial pain,  
 With penal fires effacing  
 Their last faint earthly stain,  
 Which life's imperfect sorrow  
 Had tried to cleanse in vain.  
 Yet, on each feast of Mary  
 Their sorrow finds release,  
 For the Great Archangel Michael  
 Comes down and bids it cease;  
 And the name of these brief respites  
 Is called "Our Lady's Peace."



Yet once—so runs the Legend—

When the Archangel came  
And all these holy spirits

Rejoiced at Mary's name;  
One voice alone was wailing,  
Still wailing on the same.

And though a great Te Deum

The happy echoes woke,  
This one discordant wailing  
Through the sweet voices broke;  
So when St. Michael questioned  
Thus the poor spirit spoke:—

“I am not cold or thankless,  
Although I still complain;  
I prize our Lady's blessing,  
Although it comes in vain  
To still my bitter anguish,  
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

“On earth a heart that loved me  
Still lives and mourns me there  
And the shadow of his anguish  
Is more than I can bear;  
All the torment that I suffer  
Is the thought of his despair.

“The evening of my bridal  
Death took my Life away;  
Not all Love's passionate pleading  
Could gain an hour's delay  
And he I left has suffered  
A whole year since that day.

“If I could only see him,—  
If I could only go  
And speak one word of comfort  
And solace,—then, I know  
He would endure with patience,  
And strive against his woe.”

Thus the Archangel answered:—

“Your time of pain is brief,  
And soon the peace of Heaven  
Will give you full relief;

Yet if his earthly comfort  
 So much outweighs your grief,  
 "Then through a special mercy  
 I offer you this grace,—  
 You may seek him who mourns you  
 And look upon his face,  
 And speak to him of comfort  
 For one short minute's space.

"But when that time is ended,  
 Return here, and remain  
 A thousand years in torment,  
 A thousand years in pain:  
 Thus dearly must you purchase  
 The comfort he will gain."

. . . . .  
 The Lime-trees' shade at evening  
 Is spreading broad and wide;  
 Beneath their fragrant arches,  
 Pace slowly, side by side,  
 In low and tender converse,  
 A Bridegroom and his Bride.

The night is calm and stilly,  
 No other sound is there  
 Except their happy voices:  
 What is that cold bleak air  
 That passes through the Lime-trees  
 And stirs the Bridegroom's hair?

While one low cry of anguish,  
 Like the last dying wail  
 Of some dumb, hunted creature,  
 Is borne upon the gale:—  
 Why does the Bridegroom shudder  
 And turn so deathly pale?

. . . . .  
 Near Purgatory's entrance  
 The radiant Angels wait;  
 It was the great St. Michael  
 Who closed that gloomy gate  
 When the poor wandering spirit  
 Came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the Angel:  
"Heaven's joy is deep and vast;  
Pass on, pass on, poor Spirit,  
For Heaven is yours at last;  
In that one minute's anguish  
Your thousand years have passed."

### THE HEART'S CHARITY.

Eliza Cook, poetess, born in Southwark, London, 1818, died 1889. She began to contribute poems to the magazines and newspapers of the day when in her twentieth year. Her first volume appeared in 1840, her *New Echoes* in 1864. A selection of her happiest thoughts has been put together under the title of *Diamond Dust* (1865). Her complete poetical works, from which the following is taken, appeared in 1874.

A rich man walk'd abroad one day, and a poor man walk'd the selfsame way: when a pale and starving face came by with a pallid lip and a hopeless eye: and that starving face presumed to stand and ask for bread from the Rich man's hand; but the Rich man sullenly look'd askance, with a gathering frown and a doubtful glance. "I have nothing," said he, "to give to you, nor any such rogue of a canting crew. Get work, get work! I know full well the whining lies that beggars can tell." And he fasten'd his pocket, and on he went, with his soul untouch'd, and his Wisdom content. Now this great owner of golden store had built a church not long before; as noble a fane as man could raise; and the world had given him thanks and praise; and all who beheld it lavish'd fame on his Christian gift and godly name. The Poor man pass'd—and the white lips dared to ask of him if a mite could be spared. The Poor man gaz'd on the beggar's cheek; and saw what the white lips could not speak. He stood for a moment, but not to pause on the truth of the tale or the parish laws; he was seeking to give—though it was but small, for a penny, a single penny, was all: but he gave it with a kindly word; while the warmest pulse in his breast was stirr'd 'Twas a tiny seed his Charity shed, but the white lips got a taste of bread; and the beggar's blessing hallow'd the crust, that came like a spring in the desert dust. . . . The Rich man and the Poor man died, as all of us must,—and they both were tried at the sacred Judgment-seat above, for their thoughts of evil, and deeds of love. The balance of Justice *there* was true; fairly bestowing what fairly was due; and the two fresh comers through Heaven's gate stood there to learn their eternal fate. The recording angels told of things

that fitted them both with kindred wings, but as they stood in the crystal light, the plumes of the Rich man grew less bright. The angels knew by that shadowy sign, that the poor man's work had been most divine; and they brought the unerring scales to see where the Rich man's falling-off could be. Full many deeds did the angels weigh, but the balance kept an even sway; and at last the church endowment laid, with its thousands promised, and thousands paid, with the thanks of prelates by its side, in the stately words of pious pride; and it weigh'd so much that the angels stood to see how the Poor man could balance such good: when a cherub came and took his place by the empty scale, with radiant grace; and he dropp'd the penny that had fed white starving lips with a crust of bread. The church endowment went up with the beam, and the whisper of the Great Supreme, as he beckon'd the Poor man to his throne, was heard in this immortal tone—"Blessed are they who from great gain give thousands with a reasoning brain, but holier still shall be his part who gives one coin with pitying heart!"

### A DISTURBANCE IN CHURCH.

Max Adeler, an American humourist, whose recent sketches on social life and character have won for him much repute.

They have had more trouble at our Methodist meeting-house. Last Sunday our minister was just beginning his sermon, and had uttered the words, "Brethren, I wish to direct your attention this morning to the fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Saint"—when a hen emerged from the recess beneath the pulpit. As she had just laid an egg, she interrupted the minister to announce the fact to the congregation; and he stopped short as she walked out into the aisle, screeching: "Kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-te-ke! Kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-te-ko!"

The minister contemplated her for a moment, and then concluded to go on; but the sound of his voice seemed to provoke her to rivalry, and so she put on a pressure of five or six pounds to the square inch, and made such a racket that the preacher stopped again, and said,—  
"Will our friend Mr. Grimes please remove that disgraceful chicken from the meeting-house?"

The deacon rose, and proceeded with the task. He first tried to drive her toward the door; but she dodged him, and, still clucking vigorously, got under the seat in the front pew. Then the deacon seized his umbrella and scooped her out into the aisle again, after which he tried to "shoo" her toward the door; but she darted into

a pew, hopped over the partition, came down in the opposite pew, and out into the side aisle, making a noise like a steam planing-mill.

The deacon didn't like to climb over after her, so he went round, and just as he got into the side aisle the hen flew over into the middle aisle again. Then the boys in the gallery laughed, and the deacon began to grow red in the face.

At last Mr. Binns came out of his pew to help, and as both he and the deacon made a dash at the chicken from opposite directions she flew up with a wild cluck to the gallery, and perched on the edge, while she gave excited expression to her views by emitting about five hundred clucks a minute. The deacon flung a hymn-book at her to scare her down again, but he missed, and hit a Sunday-school scholar in the eye. Then another boy in the gallery made a dash at her, and reached so far over that he tumbled and fell on Mrs. Miskey's bonnet, whereupon she said loud that he was predestined for the gallows. The crash scared the hen, and she flew over and roosted on the stove-pipe that ran along just under the ceiling, fairly howling with fright. In order to bring her down, the deacon and Mr. Binns both beat on the lower part of the pipe with their umbrellas, and at the fifth or sixth knock the pipe separated and about forty feet of it came down with a crash, emptying a barrel or two of soot over the congregation. The hen came down with the stove-pipe; and as she flew by Mr. Binns he made a dash at her with his umbrella, and knocked her clear through a pane of glass, whereupon she landed in the street, and hopped off clucking insanely. The congregation are going to expel the owner of that hen from the church when they discover his identity.

### THE HUNTER'S VISION.

Upon a rock that, high and sheer,  
Rose from the mountain's breast,  
A weary hunter of the deer  
Had sat him down to rest,  
And bared to the soft summer air  
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,  
With dimmer vales between;  
And rivers glimmered on their way,  
By forests faintly seen;

While ever rose a murmuring sound,  
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear  
A strain, so soft and low  
That whether in the mind or ear  
The listener scarce might know;  
With such a tone, so sweet, so mild,  
The watching mother lulls her child.

"Thou weary huntsman," thus it said.  
"Thou faint with toil and heat,  
The pleasant land of rest is spread  
Before thy weary feet,  
And those whom thou wouldst gladly see  
Are waiting there to welcome thee."

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky  
Amid the noontide haze,  
A shadowy region met his eye,  
And grew beneath his gaze,  
As if the vapours of the air  
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers  
Showed bright on rocky bank,  
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,  
Where deer and pheasant drank.  
He saw the glittering streams; he heard  
The rustling bough and twittering bird.

And friends, the dead, in boy<sup>h</sup>ood dear,  
There lived and walked again;  
And there was one who many a year  
Within her grave had lain,  
A fair young girl, the hamlet's pride—  
His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding, as was her wont, she came  
Right toward his resting-place,  
And stretched her hand and called his name,  
With that sweet smiling face.  
Forward with fixed and eager eyes,  
The hunter leaned in act to rise:

Forward he leaned—and headlong down  
 Plunged from that craggy wall;  
 He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown,  
 An instant, in his fall—  
 A frightful instant, and no more;  
 The dream and life at once were o'er.

—*Bryant.*

### SCENE FROM THE "HEIR AT LAW."

George Coleman, dramatist and comic writer, b 1762, d. 1836. Originally designed for the law, he became a dramatist in his father's theatre, and was appointed by George IV. to the office of Lord-chamberlain's Examiner of Plays

#### CHARACTERS.

DOCTOR PANGLOSS, . . . a conceited Pedant.

DICK DOWLAS, .. ..... .. Son of a Tallow-chandler.

A WAITER.

SCENE—*Coffee Room at the Blue Boar Hotel.*

*Pan.* Never before did honour and affluence let fall such a shower on the head of Doctor Pangloss! Fortune, I thank thee! Propitious goddess, I am grateful! I, thy favoured child, who commenced his career in the loftiest apartment of a muffin-maker in Milk Alley! Little did I think—"good easy man!" Shakspeare.—Hem!—of the riches and literary dignities which now—

*Enter DICK DOWLAS.*

My pupil!

*Dick [entering].* Well, where is the man that wants—[*seeing Pangloss.*] Oh! you are he, I suppose.

*Pan.* I *am* the man, young gentleman. "Homo sum." Terence.—Hem! Sir, the person who now presumes to address you is Peter Pangloss; to whose name, in the college of Aberdeen, is subjoined LL.D., signifying Doctor of Laws; to which has been recently added the distinction of A double S—the Roman initials for a Fellow of the Society of Arts.

*Dick.* Sir, I am your most obedient, Richard Dowlas; to whose name, in his tailor's bill, is subjoined D.R., signifying Debtor; to which are added L.S.D.—the Roman initials for pounds, shillings, and pence.—But what are your commands with me, doctor!

*Pan.* I have the honour, young gentleman, of being deputed an ambassador to you from your father.

*Dick.* Then you have the honour to be ambassador of as good-

natured an old fellow as ever sold a ha'porth of cheese in a chandler's shop!

*Pan.* Pardon me, if, on the subject of your father's cheese, I advise you to be as mute as a mouse in one for the future. 'Twere better to keep that "*altâ mente repostum.*" Virgil.—Hem!

*Dick.* Why, what's the matter?—Any misfortune?—Broke, I fear.

*Pan.* No, not broke; but his name, as 'tis customary in these cases, has appear'd in the Gazette.

*Dick.* Not broke, but gazetted! Why, zounds!—

*Pan.* Check your passions—learn philosophy. When the wife of the great Socrates threw a tea pot at his erudite head, he was as cool as a cucumber. When Plato—

*Dick.* Hang Plato! What of my father?

*Pan.* Don't hang Plato! the bees swarmed round his mellifluous mouth as soon as he was swaddled! "*Cum in cunis apes in labellis consediscent.*" Cicero.—Hem!

*Dick.* I wish you had a swarm round yours, with all my heart. Come to the point.

*Pan.* In due time. But calm your choler. "*Ira furor brevis est.*" Horace.—Hem! [*produces a letter.*] Read this.

*Dick.* [*Snatches the letter, breaking it open, and reading.*] "Dear Dick,—This comes to inform you I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are the same." Ah, that's the old beginning. "It was my lot last week to be made—" Ay, a bankrupt, I suppose! "To be made a—" What? "To be made a—[*spelling*—p, e, a, r.]—A pear!—to be made a pear! Hang it! What does he mean by that?

*Pan.* A peer—a peer of the realm. His lordship's orthography is a little loose, but several of his equals countenance the custom—Lord Loggerhead always spells physician with an *Æ*.

*Dick.* A peer! what, my father? I'm electrified!—Old Daniel Dowlas made a peer! But let me see. [*Reading.*] "A peer of the realm—Lawyer Ferret got me my tittle—" titt—oh, title! "and an estate of fifteen thousand per ann., by making me out next of kin to old Lord Duberly, because he died without—without hair." 'Tis an odd reason, by the bye, to be next of kin to a nobleman because he died bald.

*Pan.* His lordship means heir—*heir* to his estate. We shall meliorate his style speedily. "Reform it altogether." Shakspeare.—Hem!

*Dick.* [*Reading.*] "I send my carrot—" Carrot!

*Pan.* [*Laughing.*] He, he, he! Chariot, his lordship means. "Chariot—a little coach." Johnson.—Hem?



*Dick.* "With Doctor Panglos in it."

*Pan.* That's me.

*Dick.* "Respect him, for he's an LL.D. and moreover an A double S." [*They bow.*]

*Pan.* His lordship kindly condescended to insert that at my request.

*Dick.* "And I have made him your tutorer, to mend your cake-logy."

*Pan.* Cacalogy—from *Kaxos*, "malus," and *Λογος*, "verbum." Vide Lexicon.—Hem!

*Dick.* "Come with the Doctor to my house in Hanover Square." Hanover Square! "I remain, your affectionate father to command.—DUBERLY"

*Pan.* That's his lordship's title.

*Dick.* It is?

*Pan.* It is.

*Dick.* Say *Sir* to a lord's son. You have no more manners than a bear.

*Pan.* Bear! Under favour, young gentleman, I am the bear-leader, being appointed your tutor.

*Dick.* And what can you teach me?

*Pan.* Prudence.

*Dick.* Prudence to a nobleman's son with fifteen thousand a year! Pooh! I have been in London before, and know it requires no teaching to be a modern fine gentleman. Why, it all lies in a nut-shell Sport a dogcart—walk Bond Street—play at billiards—dance reels—smoke—go to the opera—there's a buck of the first fashion in town for you. I'll drive you down to all the races, with my little terrier between your legs, in a tandem.

*Pan.* Doctor Pangloss, the philosopher, with a terrier between his legs, in a tandem!

*Dick.* I'll make you my long-stop at cricket—you shall draw corks—laugh at my jokes—squeeze lemons for punch—cast up the reckoning—and woe betide you if you don't keep sober enough to see me safe home after a jollification.

*Pan.* Make me a long-stop and a squeezer of lemons!

*Dick.* Come now, tutor, go you and call the waiter.

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## LULU'S COMPLAINT.

I'se a poor 'tittle sorrowful baby,  
 For Bidget is 'way down stairs;  
 My titten has scatched my fin'er,  
 And Dolly won't say her p'ayers.

I hain't seen my bootiful mamma  
 Since ever so long ado;  
 An' I ain't her tinninest baby  
 No londer, for Bidget says so.

Mamma's dot anoder *new baby*;  
 Dod dived it—He did—yes'erday;  
 And it kies, it kies—oh, so defful!  
 I wis' He would tate it away.

I don't want no "sweet 'tittle sister;"  
 I want my dood mamma, I do;  
 I want her to tiss me, and tiss me,  
 An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu.

I dess my dear papa will bin' me  
 A 'tittle dood titten some day;  
 Here's nurse wid my mamma's new baby;  
 I wis' she would tate it away.

Oh, oh! what tunnin' red fin'ers!  
 It sees me 'ite out of its eyes;  
 I dess we will teep it, and dive it  
 Some can'y whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my dolly  
 To play wid 'mos' every day;  
 And I dess, I dess— Say, Bidget,  
 Ask Dod not to tate it away.

## MRS. MALAPROP'S SOLILOQUY.

The little intricate hussy! I overheard her! "Mrs. Malaprop, says she, "shall treat me, when I call on her, with her select words so ingeniously misapplied without being mispronounced." There! an attack upon my language. What do you think of that? an aspersion on my parts of speech. Sure, if I reprehend anything in the world it is the use of my oracular tongue and a nice derangement of epitaphs; and all because I won't let her throw herself away upon a

beggarly ensign, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling. "Forget the fellow," I said to her; "illiterate him from your memory." "It is not so easy to forget," says she. "But I say," says I, "it is; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure," says I to my niece, "I'm sure I've as much forgot your poor dear uncle, as if he had never existed; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman." "Why," my dear friend Sir Anthony Absolute chimes in, "sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not." It all comes, he says, from reading novels. "Circulating libraries," says he, "are evergreen trees of diabolical knowledge." "Oh," says I, "sure, Sir Anthony, you speak laconically." "Then," he asks, "why in moderation, Mrs Malaprop, what would you have a woman know?" "Observe me, Sir Anthony," I replies "I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning. For instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or the Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning: nor will it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But she should have, I think, a supercilious knowledge of accounts, and as she grew up I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries. This," I says, "Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know, and I don't think there is a superstitious article about it. But as for my niece, there is nothing to be hoped from her; she's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile, and has no more feeling than a Derbyshire putrefaction. Now, Sir Anthony, you shall be our envoy. Lead the way and I'll precede."

—From "*The Rivals*," by Sheridan.

### BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

Will Carleton, author of this poem and its sequel, was born at Hudson, U S, 1845. He graduated at Hillsdale College, and has devoted his energies to literary and journalistic work. His ballads of domestic life have had a wide popularity.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;  
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out—  
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife  
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I guess it's hard to tell!  
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well!  
I have no other woman, she has no other man—  
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,  
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;  
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;  
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,  
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;  
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;  
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed  
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;  
We arg'd the thing at breakfast, we arg'd the thing at tea,  
And the more we arg'd the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;  
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—How?  
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;  
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;  
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.  
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;  
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;  
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up:  
And so that heaven we arg'd no nearer to us got,  
But it gave us a taste of something a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the s'f-same way;  
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;  
And down on us came the neighbours, a couple dozen strong,  
And lent their kindest service for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—  
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;  
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and  
fall,

If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,  
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;  
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;  
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—  
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half;  
For she has helped to earn it through many a weary day,  
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam;  
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home;  
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,  
That Betsey should never want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'able pay:  
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;  
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;  
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;  
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such!  
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;  
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,  
For me she mitted a lawyer, and several other chaps;  
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,  
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—  
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon;  
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—  
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,  
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;  
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,  
Excepting when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,  
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;  
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,  
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;  
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her;  
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,  
When she and I was happy before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,  
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;  
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer  
If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled here.

## HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer: how do you do to-day?  
You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay.  
Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V;  
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,  
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;  
And if my horses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,  
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was labourin' under a heavy load;  
No—for I was travellin' an entirely different road;  
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,  
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,  
When I ought to've held my temper, and driven straight ahead;  
And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,  
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,  
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and kind;  
And these things flashed all through me, as you know things some-  
time will  
When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track,  
And when I put my hand to the plough, I do not oft turn back;  
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two;"  
And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house, 'twas some'at in the night,  
And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light;  
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,  
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house, the table was set for me—  
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see;  
And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I could,  
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey, she pretended to look about the house,  
But she watched my side coat-pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;  
And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,  
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper, I drewed the agreement out,  
And gave it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas about;  
And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note  
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantle-shelf,  
And read the article over quite softly to herself;  
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,  
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she gave my arm a touch,  
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;  
But when she was through, she went for me, her face a-stréamin'  
with tears,  
And kiss'd me for the first time in over twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think, sir—I didn't come to inquire—  
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire;  
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;  
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash  
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;  
And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its worth  
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night,  
And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew light;  
And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men  
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,  
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;  
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,  
My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;  
 But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do;  
 When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,  
 And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a-talkin' in this style,  
 But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;  
 And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see  
 That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer · don't stop short of an X;  
 Make it more if you want to, for I have got the cheques.  
 I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,  
 For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

[It is not necessary in the delivery of the above piece to adopt the American nasal twang Doing so will be found to rather detract from than to increase the effect.]

## THE HONEYMOON.

John Tobin, dramatist, b. 1770, d. 1804.

### TWO CHARACTERS.

DUKE ARANZA, . . . . . disguised as a Peasant.

JULIANA, . . . . . his newly-made Wife

[The Duke Aranza marries the proud, overbearing Juliana, the daughter of a painter After marriage, in order to subdue her arrogance, he takes her to a mean hut, and pretends he is but a labouring peasant He acts with firmness, gentleness, and affection, and at the end of the month Juliana, being thoroughly reformed, is introduced to the palace, of which she finds her husband is the duke and she the duchess ]

SCENE—*A cottage. Enter DUKE ARANZA, leading in JULIANA.*

*Duke.* You are welcome home.

*Jul.* Home! you are merry; this retired spot  
 Would be a palace for an owl!

*Duke.* 'Tis ours.

*Jul.* Ay, for the time we stay in it.

*Duke.* By heaven,  
 This is the noble mansion that I spoke of!

*Jul.* This! You are not in earnest, though you bear it  
 With such a sober brow. Come, come, you jest.



*Duke.* Indeed, I jest not; were it ours in jest,  
We should have none, wife.

*Jul.* Are you serious, sir?

*Duke.* I swear, as I'm your husband, and no duke.

*Jul.* No duke!

*Duke.* But of my own creation, lady.

*Jul.* Am I betray'd? Nay, do not play the fool!  
It is too keen a joke.

*Duke.* You'll find it true.

*Jul.* You are no duke, then?

*Duke.* None.

*Jul.* Have I been cozen'd? [*Aside.*  
And have you no estate, sir?

No palaces, nor houses?

*Duke.* None but this:

A small, snug dwelling, and in good repair.

*Jul.* Nor money, nor effects?

*Duke.* None, that I know of.

*Jul.* And the attendants that have waited on us?

*Duke.* They were my friends, who, having done my business,  
Are gone about their own.

*Jul.* Why, then, 'tis clear. [*Aside.*  
That I was ever born! What are you, sir?

*Duke.* I am an honest man, that may content you:  
Young, nor ill-favour'd. Should not that content you?  
I am your husband, and that must content you.

*Jul.* I will go home! [*Going.*

*Duke.* You are at home already. [*Staying her.*

*Jul.* I'll not endure it! But remember this—  
Duke or no duke, I'll be a duchess, sir!

*Duke.* A duchess! you shall be queen, to all  
Who, of their courtesy, will call you so.

*Jul.* And I will have attendance.

*Duke.* So you shall,  
When you have learned to wait upon yourself.

*Jul.* To wait upon myself! Must I bear this?  
I could tear out my eyes, that bade you woo me,  
And bite my tongue in two for saying yes!

*Duke.* And if you should, 'twould grow again.  
I think, to be an honest yeoman's wife  
(For such, my would-be duchess, you will find me),  
You were cut out by nature.

*Jul.* You will find then  
That education, sir, has spoiled me for it.  
Why, do you think I'll work?

*Duke.* I think 'twill happen, wife.

*Jul.* What! rub and scrub  
Your noble palace clean?

*Duke.* Those taper fingers  
Will do it daintily.

*Jul.* And dress your victuals  
(If there be any)? Oh! I could go mad.

*Duke.* And mend my hose, and darn my nightcaps neatly;  
Wait, like an echo, till you're spoken to—

*Jul.* Or, like a clock, talk only once an hour?

*Duke.* Or like a dial, for that quietly  
Performs its work, and never speaks at all.

*Jul.* To feed your poultry and your hogs; oh, monstrous!  
And when I stir abroad, on great occasions,  
Carry a squeaking tithe pig to the vicar;  
Or jolt with higglers' wives the market trot,  
To sell your eggs and butter!

*Duke.* Excellent!  
How well you sum the duties of a wife!  
Why, what a blessing I shall have in you!

*Jul.* A blessing!

*Duke.* When they talk of you and me,  
Darby and Joan shall be no more remember'd;  
We shall be so happy?

*Jul.* Shall we?

*Duke.* Wondrous happy!  
Oh, you will make an admirable wife!

*Jul.* I'll make a demon!

*Duke.* What?

*Jul.* A very demon.

*Duke.* Oh, no; we'll have no demons.

*Jul.* I'll not bear it.  
I'll to my father's.

*Duke.* Gently; you forget  
You are a perfect stranger to the road.

*Jul.* My wrongs will find a way, or make one.

*Duke.* Softly!  
You stir not hence, except to take the air,  
And then I'll breathe it with you.

*Jul.* What, confine me?

*Duke.* 'Twould be unsafe to trust you yet abroad.

*Jul.* Am I a truant school-boy?

*Duke.* Nay, not so;

But you must keep your bounds.

*Jul.* And if I break them,

Perhaps you'll beat me.

*Duke.* Beat you!

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,

Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch

Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.

No, lady, I'll talk to you, I'll not beat you.

*Jul.* Well, if I may not travel to my father,

I may write to him surely! and I will—

If I can meet within your spacious dukedom

Three such unhop'd-for miracles at once

As pens, and ink, and paper.

*Duke.* You will find them

In the next room. A word before you go.

You are my wife, by ev'ry tie that's sacred;

The partner of my fortune

*Jul.* Your fortune?

*Duke.* Peace! no fooling, idle woman!

Beneath the attesting eye of Heav'n I've sworn

To love, to honour, cherish, and protect you.

No human pow'r can part us. What remains, then?

To fret, and worry, and torment each other,

And give a keener edge to our hard fate

By sharp upbraidings and perpetual jars?

Or, like a loving and a patient pair,

(Wak'd from a dream of grandeur, to depend

Upon their daily labour for support,)

To soothe the taste of fortune's lowliness

With sweet content and mutual fond endearment?

Now to your chamber: write whate'er you please;

But pause before you stain the spotless paper

With words that may inflame, but cannot heal!

*Jul.* Why, what a patient worm you take me for!

*Duke.* I took you for a wife, and ere I've done

I'll know you for a good one.

*Jul.* You shall know me

For a right woman, full of her own sex,

Who, when she suffers wrong, will speak her anger;  
 Who feels her own prerogative, and scorns,  
 By the proud reason of superior man,  
 To be taught patience when her swelling heart  
 Cries out revenge!

[*Exit.*

*Duke.* Why, let the flood rage on!  
 There is no tide in woman's wildest passion  
 But hath an ebb. I've broke the ice, however  
 Write to her father! She may write a folio—  
 But if she send it!  
 Though I have heard some husbands say, and wisely,  
 A woman's honour is her safest guard,  
 Yet there's some virtue in a lock and key. [*Locks the door*  
 So this begins our honeymoon. 'Tis well.  
 For the first fortnight, ruder than March winds,  
 She'll blow a hurricane The next, perhaps,  
 Like April, she may wear a changeful face  
 Of storm and sunshine: and, when that is past,  
 She will break glorious as unclouded May.

## THE OUTCAST.

*Magistrate* (curtly) How do you live?

*Prisoner* (sadly) I do not live, my lord, I only linger!

Why do they hunt me so from street to street?  
 I'm but a weary God-forsaken creature!  
 In all my wanderings no friend I meet,  
 I find no love in any human feature.  
 What can your rich world care for such as I,  
 Seared to the heart by scorn's accusing finger?  
 A weary outcast only wants to die—  
 I do not live, my lord, I only linger!

There was a time when all I touch'd turn'd gold,  
 Then friends flock'd merrily to taste my bounty;  
 I never turned a dog into the cold,  
 Or let the poor go starving to the county;  
 Still I was robb'd of all I love. but how?  
 Ask Death, of all my ills the evil-bringer  
 All are gone from me! All are gone! and now  
 I do not live, my lord, I only linger.

Will the dark never come to one whose feet  
Are bruised with stones cast on a road of tears?  
When will the daylight fade and let me greet  
Friends whom I loved in dear remembered years?  
Why am I tortured in this lovely world  
Where I must ask, and they will never give?  
In distant harbour where rent sails are furled,  
There let me linger, Lord, that I may live!—*C. Scott.*

### “ROCK OF AGES.”

“Rock of Ages cleft for me,”  
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,  
Fell the words unconsciously  
From her girlish gleeful tongue,  
Sang as little children sing,  
Sang as do the birds in June,  
Fell the words like light leaves down  
On the current of the tune.  
“Rock of ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.”  
“Let me hide myself in Thee”—  
Felt her soul no need to hide;  
Sweet the song as song could be,  
And she had no thought beside;  
All the words unheedingly  
Fell from lips untouched by care,  
Dreaming not that each might be  
On some other lips a prayer.  
“Rock of Ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.”  
“Rock of Ages cleft for me”—  
’Twas a woman sang them now,  
Pleadingly and prayerfully,  
Every word her heart did know;  
Rose the song, as storm-tossed bird  
Beats with weary wing the air,  
Every note by sorrow stirred,  
Every syllable a prayer.  
“Rock of Ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,"  
 Lips grown aged sung the hymn  
 Trustingly and tenderly,  
 Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim;  
 "Let me hide myself in Thee,"  
 Trembling tho' the voice and low,  
 Ran the sweet strain peacefully,  
 Like a river in its flow;  
 Sung as only they can sing  
 Who life's thorny paths have pressed,  
 Sung as only they can sing  
 Who behold the promised rest.  
 "Rock of Ages cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee."  
 "Rock of Ages cleft for me,"  
 Sung above a coffin lid,  
 Underneath all restfully,  
 All life's joys and sorrows hid.  
 Never more, oh! storm-tossed soul,  
 Never more from wind and tide,  
 Never more from billows' roll,  
 Wilt thou need thyself to hide;  
 Could those sightless sunken eyes,  
 Closed beneath the soft gray hair,  
 Could those mute and stiffened lips  
 Move again in pleading prayer,  
 Still, aye still the words would be,  
 "Let me hide myself in Thee."—*Anon.*

## SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Oliver Goldsmith, poet, novelist, and essayist, b. 1728, d. 1774. "No writer in the English language has ever surpassed or even equalled him in witching simplicity, gentle ease of movement, and good taste."

## THREE CHARACTERS.

YOUNG MARLOW,.....a Timid Bachelor.  
 MR HASTINGS, .....his Friend.  
 MISS HARDCASTLE,.....a Fashionable Country Lady.

SCENE—*Mr. Hardcastle's House.*

*Hast.* Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons together, who only want to know, to esteem each other.

*Miss H.* [*Aside.*] Now, for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir—I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

*Mar.* Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents; but should be sorry, madam—or rather glad—of any accidents that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

*Miss H.* I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company, can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

*Mar.* I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

*Miss H.* An observer like you, upon life, were I fear disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

*Mar.* Pardon me, madam: I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of my mirth than uneasiness.

*Hast.* [*Aside to Mar.*] Bravo, bravo! never spoke so well in your whole life. Well! Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

*Mar.* Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. [*Aside to Hastings.*] Zounds! George, sure you won't go! How can you leave us?

*Hast.* Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room.

*Mar.* [*after a pause.*] What on earth shall I do?—will you please to be seated, madam? [*Gets a chair and sits down, recollects himself and rises in confusion, places a chair for her, then sits,—another pause.*] I say, ma'am.

*Miss H.* Sir!

*Mar.* Ma'am! [*pause.*] I am afraid, ma'am—I am—not so—happy—as to—as to——

*Miss H.* As to what, sir?

*Mar.* As to—make myself—that is make myself—agreeable—to the ladies.

*Miss H.* I hope, sir, they have employed some part of your addresses. [*Draws her chair towards him*]

*Mar.* [*Relapsing into timidity.*] Pardon me, madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

*Miss H.* And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

*Mar.* Perhaps so, madam; but I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex. But, I'm afraid, I grow tiresome.

*Miss H.* Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it for ever—indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

*Mar.* It's a—disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes, there must be some, who wanting a relish—for—um—a—um—

*Miss H.* I understand you, sir. There must be some, who wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

*Mar.* My meaning, madam—but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing, that in this age of hypocrisy—a—

*Miss H.* [*Aside.*] Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions! You were going to observe, sir—

*Mar.* I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

*Miss H.* [*Aside.*] I vow, and so do I. You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy—something about hypocrisy, sir.

*Mar.* Yes, madam; in this age of hypocrisy there are few, who upon strict enquiry, do not—a—a—

*Miss H.* I understand you perfectly, sir.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] Indeed, then, and that's more than I do myself.

*Miss H.* You mean that, in this hypocritical age, there are few that do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

*Mar.* But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

*Miss H.* I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

*Mar.* Yes, madam. I was—but she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you?

*Miss H.* Well, then, I'll follow.

*Miss H.* Ha, ha, ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce look'd me in my face the whole time. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—that, faith, is a question I can scarcely answer.



## TRUE ROSALIND.

There once was a huntsman full bold and true  
Who knew where the fairest of roses grew,  
And he loved her better than goods or gold,  
For he felt that his heart would never grow old  
If he but True Ros'lind saw.

When the earth was dewy at eventide,  
The huntsman rode to his rosy bride,  
And ever was heard as he galloped along  
The blast of his horn, and the note of his song  
Till he True Ros'lind saw.

“True Ros'lind! True Ros'lind!—Hear'st thou my lay,  
Where only thy name is repeated alway,  
To-morrow is over the bridal year,  
True Ros'lind full soon to True Altar I bear,”  
Quoth then, True Ros'lind, “Yea.”

Then lightly he sprang from his saddle I wist,  
And sat by the maiden and jested and kissed,  
And tarried him e'en to the still midnight  
In the sweet pure glory of love's delight,  
True Ros'lind's heart beat high.

The stars grow pale in the morning gray,  
The huntsman rides from his love away,  
And gaily he hunts through woodland and glade,  
And follows a stag by the spoor he has made—  
A nobler he never saw.

To bay on the crest of a beetling crag,  
See!—spring o'er its edge the frightened stag,  
And after him into the yawning deep  
The foaming steed with his rider leap.  
No eye him ever saw.

Again the even her dew-tear weeps,  
Her watch for her lover True Ros'lind keeps,  
And tarries and waits for the sound of his song  
And the blast of his horn as he gallops along.  
His coming she never saw.

The sunset hours on to midnight sped,  
 True Ros'lind lies sad on her sleepless bed,  
 And red are her eyes with many a tear—  
 Why keep'st thou me waiting in anguish and fear,  
 Dear sweetheart, and art not yet come?"

Then hears she the sound of a ghostly horn,  
 And a whisper weird through the casement borne.  
 "Come, dearest. To me thou hast plighted thy troth,  
 The bridal home is prepared for us *both*,  
 Thy bridegroom is long since there."

Then feels she a shudder so iron and cold,  
 And a ghostly embrace her form enfold,  
 And a secret thrill through each throbbing vein,  
 As of wedding-joy and deathly pain,  
 And trembling she whispers "Yea."

Then stops the blood in the beating breast,  
 Then breaks the heart so sore distressed,  
 And the huntsman is off with his rosy bride.  
 On high she stands by the bridegroom's side,  
 True Ros'lind's wedding is there.

—*From the German of Korner by James Muirhead.*

### A MODERN SERMON.

The following exhibits a form of construction not unusually adopted in sermons:—

"Brethren, the words of my text are:

"'Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard  
 To get her poor dog a bone;  
 But when she got there the cupboard was bare,  
 And so the poor dog had none.'

"These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyse their meaning, and to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our everyday life.

"'Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard  
 To get her poor dog a bone.'

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow—a friendless, old,

solitary widow. Yet, did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! *she went to the cupboard.* And here observe that *she went* to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely *went* to the cupboard.

"We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see that she was poor. For, mark, the words are '*the* cupboard.' Not 'one of the cupboards,' or the 'right-hand cupboard,' or the 'left-hand cupboard,' or the one above or the one below, or the one under the floor; but just *the* cupboard—the one humble little cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering, precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? *It was to get her poor dog a bone!* Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard—in hope, in expectation, may be—to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar—to open it for that poor dog.

"'But when she got there the cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog had none.'

"'When she got there.' You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. *She got there.* There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told *she got there.*

"And how was her noble effort rewarded?

"'The cupboard was bare.' It was bare! There were to be found neither oranges, nor cheese-cakes, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer-matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one—the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious load-star of the poor dog—was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an 'ice' from Gatti's, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head, bare as an infant born without a caul.

"Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, 'The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog-biscuit.' Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless

worldlings would despise, in that she owned only one cupboard, perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her, without deviation, to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She said nothing. ‘The poor dog had none!’ And then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough?

“Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard, the poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard-door; depict to ourselves the dog still dropping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone still remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all. And, O dear friends! keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do, if Fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curveting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be—let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us in the beautiful words of our text—‘And so the poor dog had none.’”—*Anon.*

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## SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

## TWO CHARACTERS.

SIR PETER .. . . . LADY TEAZLE.

SCENE—*Sir Peter's House.*

*Sir P.* When an old bachelor marries a young wife what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tiffed a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race-ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours, yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

*Lady T.* Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will, too.

*Sir P.* Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

*Lady T.* Authority! no, to be sure;—if you wanted authority over me you should have adopted me, and not married me. I am sure you were old enough.

*Sir P.* Old enough!—ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

*Lady T.* My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a fête champêtre at Christmas. But you forget what your situation was when I married you.

*Lady T.* No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you. O, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and—comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog!

*Sir P.* I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—vis-à-vis—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and in the summer a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse.

*Lady T.* No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

*Sir P.* You did! He was blind of one eye, and his name was Dobbins. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

*Lady T.* Well, then,—and there is but one thing more you can make me, to add to the obligation, and that is——

*Sir P.* My widow, I suppose?

*Lady T.* Hem! hem!

*Sir P.* I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill-conduct may disturb my peace, it shall never break my heart, I promise you. However, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

*Lady T.* Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

*Sir P.* 'Sife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

*Lady T.* Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

*Sir P.* The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

*Lady T.* For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

*Sir P.* Ay—there again—taste. Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

*Lady T.* That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter;—and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

*Sir P.* Two hundred pounds! What, ain't I to be in a good-humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and I'll faith there's nothing I could refuse you; you shall no longer reproach me

with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you. But shall we always live thus, hey?

*Lady T.* If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

*Sir P.* Well—then let our future contest be who shall be most obliging.

*Lady T.* I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you—you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive to me then—

*Lady T.* Ay, so I was, and would always take your part when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

*Sir P.* Indeed!

*Lady T.* Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, "I didn't think you so ugly by any means, and I dare say you'd make a very good sort of a husband."

*Sir P.* And you prophesied right, and we shall now be the happiest couple——

*Lady T.* And never differ again?

*Sir P.* No, never, never, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

*Lady T.* I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed you always gave the provocation.

*Sir P.* Now see, my angel!—take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

*Lady T.* Then don't you begin it, my love!

*Sir P.* There now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

*Lady T.* Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear——

*Sir P.* There! now you want to quarrel again.

*Lady T.* No, I am sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish——

*Sir P.* There now! who begins first?

*Lady T.* Why you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

*Lady T.* Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

*Sir P.* Your cousin Sophy is a forward impertinent gipsy.

*Lady T.* You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

*Sir P.* Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

*Lady T.* So much the better.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam; 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighbourhood.

*Lady T.* And I'm sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any who would *have* him.

*Sir P.* Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me—you never had such an offer before.

*Lady T.* No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

*Sir P.* Oh! oh! oh! I have done with you, madam!—*Sheridan.*

## COPPERFIELD'S COURTSHIP.

[By kind permission of Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL.]

On the day I was articled, Mr. Spenlow remarked that he should have been happy to have seen me at his house at Norwood, to celebrate our becoming connected, but for his domestic arrangements being in some disorder, on account of the expected return of his daughter from finishing her education in Paris. In a week or two he referred to this, and said, that if I would do him the favour to come down on Saturday and stay till Monday, he would be extremely happy. Of course I said I would do him the favour, and he was to drive me down in his phaeton, and bring me back.

We went into the house, which was cheerfully lighted up, and into a hall where there were all sorts of hats, caps, greatcoats, plaids, gloves, whips, and walking-sticks. "Where is Miss Dora?" said Mr Spenlow. "Dora!" I thought. "What a beautiful name!"

We turned into a room near at hand, and I heard a voice say, "Mr. Copperfield, my daughter Dora." It was no doubt Mr. Spenlow's voice, but I didn't know it, and I didn't care whose it was. All was over in a moment. I had fulfilled my destiny: I was a captive and a slave. I loved Dora Spenlow to distraction.



When I awoke next morning I thought I would go and take a stroll in the garden, and indulge my passion by dwelling on her image. I had not been walking long when I turned a corner, and—met—HER.

"You—are—out early, Miss Spenlow."

"It's so stupid at home on a Sunday morning when I don't practise. I must do something. Besides it's the brightest time of the whole day. Don't you think so?"

I hazarded a bold flight, and said that it was very bright to me then, though it had been very dark a minute before.

"Do you mean a compliment? or that the weather has changed?"

I stammered worse than before, in replying that I meant no compliment, but the plain truth; I was not aware of any change having taken place in the weather. It was in the state of my own feelings

"You have just come home from Paris?" said I.

"Yes," said she. "Have you ever been there?"

"No!"

"Oh! I hope you'll go soon! You would like it so much!"

Traces of deep-seated anguish appeared in my countenance. That she should hope I would go, that she could think it possible I could, was insupportable. I depreciated Paris, I depreciated France. I said I wouldn't leave England under existing circumstances for any earthly consideration. She was shaking the curls again, when the little dog came running along the ground to our relief. He was mortally jealous of me, and persisted in barking at me. She took him up in her arms and—oh, my gracious!—caressed him. If it had lasted any longer I think I should have gone down on my knees on the gravel walk. How many cups of tea I drank because she made it I don't know. But I perfectly remember that I sat swallowing tea until my whole nervous system (if I had any in those days) must have gone by the board. By and by we went to church. I heard Dora sing, and the congregation vanished. A sermon was delivered—of course, about Dora—and I am afraid that is all I know of the service. We had a quiet day. No company, a walk, a family dinner of four, and an evening of looking over books and pictures. Ah! little did Mr. Spenlow imagine, when he sat opposite to me after dinner that day with his pocket-handkerchief over his head, how fervently I was embracing him in fancy as his son-in-law. Little did he think, when I took leave of him at night, that (in the same fancy) he had just given his consent to my being engaged to Dora, and that I was invoking blessings on his head! It came to pass that Mr. Spenlow told me this day week was Dora's birthday,

and that he would be glad if I would come down and join a little picnic on the occasion. At six in the morning I was at Covent Garden Market buying a bouquet for Dora; at ten I was on horseback. I hired a gallant gray for the occasion—with the bouquet in my hat to keep it fresh—trotting down to Norwood.

There was a young lady with her, one comparatively stricken in years—almost twenty I should say. Her name was Miss Mills, Dora called her Julia. She was the bosom friend of Dora! Happy Miss Mills! My jealousy of the ladies knew no bounds. But all of my own sex, especially one impostor with a Red Whisker, were my mortal foes.

We unpacked our baskets, and employed ourselves in getting dinner ready. Red Whisker pretended he could make a salad. Some of the young ladies washed the lettuces for him, and sliced them under his directions. Dora was one of these. I felt that fate had pitted me against this man, and one of us must fall. Red Whisker made his salad (I wondered how they could eat it; nothing should have induced *me* to touch it). By and by I saw him, with the majority of a lobster on his plate, eating his dinner at the feet of Dora. I attached myself to a young creature in pink, with little eyes, and flirted with her desperately. I caught Dora's eye, and I thought it looked appealing; but it looked at me over the head of Red Whisker, and I was adamant. Whilst the remnants of the dinner were being put away, I strolled by myself among the trees in a raging and remorseless state. I was debating whether I should pretend I was not well and fly—I don't know where—upon my gallant gray, when Dora and Miss Mills met me.

"Mr. Copperfield," said Miss Mills, "you are dull."

I begged her pardon, "Not at all."

"And Dora *you* are dull!"

"Oh, dear no! Not in the least."

"Mr. Copperfield and Dora. Do not allow a trivial misunderstanding to wither the blossoms of spring, which once put forth and blighted, can never be renewed. I speak from the past—the irrevocable past. The oasis in the desert of Sahara must not be plucked up idly."

I hardly knew what I did, I was burning all over to that extraordinary extent; but I took Dora's little hand and kissed it—and she let me. I kissed Miss Mill's hand, and we all seemed to go straight up to the seventh heaven, and we did not come down again. We stayed there all the evening. "Dora is coming to stay with me," said Miss Mills; "she is coming home with me to-

morrow. If you would call I am sure papa would be happy to see you." What could I do but invoke a silent blessing on Miss Mills' head! and store Miss Mills' address in the securest corner of my memory!

When I awoke next morning, I was resolute to declare my passion to Dora, and know my fate. Happiness or misery was now the question. Arrayed at a vast expense, I went to Miss Mills', fraught with a declaration. Mr. Mills was *not* at home. I did not expect he would be: nobody wanted *him*. Miss Mills *was* at home, Miss Mills would do. I was shown into a room upstairs where Miss Mills and Dora were. Jip was there. Miss Mills was copying music—a new song, *Affection's Dirge*. Dora was painting flowers. What were my feelings when I recognized my own flowers;—the identical Covent Garden purchase. I can't say that they were very like, or that they resembled any flowers that have ever come under my observation; but I knew from the paper round them, which was very accurately copied, what the composition was. Miss Mills was very glad to see me, and very sorry that papa was not at home: but I thought we all bore that with uncommon fortitude. Miss Mills, laying down her pen, got up and left the room. I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"I hope your poor horse wasn't tired when he got home at night! It was a long way for him!"

I began to think that I would do it to-day.

"It was a long way for him," said I, "for he had nothing to uphold him on the journey."

"Wasn't he fed, poor thing?" asked Dora.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"Ye—yes," said I, "he was well taken care of—I mean—that he hadn't the unutterable happiness of being so near you."

"You didn't seem sensible of that happiness yourself at one time of the day."

I saw I was in for it, and it must be done on the spot.

"You didn't care for that happiness in the least, when you were sitting by Miss Kitt." (Kitt was the name of the creature in pink, with the little eyes.) "Though certainly I don't know *why* you should, or why you shouldn't, call it a happiness at all. But of course you don't mean what you say. Jip, you naughty boy, come here!"

I don't know *how* I did it. I intercepted Jip. I had Dora in my arms. I was full of eloquence. I never stopped for a word. I told her how I loved her. I told her I should *die* without her. I told

her that I idolized and worshipped her. Jip barked madly all the time. Dora hung her head and trembled, my eloquence increased the more. If she would like me to die for her she had but to say the word, and I was ready. Life without Dora's love was not a thing to have on any terms. I couldn't bear it, and I wouldn't. I had loved her every minute, day and night, since I first saw her. I loved her at that minute to distraction. I should always love her every minute to distraction. Lovers had loved before, lovers would love again; but no lover had ever loved, might, could, would, or should ever love as I loved Dora. The more I raved, the more Jip barked. So Dora and I were engaged.—*Dickens.*

## SCENE FROM "THE HUNCHBACK."

James Sheridan Knowles, dramatist, actor, and clergyman, b 1784, d. 1862

[Master Walter is the Hunchback. Assuming the character of guardian to Julia, of whom he is really the father, he brings her up in the country. She becomes the plighted wife of Sir Thomas Clifford, who is ruined, and she for a time abandons him, and is espoused to the Earl of Rochdale. but the latent love she bears to Clifford revives, and on the eve of her marriage she refuses to wed. By the timely intervention of Master Walter, who announces her parentage, she marries Clifford.]

LORD TINSEL, .. . . . a Foppish Nobleman.

EARL OF ROCSDALE . . . formerly a Lawyer's Clerk.

WILLIAMS, ... . . servant to the Earl of Rochdale.

SCENE—*The Earl of Rochdale's Apartment. Enter LORD TINSEL and the EARL OF ROCSDALE.*

*Tin.* Refuse a lord! A saucy lady this.  
I scarce can credit it.

*Roc.* She'll change her mind.  
My agent, Master Walter, is her guardian.

*Tin.* How can you keep that Hunchback in his office?  
He mocks you.

*Roc.* He is useful. Never heed him.  
My offer now do I present through him.  
He has the title-deeds of my estates,  
She'll listen to their wooing. I must have her.  
Not that I love her, but all allow  
She's fairest of the fair.

*Tin.* Distinguish'd well:  
'Twere most unseemly for a lord to love!—  
Leave that to commoners. 'Tis vulgar—she's  
Betroth'd, you tell me, to Sir Thomas Clifford.

*Roc.* Yes.

*Tin.* That a commoner should thwart a lord !  
Yet not a commoner. A Baronet  
Is fish and flesh. Nine parts plebeian, and  
Patrician in the tenth. Sir Thomas Clifford !  
A man, they say, of brains. I abhor brains  
As I do tools ; They're things mechanical.  
So far are we above our forefathers :—  
They to their brains did owe their titles, as  
Do lawyers, doctors. We to nothing owe them,  
Which makes us far the nobler.

*Roc.* Is it so ?

*Tin.* Believe me ; you shall profit by my training ;  
You grow a Lord apace. I saw you meet  
A bevy of your former friends, who fain  
Had shaken hands with you. You gave them fingers !  
You're now another man. Your house is changed,—  
Your table changed—your retinue—your horse—  
Where once you rode a hack, you now back blood ;—  
Befits it then you also change your friends !

*Enter WILLIAMS.*

*Wil.* A gentleman would see your lordship.

*Tin.* Sir !

What's that ?

*Wil.* A gentleman would see his lordship.

*Tin.* How know you, sir, his lordship is at home ?

Is he at home because he goes not out ?

He's not at home, though there you see him, sir,

Unless he certifies that he's at home !

Bring up the name of the gentleman, and then

Your lord will know if he's at home, or not. [*Exit Williams.*]

Your man was porter to some merchant's door,

Who never taught him better breeding

Than to speak the vulgar truth !

*Re-enter WILLIAMS.*

Well, sir !

*Wil.* His name,

So please your lordship, Markham—

*Tin.* Do you know

The thing ?

*Roc.* Right well ! I'faith a hearty fellow,  
Son to a worthy tradesman, who would do

Great things with little means ; so enter'd him  
In the Temple. A good fellow on my life,  
Nought smacking of his stock !

*Tin.* You've said enough !

His lordship's not at home. [*Exit Williams.*] We do not go  
By hearts, but orders ! Had he family—  
Blood—though it only were a drop—his heart  
Would pass for something ; lacking such desert,  
Were it ten times the heart it is, 'tis nought !

*Re-enter WILLIAMS.*

*Wil.* One Master Jones has asked to see your lordship.

*Tin.* And what was your reply to Master Jones ?

*Wil.* I knew not if his lordship was at home.

*Tin.* You'll do. [*To Rochdale.*] Who's Master Jones ?

*Roc.* A curate's son.

*Tin.* A curate's ? Better be a yeoman's son !

Was it the rector's son, he might be known,  
Because the rector is a rising man,  
And may become a bishop.

How made you his acquaintance, pray ?

*Roc.* We read

Latin and Greek together.

*Tin.* Dropping them—

As, now that you're a lord, of course you've done—  
Drop him.—You'll say his lordship's not at home.

*Wil.* So please your lordship, I forgot to say,  
One Richard Cricket likewise is below.

*Tin.* Who ? Richard Cricket ! You must see him, Rochdale !  
A noble little fellow ! A great man, sir !  
Not knowing whom, you would be nobody !  
I won five thousand pounds by him !

*Roc.* Who is he ?

I never heard of him.

*Tin.* What ! never heard

Of Richard Cricket ! never heard of him !  
Why, he's the jockey of Newmarket ; you  
May win a cup by him, or else a sweepstakes.  
I bade him call upon you. You must see him.  
His lordship is at home to Richard Cricket.

*Roc.* Bid him wait in the ante-room.

[*Exit Williams.*]

*Tin.* The ante-room !

The best room in your house! You do not know  
The use of Richard Cricket! Show him, sir,  
Into the drawing-room. Your lordship needs  
Must keep a racing stud, and you'll do well  
To make a friend of Richard Cricket.

### THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a Coral Grove,  
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,  
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,  
That never are wet with falling dew,  
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,  
Far down in the green and glassy brine.  
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,  
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;  
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow;  
The water is calm and still below,  
For the winds and waves are absent there,  
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow  
In the motionless fields of upper air;  
There with its waving blade of green,  
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,  
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen  
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter;  
There with a light and easy motion,  
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;  
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:  
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,  
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms  
Has made the top of the wave his own:  
And when the ship from his fury flies,  
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,  
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,  
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;  
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,  
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,  
Where the waters murmur tranquilly  
Through the bending twigs of the Coral Grove.  
—James Percival.

## THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Dick Strype was a dear friend and lover of the pipe. He used to say one pipe of Wishart's best gave life a zest. To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physic, to see the friendly vapour curl round his midnight taper, and the black fume clothe all the room in clouds as dark as science metaphysic. So still he smoked, and drank, and crack'd his joke; and, had he single tarried, he might have smoked, and still grown old in smoke: but Richard married. His wife was one who carried the cleanly virtues almost to a vice, she was so nice: and thrice a week, above, below, the house was scoured from top to toe, and all the floors were rubbed so bright, you dared not walk upright for fear of sliding; but that she took a pride in. Of all things else Rebecca Strype could least endure a pipe. She railed upon the filthy herb tobacco, protested that the noisome vapour had spoil'd the best chintz curtains and the paper, and cost her many a pound in stucco: and then she quoted our King James, who saith, "Tobacco is the devil's breath." When wives will govern, husbands must obey for many a day Dick mourned and missed his favourite tobacco, and often grumbled sadly at Rebecca. At length the day approached his wife must die. Imagine now the doleful cry of female friends, old aunts, and cousins, who to the funeral came by dozens. The undertaker's men and mutes stood at the gate in sable suits, with doleful looks, just like so many melancholy rooks. Now cakes and wine are handed round;—but Dick is missing—nowhere to be found. Above, below, about—they search'd the house throughout, each hole and secret entry, from garret to the pantry, in every corner, cupboard, nook, and shelf—and some were fearing he had hanged himself. At last they found him—reader, guess you where, 'twill make you stare—perched on Rebecca's coffin, at his rest, smoking a pipe of Wishart's best.—*Charles Westmacott.*

## GRACE DARLING.

William Wordsworth, eminent poet, b 1770, d. 1850. He was the principal master of what is called the Lake School of Poetry, and his poetry, characterized by purity, simplicity, and earnestness, has exercised a wide and wholesome influence on modern literature. Chief poems: *The Excursion* and *The White Doe of Rylstone*. In 1843 he succeeded Southey as poet-laureate.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,  
When, as day broke, the Maid, through misty air,  
Espies far off a Wreck, amid the surf,  
(181)



Beating on one of those disastrous isles—  
Half of a Vessel, half—no more; the rest  
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there  
Had for the common safety striven in vain,  
Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance  
Daughter and Sire through optic-glass discern,  
Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,  
Creatures—how precious in the Maiden's sight!  
For whom, belike, the old Man grieves still more  
Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed  
Where every parting agony is hushed,  
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.  
“But courage, Father! let us out to sea—  
A few may yet be saved.” The Daughter's words,  
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,  
Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do they lack  
The noble-minded Mother's helping hand  
To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered,  
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer  
Together they put forth, Father and Child!  
Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go—  
Rivals in effort; and, alike intent  
Here to elude and there surmount, they watch  
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed  
And shattered, and re-gathering their might;  
As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will  
Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged,  
That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—  
May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,  
They stem the current of that perilous gorge,  
Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart,  
Though danger, as the Wreck is near'd, becomes  
More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;  
And rapture, with varieties of fear  
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames  
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,  
Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed  
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives  
That of the pair—tossed on the waves to bring  
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—

One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,  
 Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,  
 A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,  
 In woman's shape. But why prolong the tale,  
 Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts  
 Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced  
 And difficulty mastered, with resolve  
 That no one breathing should be left to perish,  
 This last remainder of the crew are all  
 Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep  
 Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,  
 And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged  
 Within the sheltering Lighthouse.

## THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

William Shakspeare, the greatest of poets and dramatists, b 1564, d. 1616. "Whatever other learning he wanted, he was master of two books unknown to many profound writers—the book of nature and that of man" "The striking peculiarities of Shakspeare's mind (says Hazlitt) was its generic quality, it contained a universe of thought and feeling within itself." The following is adapted from "As You Like It."

## TWO SCENES, THREE CHARACTERS.

ORLANDO, } .....Sons to Sir Rowland de Bois.  
 OLIVER, }  
 ADAM, .....an old Servant

SCENE I.—*An Orchard. Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—he bequeathed me by will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part he keeps me rustically at home; or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [*Adam retires.*]

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Now, sir! what make you here?

*Orl.* Nothing. I am not taught to make anything.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orl.* O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

*Oli.* What, boy!

[*Seizing him by the throat.*

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

[*They struggle.*

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain. I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois. He was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so. Thou hast railed on thyself.

*Adam* [*coming forward*]. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please. [*Releases Oliver.*] You shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me a good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding me from all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament. With that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do—beg?—when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no farther offend you than becomes me for my good.

SCENE II.—*Outside Oliver's House. Enter ADAM meeting ORLANDO.*

*Adam.* O unhappy youth,  
Come not within these doors; within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives.  
Your brother this night means  
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
And you within it; if he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off.  
I overheard him, and his practices.  
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here

*Orl.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?  
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce  
A thievish living on the common road?  
This I must do, or know not what to do:  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.  
I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,  
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse,  
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
And unregarded age in corners thrown.  
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;  
All this I give you. Let me be your servant;  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man; how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion;  
And having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having: 'tis not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.  
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—  
From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
But at fourscore it is too late a week:  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.. [Exeunt.

### MISS NOMERS.

Miss Brown is exceedingly fair, Miss White is as red as a berry—Miss Black has a grey head of hair, Miss Graves is a flirt, ever merry. Miss Lightbody weighs sixteen stone, Miss Rich scarce can muster a guinea—Miss Hare wears a wig, and has none, Miss Solomon is a sad ninny. Miss Mildmay's a terrible scold, Miss Dove's ever cross and contrary—Miss Young is now grown very old, and Miss Heavyside's light as a fairy! Miss Short is at least five feet ten, Miss Noble's of humble extraction—Miss Love has a hatred towards men, while Miss Still is for ever in action. Miss Green is a regular *blue*, Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily—Miss Violet never shrinks from our view, and Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly. Miss Goodchild's a gloomy young elf, Miss Lion's, from terror, a fool—Miss Mee's not at all like myself, Miss Carpenter no one can rule. Miss Sadler ne'er mounted a horse, while Miss Groom from the stable will run. Miss Killmore can't look on a corse, and Miss Aimwell ne'er levelled a gun. Miss Greathead has no brain at all, Miss Heartwell is ever complaining—Miss Dance has ne'er been at a ball, over hearts Miss Fairweather likes reigning. Miss Wright she is constantly wrong, Miss Tickle, alas! is not funny; Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song, and, alas! poor Miss Cash has no money. Miss Hatemen would give all she's worth to purchase a man to her liking; Miss Merry is

shock'd at all mirth—Miss Boxer the men don't mind striking. Miss Bliss does with sorrow o'erflow, Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb; Miss Joy still anticipates woe, and Miss Charity's "never at home." Miss Hamlet resides in a city, the nerves of Miss Steadfast are shaken; Miss Prettyman's beau is not pretty, Miss Faithful her love has forsaken. Miss Porter despises all froth, Miss Scales they'll make weight, I'm thinking; Miss Meekly is apt to be wroth, Miss Lofly to meanness is sinking. Miss Seemore's as blind as a bat, Miss Last at a party is first—Miss Brindle dislikes a striped cat, and Miss Waters has always a thirst! Miss Knight is now changed into Day—Miss Day wants to marry a Knight; Miss Prudence has just run away, and Miss Steady assisted her flight. But success to the fair, one and all—no misapprehensions be making; though wrong the dear sex to miss-call, there's no harm, I should hope, in miss-taking!—Anon.

## JASPAR.

Jaspar was poor, and vice and want had made his heart like stone, and Jaspar look'd with envious eyes on riches not his own. On plunder bent abroad he went towards the close of day, and loitered on the lonely road impatient for his prey. No traveller came, he loiter'd long and often look'd around, and paused and listen'd eagerly to catch some coming sound. He sat him down beside the stream that cross'd the lonely way, so fair a scene might well have charm'd all evil thoughts away. he sat beneath a willow-tree that cast a trembling shade, the gentle river full in front a little island made. Where pleasantly the moon-beam shone upon the poplar-trees, whose shadow on the stream below play'd slowly to the breeze. He listen'd—and he heard the wind that waved the willow-tree; he heard the waters flow along, and murmur quietly. He listen'd for the traveller's tread, the nightingale sung sweet,—he started up, for now he heard the sound of coming feet; he started up and graspt a stake, and waited for his prey; there came a lonely traveller, and Jaspar crost his way. But Jaspar's threats and curses fail'd the traveller to appal, he would not lightly yield the purse that held his little all. Awhile he struggled, but he strove with Jaspar's strength in vain; beneath his blows he fell and groaned, and never spoke again. He lifted up the murdered man, and plunged him in the flood, and in the running water then he cleansed his hands from blood. The waters closed around the corpse, and cleansed his hands from gore, the willow waved, the stream flowed on, and murmured as before. There was no human eye had seen the blood the mur-

derer spilt, and Jaspar's conscience never knew the avenging goad of guilt. And soon the ruffian had consum'd the gold he gain'd so ill, and years of secret guilt pass'd on, and he was needy still. One eve beside the alehouse fire he sat as it befell, when in there came a labouring man whom Jaspar knew full well. He sat him down by Jaspar's side a melancholy man, for, spite of honest toil, the world went hard with Jonathan. And with his wife and little ones he shared the scanty meal, and saw their looks of wretchedness, and felt what wretches feel. That very morn the landlord's power had seized the little left, and now the sufferer found himself of everything bereft. "Nay—why so downcast?" Jaspar cried. "Come—cheer up, Jonathan! Drink, neighbour, drink! 'twill warm thy heart. Come! come! take courage, man!" He took the cup that Jaspar gave, and down he drain'd it quick; "I have a wife," said Jonathan, "and she is deadly sick. She has no bed to lie upon, I saw them take her bed. and I have children—would to God that they and I were dead! Our landlord he goes home to-night, and he will sleep in peace—I would that I were in my grave, for there all troubles cease. In vain I prayed him to forbear, though wealth enough has he! God be to him as merciless as he has been to me!" "This landlord on his homeward road 'twere easy now to meet; the road is lonesome, Jonathan!—and vengeance, man! is sweet." He listen'd to the tempter's voice, the thought it made him start. His head was hot, and wretchedness had hardened now his heart. Along the lonely road they went, and waited for their prey, they sat them down beside the stream that crossed the lonely way. The night was calm, the night was dark, no star was in the sky, the wind it waved the willow boughs, the stream flowed quietly. The night was calm, the air was still, sweet sung the nightingale, the soul of Jonathan was sooth'd, his heart began to fail. "'Tis weary waiting here," he cried, "and now the hour is late; methinks he will not come to-night, 'tis useless more to wait." "Have patience, man!" the ruffian said, "a little we may wait, but longer shall his wife expect her husband at the gate." Then Jonathan grew sick at heart, "My conscience yet is clear, Jaspar—it is not yet too late—I will not linger here." "How now!" cried Jaspar, "why, I thought thy conscience was asleep. No more such qualms; the night is dark, the river here is deep." "What matters that?" said Jonathan, whose blood began to freeze, "when there is One above, whose eye the deeds of darkness sees?" "We are safe enough," said Jaspar then, "if that be all thy fear; nor eye below, nor eye above, can pierce the darkness here." That instant as the murderer spake there came a sudden light; strong as the mid-day sun it shone, though all around was night. It hung upon the willow-tree, it hung upon the flood, it gave to view the poplar isle and all the scene of blood. It lighted up with mystic pow'r as

in some ghastly dream, and fell upon the skeleton fast rotting in the stream. The traveller who journeys there, he surely has espied a madman who has made his home upon the river's side. His cheek is pale, his eye is wild, his look bespeaks despair; for Jaspar since that hour has made his home unshelter'd there. The summer suns, the winter storms, o'er him unheeded roll, for heavy is the weight of blood upon the maniac's soul.—*Robert Southey.*

### ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them, and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone buttments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their name a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion—except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is "no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach. It was the name of Washington. He had been there and left his name, a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his arms, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his com-



panions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends grow weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him—had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! what a meagre chance to escape destruction! there is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. "The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair:—"William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasted blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where if he falls he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in the mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds, perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut

before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last flint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity. Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noose rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!" and "MOTHER!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Saved!—*Elihu Burritt.*

## THE FALL OF WOLSEY.

CARDINAL WOLSEY, . . .	Lord High Chancellor of England.
DUKE OF NORFOLK, . . .	} Noblemen in attendance on King Henry VIII.
„ SUFFOLK, . .	
EARL OF SURREY, . . .	
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.	

SCENE—*Cardinal Wolsey's Palace.*

*Nor.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you  
To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands; and to confine yourself  
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear farther from his highness.

*Wol.* Stay,

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry  
Authority so weighty.

*Suf.* Who dare cross them,  
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

*Wol.* Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,

(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,  
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.  
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
As if it fed ye! That seal,  
You ask with such a violence, the king,  
(Mine and your master,) with his own hand gave me:  
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters-patents. Now, who'll take it?

*Sur.* The king, that gave it.

*Wol.* It must be himself then.

*Sur.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law.  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)  
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!  
You sent me deputy for Ireland;  
Far from his succour, from the king, from all,  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him:  
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolved him with an axe.

*Wol.* This, and all else  
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer, is most false. The duke by law  
Found his deserts: how innocent I was  
From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you,  
You have as little honesty as honour,  
That in the way of loyalty and truth  
Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel  
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
 And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
 Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,  
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

*Wol.* All goodness  
 Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;  
 The goodness of your intercepted packets,  
 You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,  
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.

*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise this man,  
 But that I am bound in charity against it!

*Cham.* O my lord,  
 Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:  
 His faults lie open to the laws; let them,  
 Not you, correct them. My heart weeps to see him  
 So little of his great self.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Nor* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
 About the giving back the great seal to us,  
 The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.

—Adapted from Shakspeare's "*Henry VIII.*"

### KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane, and Valmond, Emperor of Allemaigne, apparelled in magnificent attire, with retinue of many a knight and squire, on St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat, and heard the priests chant the Magnificat. And as he listened, o'er and o'er again repeated, like a burden or refrain, he caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles;*" and slowly lifting up his kingly head, he to a learned clerk beside him said, "What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet, "He has put down the mighty from their seat, and has exalted them of low degree." Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully, "'Tis well that such seditious words are sung only by priests, and in the Latin tongue; for unto priests and people be it known, there is no power can push me from my throne!" And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep, lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night; the church was empty, and there was no light, save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint, lighted a little space before some saint. He started from his seat and gazed around, but saw no living thing and heard no sound. He groped towards the door, but it was locked; he cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked, and uttered awful threatenings and complaints, and imprecations upon men and saints. The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls as if dead priests were laughing in their stalls!

At length the sexton, hearing from without the tumult of the knocking and the shout, and thinking thieves were in the house of prayer, came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?" Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said, "Open. 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?" The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse, "This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!" turned the great key and flung the portal wide, a man rushed by him at a single stride, haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak, who neither turned nor looked at him, nor spoke, but leaped into the blackness of the night, and vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane, and Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, despoiled of his magnificent attire, bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire, with sense of wrong and outrage desperate, strode on and thundered at the palace gate; rushed through the court-yard, thrusting, in his rage, to right and left each seneschal and page, and hurried up the broad and sounding stair, his white face ghastly in the torches' glare. From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed, voices and cries he heard, but did not heed, until at last he reached the banquet-room, blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There, on the dais, sat another king! wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring, King Robert's self in features, form, and height, but all transfigured with angelic light! It was an Angel; and his presence there with a divine effulgence filled the air, an exaltation, piercing the disguise, though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment, speechless, motionless, amazed, the throneless monarch on the Angel gazed, who met his looks of anger and surprise with the divine compassion of his eyes; then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?" To which King Robert answered, with a sneer, "I am the King, and come to claim my own from an impostor, who usurps my throne!" And suddenly, at these audacious words, up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords; the Angel answered with unruffled brow, "Nay, not the King but the King's jester! thou henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape, and for thy

counsellor shalt lead an ape; thou shalt obey my servants when they call, and wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers, they thrust him from the hall and down the stairs; a group of tittering pages ran before, and as they opened wide the folding door, his heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms, the boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms, and all the vaulted chamber roar and ring with the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam, he said within himself, "It was a dream!" but the straw rustled as he turned his head; there were the cap and bells beside his bed; around him rose the bare discoloured walls; close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls; and in the corner, a revolting shape, shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape. It was no dream: the world he loved so much had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again to Sicily the old Saturnian reign. Under the Angel's governance benign the happy island danced with corn and wine; and deep within the mountain's burning breast, Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile, King Robert yielded to his fate, sullen and silent and disconsolate. Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear, with looks bewildered and a vacant stare; close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn; by courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn; his only friend the ape, his only food what others left,—he still was unsubdued. And when the Angel met him on his way, and half in earnest, half in jest, would say, sternly though tenderly, that he might feel the velvet scabbard held a sword of steel, "Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe burst from him in resistless overflow, and, lifting high his forehead, he would fling the haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended, when there came ambassadors of great repute and name from Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane, by letter, summoned them forthwith to come on Holy Thursday to his city of Rome. The Angel with great joy received his guests, and gave them presents of embroidered vests, and velvet mantles with rich ermine lined, and rings and jewels of the rarest kind. Then he departed with them o'er the sea into the lovely land of Italy, whose loveliness was more resplendent made by the mere passing of that cavalcade,—with plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state, upon a piebald steed,

with shambling gait,—his cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind, the solemn ape demurely perched behind,—King Robert rode, making huge merriment in all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare of bannered trumpets, on St Peter's Square, giving his benediction and embrace, fervent, and full of apostolic grace. While with congratulations and with prayers he entertained the Angel unawares, Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd, into their presence rushed, and cried aloud, "I am the King! Look, and behold in me Robert, your brother, King of Sicily! This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes, is an impostor in a King's disguise. Do you not know me? Does no voice within answer my cry, and say we are akin?" The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien, gazed at the Angel's countenance serene; the Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport to keep a madman for thy fool at court!" and the poor baffled jester, in disgrace, was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by, and Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky. The presence of the Angel, with its light, before the sun rose, made the city bright, and with new fervour filled the hearts of men, who felt that Christ indeed had risen again. Even the jester, on his bed of straw, with haggard eyes the unyonted splendour saw; he felt within a power unfelt before, and, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor, he heard the rushing garments of the Lord sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more Valmond returning to the Danube's shore, homeward the Angel journeyed, and again the land was made resplendent with his train, flashing along the towns of Italy unto Salerno, and from there by sea. And when once more within Palermo's wall, and seated on the throne in his great hall, he heard the Angelus from convent towers, as if the better world conversed with ours, he beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher, and with a gesture bade the rest retire; and when they were alone, the Angel said, "Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head, King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast, and meekly answered him "Thou knowest best! My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence, and in some cloister's school of penitence, across those stones, that pave the way to heaven, walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!" The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face a holy light illumined all the place; and through the open window, loud and clear, they heard the monks chant in the chapel near, above the stir and tumult of the street. "He has put down the mighty from their seat, and has exalted them of low degree!" and through

the chant a second melody rose like the throbbing of a single string:  
 "I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne, lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone! but all apparelled as in days of old, with ermined mantle and with cloth of gold; and when his courtiers came, they found him, there, kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.—*Longfellow.*

## THE DROWNED CHILD.

James Hedderwick, LL D., poet and miscellaneous writer, b 1814 Was sometime engaged on the *Scotsman* newspaper, established the *Glasgow Citizen* in 1842, and the *Evening Citizen* in 1864, one of the first and most successful of the halfpenny daily newspapers. Of the few poems he has published the *Lays of Middle Age* and the *Villa by the Sea* have obtained the most extensive favour.

"Open your gate, O gentleman! here's a child snatch'd from the  
 drowning!"

But he only cried, "No, take it to the Doctor in the town:  
 So with many a word of bitter blame, and many a look of frowning,  
 They ran with it a mile or more, and laid their burden down.

The Doctor inly mourn'd "too late," yet startled by the beauty  
 Of the little cherub flaxen-hair'd, with lips of purple stain,  
 He labour'd to bring back the life as much for love as duty,  
 Till pausing with a sigh he said—"I fear it is in vain."

Meanwhile among his flowery walks the gentleman went strolling,  
 And lightly call'd his little son to tell of that poor child.  
 He would warn him not to go too near to where the stream was  
 rolling,

And "Cecil" call'd, but call'd, alas! at length in accents wild.

He search'd the house within, without: he search'd the garden  
 thorough:

He search'd his bosky play-haunts by the vague uncertain stream:  
 And every answering ripplet seem'd to sing a song of sorrow,  
 As he "Cecil, Cecil, Cecil," call'd, and saw him but in dream

All night a stormy rain had blown, the leafy banks were flooded,  
 And broken boughs went floating past with many a swirl and twist;  
 For these might little hands be stretch'd, too well he understood it,  
 And choked while trying still to cry the name of him he miss'd.

Of sliding feet a trace he mark'd—then, goaded by a terror,  
 He flew towards the little town along the dripping track,



Half tortured into madness by an aching sense of error,  
 And a horror lying onward, with a dread of turning back.

A mile or more he ran and ran until the town he enter'd,  
 When round the Doctor's dwelling he espied a doleful crowd:  
 He fain had paused to gather strength, yet forward still he ventured,  
 And o'er his little Cecil dead he fell and wept aloud.

He kiss'd and kiss'd the clammy face in awful stillness lying,  
 Kill'd by the cold and cruel brook the gallant boy had braved.  
 And what a torture in the thought that he had turn'd him dying,  
 From the instant help and shelter that the darling might have  
 saved!

### THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

[The story as told by the late Lytton Bulwer is purely fictional Eugene Aram was a self-educated schoolmaster, who, by untiring industry, became a great linguist and profound mathematician In 1758 he was apprehended at Lynn for the murder of Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker, perpetrated thirteen years before At his trial he made a memorable defence, but was found guilty and executed in York in the following year The fact that the body of Clarke was found buried in a cave is suggestive of stress being laid on these lines in the delivery of the piece]

'Twas in the prime of summer time, an evening calm and cool, and four-and-twenty happy boys came bounding out of school: there were some that ran and some that leapt, like troutlets in a pool. Like sportive deer they coursed about, and shouted as they ran,—turning to mirth all things of earth, as only boyhood can; but the usher sat remote from all, a melancholy man! His hat was off, his vest apart, to catch heaven's blessed breeze; for a burning thought was in his brow, and his bosom ill at ease: so he leaned his head on his hands, and read the book upon his knees! Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er, nor ever glanced aside, for the peace of his soul he read that book in the golden eventide: much study had made him very lean, and pale, and leaden-eyed. At last he shut the pond'rous tome, with a fast and fervent grasp he strained the dusky covers close, and fixed the brazen hasp: "Oh, God! could I so close my mind, and clasp it with a clasp!" Then leaping on his feet upright, some moody turns he took,—now up the mead, then down the mead, and past a shady nook,—and lo! he saw a little boy that pored upon a book. "My gentle lad, what is't you read—romance or fairy fable? or is it some historic page, of kings and crowns unstable?" The young boy gave an upward glance, "It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides, as smitten with sudden pain, six hasty strides beyond the place, then slowly back again; and down he sat beside the lad, and talked with him of Cain. He told how murderers walked the earth beneath the curse of Cain,—with crimson clouds before their eyes, and flames about their brain: for blood has left upon their souls its everlasting stain! “And well,” quoth he, “I know for truth, their pangs must be extreme,—woe, woe, unutterable woe,—who spill life’s sacred stream! For why? Methought last night I wrought a murder, in a dream! One that had never done me wrong—a feeble man and old; I led him to a lonely field, the moon shone clear and cold: now here, said I, this man shall die, and I will have his gold! Two sudden blows with a ragged stick, and one with a heavy stone, one hurried gash with a hasty knife,—and then the deed was done: there was nothing lying at my feet but lifeless flesh and bone! Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone, that could not do me ill; and yet I feared him all the more for lying there so still: there was a manhood in his look that murder could not kill! And lo! the universal air seemed lit with ghastly flame; ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes were looking down in blame: I took the dead man by his hand and called upon his name! Oh Heaven! it made me quake to see such sense within the slain! but when I touched the lifeless clay the blood gushed out again! For every clot a burning spot was scorching in my brain! And now, from forth the frowning sky, from the heaven’s topmost height, I heard a voice—the awful voice of the blood-avenging sprite—‘Thou guilty man! take up thy dead and hide it from my sight!’ I took the dreary body up and cast it in a stream, a sluggish water, black as ink, the depth was so extreme—my gentle boy, remember this is nothing but a dream. Down went the corse with a hollow plunge, and vanished in the pool; anon I cleansed my bloody hands and washed my forehead cool, and sat among the urchins young, that evening in the school. Alas! to think of their white souls, and mine so black and grim! I could not share in childish prayer, nor join in evening hymn: like a devil of the pit I seemed, ’mid holy cherubim! All night I lay in agony, from weary chime to chime, with one besetting horrid hint that racked me all the time; a mighty yearning, like the first fierce impulse unto crime! One stern tyrannic thought, that made all other thoughts its slave; stronger and stronger every pulse did that temptation crave,—still urging me to go and see the dead man in his grave! Heavily I rose up as soon as light was in the sky, and sought the black accursed pool with a wild misgiving eye; and I saw the dead in the river

bed, for the faithless stream was dry. Merrily rose the lark, and shook the dewdrop from its wing; but I never marked its morning flight, I never heard it sing. for I was stooping once again under the horrid thing. With breathless speed, like a soul in chase, I took him up and ran; there was no time to dig a grave before the day began: in a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves, I hid the murdered man! And all that day I read in school, but my thought was elsewhere; as soon as the midday task was done, in secret I was there; and a mighty wind had swept the leaves, and still the corse was bare! Then down I cast me on my face, and first began to weep, for I knew my secret then was one that earth refused to keep. or land or sea, though he should be ten thousand fathoms deep. So wills the fierce avenging sprite, till blood for blood atones! Ay, though he's buried in a cave, and trodden down with stones, and years have rotted off his flesh, the world shall see his bones! And still no peace for the restless clay, will wave or mould allow; the horrid thing pursues my soul—it stands before me now!" The fearful boy looked up and saw huge drops upon his brow. That very night, while gentle sleep the urchin eyelids kissed, two stern-faced men set out from Lynn, through the cold and heavy mist; and Eugene Aram walked between, with gyves upon his wrist.—*Thomas Hood.*

### THE BALLAD OF RONALD CLARE

Midway up a sloping hill a grim old castle stands,  
And, like a sentinel, keeps watch o'er the valley's shining lands:  
Its frowning battlements are gray with the weary weight of years,  
And of its silent chambers one is sanctified by tears.

Ah! long ago that castle's halls with merry laughter rang;  
And maiden's song, and warrior's oath, and armour's clash and clang,  
Made glad the echoes ringing through its broad, iron-studded doors;  
And sunlight flecked the shadows gray along its oaken floors.

Then smiles made bright the sunny face of one long passed away,  
Whose golden hair shone radiant; whose voice was blithe and gay  
As any robin's whose red breast among the hawthorn glows  
When sunlit skies and violets' breath foretell the coming rose.

The castle's lord her father was, a baron stout and bold,  
With hair of gray, and brawny arm, and heart made stern and cold  
By the hard blows of bitter frays, and forays wild and red,  
When burning homes shone lurid on their owners stark and dead.

Only one joy made light his soul,—his daughter's lovely grace;  
The one great vow he ne'er forswore was, "By *her* sweet, bright face;"  
And he had marked a fate for her, so noble, high, and fair,  
That he could see a crown's bright gold melt in her golden hair.

Among the knights that round his hall hung sword and lance in rest,  
Young Ronald Clare in march or fray was always counted best.  
No voice was sweeter in the camp, or had such store of song;  
No hand was swifter in the fight, or e'er gave blows more strong.

And Elsie's eyes shone bright whene'er she heard his step draw nigh,  
And sweet the smile that on her face made to his look reply;  
And even the bugle's blowing could not make Clare's heart rejoice  
As could the rippling music of sweet Elsie's ringing voice.

Ah! soon or late love claims the due of kisses warm and sweet,  
Of looks and words, and thrills of joy, whene'er true lovers meet;  
And soon or late there comes the chill of words that sting and pain,  
And blooming cheeks and laughing eyes see their bright glory wane.

When daisies in the meadows bloomed, and heather clothed the hill,  
And bird-songs all the orchard filled, and ploughmen's calls rang shrill,  
The lovers wandered hand in hand amid the forest's shade,  
And at the last by a broad stream their lingering footsteps strayed.

"Oh that our lives might ever run like this clear stream!" he said.  
Then flashed a helmet on his sight: and, "Curse your caitiff head!"  
The stern voice of the baron cried; and then, "How did you dare  
To lift your eye so far above your state? say, Ronald Clare?"

The young man laughed. "I lift my eyes? Methinks that you are  
mad.

Whose sword has done most work for you, of all the swords you had?  
Whose blood has flowed the readiest to win you wealth and fame?  
And why, I pray, is not my own as good as your old name?"

"Go to!" the baron cried, and swift his sword gleamed in his hand:  
"There is but one name fit for her; and that, Queen of the Land.  
So stand your ground; for now you die!" Young Clare's laugh rang  
again.

"Not now," he said, "shall your bright sword in my blood find a  
stain.

"I go; but I shall come again.—Good-bye, sweetheart!" said he;  
Then sprang away. The baron's sword rang sharply on a tree,  
And quivering in the wood, as it had quivered in the head  
Of Ronald Clare, had he not then quick through the forest fled.

The baron's heart was stern and sore as Elsie met his glance.  
"A brave knight, truly, you have won, who fears to break a lance  
For you!" he cried; "but, lass of mine, no more shall your fair face  
Shine on my warriors, thus to lure them from their rightful place."

So in the woman's tower she was kept both night and day.  
She saw afar the sunshine bright along the hilltops play;  
She saw the brook go winding on among the meadows green;  
And oft, adown the road, she saw an armour's shining sheen.

The hours grew to days and weeks. She saw the loom of years,  
As sad and silent, rising up, and wept love's burning tears;  
And then from out the valley came a bugle's stirring call,  
And she could dimly hear the knights go clanking through the hall.

And soon her maid came running in: "The king, the king is here!  
And he would see and speak to you: so fill your face with cheer.  
Your father bade me tell you come." And slowly Elsie went,  
With hope and fear in surging mass within her bosom blent.

She reached the hall: a knight stood there, his armour bright with  
gold,

His face safe hid beneath the bars of his dark visor's hold;  
And when the baron took her hand, and led her where he stood,  
Her face grew hot and brightly glowed, flushed by the rising blood.

"My daughter, sire," the baron said: "Heaven's one best gift to me."  
The king bent low his armed head: "A queen indeed is she,"  
He murmured low; and then he cried, "I claim this lady fair!"  
And flinging up his visor, showed the face of Ronald Clare!

—*Thos. S. Collier.*

### BECALMED.

Samuel K. Cowan, M.A., barrister-at-law and poet. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, classical honorarian at Dublin University, author of "Murmur of the Shell," and other poems.

It was as calm as calm could be; a death-still night in June: a silver sail, on a silver sea, under a silver moon. No least low air the still sea stirred: but all on the dreaming deep the white ship lay, like a white sea-bird, with folded wings, asleep. For a long long month not a breath of air: for a month not a drop of rain: and the gaunt crew watched in wild despair, with a fever in throat and brain. And they saw the shore, like a dim cloud, stand on the far horizon-sea: it was only a day's short sail to the land, and the haven

where they would be. Too faint to row—no signal brought an answer, far or nigh. Father, have mercy: leave them not alone, on the deep, to die. And the gaunt crew prayed on the decks above, and the women prayed below: "One drop of rain, for Heaven's great love! O Heaven, for a breeze to blow!" But never a shower from the skies would burst, and never a breeze would come: O Fate! to think that man can thirst, and starve, in sight of home! But out to sea with the drifting tide the vessel drifted away: till the far-off shore, like the dim cloud, died: and the wild crew ceased to pray! Like fiends they glared, with their eyes aglow; like beasts with hunger wild: but a mother prayed in the cabin below, by the bed of her little child. It slept, and lo! in its sleep, it smiled: a babe of summers three. "O Father, save my little child, whatever comes to me!" Calm gleamed the sea: calm gleamed the sky, no cloud—no sail—in view: and they cast them lots, for who should die to feed the starving crew! Like beasts they glared, with hunger wild, and their red glazed eyes aglow, and the death-lot fell on the little child that slept in the cabin below! And the mother shrieked in wild despair: "O Heav'n, my child—my son. They will take his life. it is hard to bear: yet, Father, Thy will be done." And she waked the child from its happy sleep, and she kneeled by the cradle bed: "We thirst, my child, on the lonely deep: we are dying, my child, for bread. On the lone lone sea no sail—no breeze: not a drop of rain in the sky: we thirst—we starve—on the lonely seas; and thou, my child, must die!" She wept: what tears her wild soul shed not I, but Heaven knows best. And the child rose up from its cradle bed, and crossed its hands on its breast. "Father," he lisped, "so good—so kind, have pity on mother's pain: for mother's sake, a little wind: Father, a little rain!" And she heard them shout for the child from the deck, and she knelt on the cabin stairs: "The child!" they cry, "the child—stand back—and a curse on your idiot prayers!" And the mother rose in her wild despair, and she bared her throat to the knife: "Strike—strike, me—me: but spare, O spare my child, my dear son's life!" O Death! it was a ghastly sight: red eyes, like flaming brands, and a hundred belt-knives flashing bright in the clutch of skeleton hands! "Me—me—strike—strike, ye fiends of Death!" But soft—thro' the ghastly air whose falling tear was that? whose breath waves thro' the mother's hair? A flutter of sail—a ripple of seas. a speck on the cabin pane: O Heav'n, it is a breeze—a breeze—and a drop of blessed rain! And the mother rushed to the cabin below, and she wept on the babe's bright hair: "The sweet rain falls: the sweet winds blow: Father has heard thy prayer!" But the

child had fallen asleep again, and lo! in its sleep it smiled. And the gaunt crew fell on their bended knees, and they cried with rapture wild—"Thank God, thank God, for His rain and His breeze! Thank God, for her little child!"

[The last verse is slightly altered from the original by the author himself, in order to heighten the effect for platform delivery.]

## THE CASKETS.

[Portia, a rich heiress, is in love with Bassanio. but her choice of a husband is restricted by her father's will to the following condition Her suitors (by this condition) are to select from three caskets, one of gold, one of silver, and one of lead, and he who selects the casket which contains Portia's picture is to claim the rich heiress as his wife. Bassanio chooses the lead, and being successful becomes her espoused husband. From Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice"]

PRINCE OF ARRAGON,	} .....	Suitors to Portia.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO,		
BASSANIO, .....		
Servant.		
PORTIA, .....		a wealthy Heiress.
NERISSA, .....		her Maid.

SCENE—*A Room in Portia's House. Enter PORTIA and NERISSA*

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.—Is it not hard that I cannot choose nor refuse a husband?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you), will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

*Ner.* Then, there is the County Palatine.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An you will not have me choose:* he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

*Ner.* True, madam; he of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the Prince of Morocco.

*Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO.*

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
The several caskets to this noble prince.—  
Now make your choice.

*Mor.* The first, of gold, which this inscription bears,—  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
The second, silver, which this promise carries,—  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*  
The third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,—  
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince;  
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,  
[*Takes up lead casket.*

*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.  
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*  
As much as he deserves?—Pause, there, Morocco.  
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady;  
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes.  
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold:  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her.  
Deliver me the key:

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

*Por.* There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,  
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

*Mor.* What have we here?

A carrion death, within whose empty eye  
There is a written scroll?

Portia, adieu! I have too grieved a heart  
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit.*



*Por.* A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains, go;—  
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;  
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON.*

*Ar.* I am enjoind by oath to observe three things:  
First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage, lastly,  
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you and begone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear,  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I addressed me. Fortune now  
To my heart's hope!

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—

*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
What many men desire?—That many may be meant  
By the fool multitude, that choose by show.  
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

[*Addressing the silver casket.*

*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:*

And well said too: For who shall go about  
To cozen fortune, and be honourable  
Without the stamp of merit!

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honour  
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!  
How many then should cover, that stand bare?  
How many be commanded, that command?  
Well, but to my choice:

*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*  
I will assume desert:—Give me the key for this,  
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

*Por.* Too long a pause for that, which you find there.

*Ar.* What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,  
Presenting me a schedule?

With one fool's head I came to woo,  
But I go away with two.—  
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,  
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exit Arragon.*]

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
A young Venetian.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

*Enter BASSANIO.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,  
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,  
I lose your company. I could teach you  
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;  
So will I never be: so may you miss me;  
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,  
That I had been forsworn.  
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time:  
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,  
To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me choose:

For as I am, I live upon the rack.  
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;  
If you do love me, you will find me out.

*Bass.* [*Takes up gold and silver caskets, then speaks.*] So  
may the outward shows be least themselves;  
The world is still deceived with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,  
Which rather threat'nest, than doth promise aught,  
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,  
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to air,  
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;  
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,  
For fear I surfeit!

*Bass.* What find I here? *[Opening the leaden casket]*  
Fair Portia's counterfeit?

Here's the scroll,  
The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair, and choose as true!  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content, and seek no new.  
If you be well pleased with this,  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is,  
And claim her with a loving kiss*

A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave: *[Kissing her.]*  
I come by note to give and to receive;  
Yet doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*Por.* You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
More rich:  
That only to stand high on your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account.

### RAPIDS.

I remember riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?" "That is Niagara river." "Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair, and glassy."

How far off are the rapids?" "Only a mile or two" "Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show when near the Falls?" "You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget. Now launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you" "Ha, ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed—there's no danger." "Young men, ahoy there!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you." "Ha, ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current." "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "Beware! beware! The rapids are below you." Now you see the water, foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard!—quick! quick! . . . Set the mast in the socket!—hoist the sail! Ah! ah!—it is too late. Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming;—over you go!—*J. B. Gough.*

## TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Denn set it on your card,

Dat all de nouns have shenders,

Und de shenders all are hard,

Dere ish also dings called pronoms,

Vitch it's shoost ash vell to know;

Boot ach! de verbs or time-words—

Dey'll work you bitter woe.

Vill'st thou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Den you allatag moost go

To sinfonies, sonatas,

Or an oritorio.

Vhen you dinks you knows 'pout musk

More ash any other man,

Be sure de soul of Deutschland

Into your soul ish ran.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Dou moost eat apout a peck  
A week of stinging sauerkraut,  
Und sefen pounds of speck,  
Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,  
Und deuce knows vot in rum;  
Dish ish de only cerdainway  
To make de accents coom.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Brepere dein soul to shtand  
Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas heardt  
In any oder land.  
Till dou canst make parentheses  
Intwisted—ohne zahl—  
Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn;  
For a languashe ideal.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Du must mitout all fear  
Trink efery tay an gallon dry  
Of foamín Sherman bier.  
Und de more you trinks, pe certain.  
More Deutsche you'll surely pe;  
For Gambrinus is de Emperor  
Of de whole of Germany.

Vill'st thou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Be sholly, brav, an treu,  
For dat veller is kein Deutscher  
Who ish not a sholly poy,  
Find out vot means Gemuthlichkeit,  
Und do it mitout fail,  
In sang und Klang dein Lebenlang,  
A brick—gans kreuzfidel.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

If a shendleman dou art,  
Denn shtrike right indo Deutschland,  
Und get a schveetes heart, ~  
From Schwabenland or Sachsen,  
Where now dis writer pees;  
Und de bretty girls all wachsen  
Shoost like apples on de drees.

Boot if thou bee'st a laty,  
 Denn on de odder hand,  
 Take a blonde moustachiod lofer  
 In de vine green Sherman land,  
 Und if you shoost kit married  
 (Vood mit vood soon makes a vire),  
 You'll learn to sprechen Deutsch, mein kind,  
 Ash fast ash you tesire.—*Charles Godfrey Leland.*

## THE RAVEN.

[Amid the various surmises as to the meaning of this singularly weird allegory, the most rational is, that in the Raven taking up its abode in the student's chamber at a time when he is thinking of "the lost Lenore," is pictured the dread that took possession of the mind at the idea of the soul's annihilation after Death.]

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,  
 over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—while I  
 nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, as of some  
 one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door. "Tis some visi-  
 tor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—Only this, and  
 nothing more." Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak  
 December, and each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon  
 the floor. Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to  
 borrow from my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore  
 —for the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
 nameless here for evermore. And the silken sad uncertain rustling  
 of each purple curtain thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors  
 never felt before; so that now, to still the beating of my heart, I  
 stood repeating, "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber  
 door—some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;  
 this it is, and nothing more." Presently my soul grew stronger;  
 hesitating then no longer, "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly, your for-  
 giveness I implore; but the fact is I was napping, and so gently you  
 came rapping, and so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my  
 chamber door, that I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened  
 wide the door;—darkness there and nothing more. Deep into that  
 darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing, doubting;  
 dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before; but the  
 silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token, and the only  
 word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore?" This I  
 whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"—  
 verely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning, soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before. "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice; let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—'tis the wind, and nothing more." Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flutter and flutter, in there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore. Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he; but with mein of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—perched, and sat, and nothing more. Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling, by the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore, "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven, ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore—tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!" Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly, though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore; for we cannot help agreeing that no living human being ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door—with such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only that one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour. Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—on the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before." Then the bird said, "Nevermore." Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken, "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store, caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling, straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door; then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—what this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore meant in croaking "Nevermore." This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing to the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core, this and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining on the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er, but whose

velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er SHE shall press,  
ah, nevermore!

Then, methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor. "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels He hath sent thee—respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore! Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!" Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore." "Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore, desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—on this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly I implore—is there—is there balm in Gilead!—tell me—tell me—I implore!" Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore." "Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil! by that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn, it shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?" Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore." "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore! Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken! Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door? Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!" Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting on the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door; and his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming, and the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor: and my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor shall be lifted—Nevermore!—*Poe.*

## BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

[The poem is said to have been founded on an incident connected with a colliery explosion.]

Some miners were sinking a shaft in Wales (I know not where; but the facts have fill'd a chink in my brain, while other tales have been swept away, as when pearls are spill'd, one pearl rolls into a chink in the floor)—somewhere, then, where God's light is kill'd, and men tear, in the dark, at the earth's heart-core, these men were at work, when their axes knock'd a hole in a passage, closed years before. A slip in the earth, I suppose, had block'd this gallery suddenly



up, with a heap of rubble, as safe as a chest is lock'd, till these men pick'd it; and 'gan to creep in on all-fours. Then a loud shout ran round the black roof, "Here's a man asleep!" They all push'd forward; and scarce a span from the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the lamp fell on the upturn'd face of a man! No taint of death, no decaying damp had touch'd that fair young brow, whereon courage had set its glorious stamp. Calm as a monarch upon his throne, lips hard-clenched,—no shadow of fear,—he sat there, taking his rest alone. He must have been there for many a year. The spirit had fled; but there was its shrine, in clothes of a century old, or near! The dry and embalming air of the mine had arrested the natural hand of decay; nor faded the flesh, nor dimm'd a line. Who was he then! . . . No man might say when the passage had suddenly fallen in. Its memory, even, was past away! In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal, they took him up, as a tender lass will carry a babe, from that darksome hole, to the outer world of the short warm grass. Then up spake one. "Let us send for Bess,—she is seventy-nine, come Martinmas; older than any one here, I guess! Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there, and remember the lad, by his comeliness." . . . So they brought old Bess, with her silver hair, to the side of the hill, where the dead man lay, ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air. And the crowd around him all gave way, as with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh, and bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay. Then suddenly rang a sharp low cry! . . . Bess sank on her knees, and wildly toss'd her wither'd arms in the summer sky. "O Willie! Willie! My lad! My lost! . . . The Lord be praised! After sixty years I see ye again! . . . The tears ye cost, O Willie, darlin'! were bitter tears . . . they never looked for ye under ground! they told me a tale to mock my fears! They said ye were over the sea . . . ye'd found a lass ye loved better nor me,—to explain how ye'd a-vanish'd fro' sight and sound! O darlin'! . . . A long, long night o' pain I ha' lived since then!—and now I'm old, seems a'most as if youth was come back again,—seeing ye there, wi' your locks o' gold, and limbs so straight as ashen beams,—I a'most forgot how the years ha' roll'd between us! . . . O Willie, how strange it seems to see ye here, as I've seen ye oft, over and over again—in dreams!" . . . In broken words like these, with soft low wails, she rock'd herself. And none of the rough men around her scoff'd. For surely a sight like this, the sun had rarely look'd upon. Face to face, the old dead love, and the living one! The dead, with its undimm'd fleshly grace, at the end of threescore years; the quick, pucker'd, and wither'd, without a trace of its warm girl-beauty;—

a wizard's trick, bringing the love and the youth that were, back to the eyes of the old and sick. Those bodies were just of one age! yet there, death, clad in youth, had been standing still, while life had been fretting itself threadbare! But the moment was come, as a moment will to all who have loved, and been parted here, and have toiled alone, up the thorny hill; when, at the top, as their eyes see clear, over the mists in this vale below, mere specks their trials and toils appear, beside the eternal rest they know! Death came to old Bess that night, and gave the welcome summons that she should go. And now, though the rains and winds may rave, nothing can part them. Deep and wide, the miners, that evening, dug one grave. So at last, while the summers and winters glide, old Bess and young Willie sleep, side by side.—*All the Year Round*.

### BURNING OF NEWGATE.

[The Gordon Riots occurred in London in 1780, and originated in a monster procession to the House of Commons, headed by Lord George Gordon, to compel the repeal of a bill lately passed for the relief of Roman Catholics. Shortly after the attack on Newgate the mob was dispersed by the military. The riots lasted three days, and during that period hundreds lost their lives.]

The strokes began to fall like hail upon the gate, and on the strong building, for those who could not reach the door, spent their fierce rage on anything—even on the great blocks of stone, which shivered their weapons into fragments, and made their hands and arms to tingle as if the walls were active in their stout resistance, and dealt them back their blows. The clash of iron ringing upon iron, mingled with the deafening tumult and sounded high above it, as the great sledge-hammers rattled on the nailed and plated door: the sparks flew off in showers; men worked in gangs, and at short intervals relieved each other, that all their strength might be devoted to the work; but there stood the portal still, as grim and dark and strong as ever, and, saving for the dints upon its battered surface, quite unchanged.

While some brought all their energies to bear upon this toilsome task; and some, rearing ladders against the prison, tried to clamber to the summit of the walls they were too short to scale; and some again engaged a body of police a hundred strong, and beat them back and trod them under foot by force of numbers; others besieged the house on which the jailor had appeared, and driving in the door, brought out his furniture, and piled it up against the prison-gate, to make a bonfire which should burn it down. As soon as this device

was understood, all those who had laboured hitherto, cast down their tools and helped to swell the heap; which reached half-way across the street, and was so high, that those who threw more fuel on the top, got up by ladders. When all the keeper's goods were flung upon this costly pile, to the last fragment, they smeared it with the pitch, and tar, and rosin they had brought, and sprinkled it with turpentine. To all the woodwork round the prison-doors they did the like, leaving not a joist or beam untouched. This infernal christening performed, they fired the pile with lighted matches and with blazing tow, and then stood by, awaiting the result.

The furniture being very dry, and rendered more combustible by wax and oil, besides the arts they had used, took fire at once. The flames roared high and fiercely, blackening the prison-wall, and twining up its lofty front like burning serpents. At first they crowded round the blaze, and vented their exultation only in their looks: but when it grew hotter and fiercer—when it crackled, leaped, and roared, like a great furnace—when it shone upon the opposite houses, and lighted up not only the pale and wondering faces at the windows, but the inmost corners of each habitation—when through the deep red heat and glow, the fire was seen sporting and toying with the door, now clinging to its obdurate surface, now gliding off with fierce inconstancy and soaring high into the sky, anon returning to fold it in its burning grasp and lure it to its ruin—when it shone and gleamed so brightly that the church clock of St Sepulchre's so often pointing to the hour of death, was legible as in broad day, and the vane upon its steeple-top glittered in the unwonted light like something richly jewelled—when blackened stone and sombre brick grew ruddy in the deep reflection, and windows shone like burnished gold, dotting the longest distance in the fiery vista with their specks of brightness—when wall and tower, and roof and chimney-stalk, seemed drunk, and in the flickering glare appeared to reel and stagger—when scores of objects, never seen before, burst out upon the view, and things the most familiar put on some new aspect—then the mob began <sup>at</sup> to join the whirl, and with loud yells, and shouts, and clamour, such as happily is seldom heard, bestirred themselves to feed the fire, and keep it at its height.—*Dickens.*

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## A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter nap,—  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:  
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen!—  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
His eyes how they twinkle! his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
 And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.  
 He had a broad face and a little round belly  
 That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.  
 He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;  
 And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.  
 A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,  
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
 And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;  
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

—*Clement C. Moore.*

## PRINCE ARTHUR.

### TWO SCENES FROM SHAKSPEARE'S "KING JOHN."

KING JOHN, . . . . . —  
 PRINCE ARTHUR, . . . . . Nephew to King John.  
 HUBERT, . . . . . the Lord Chamberlain.  
 Two Executioners.

SCENE I.—*Two speakers:* KING JOHN and HUBERT.

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,  
 We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh  
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor  
 And with advantage means to pay thy love:  
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
 Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,  
 But I will fit it with some better time.  
 By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed  
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,  
 But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,  
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.  
 I had a thing to say,—but let it go:  
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

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Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
 Is all too wanton and too full of gawds  
 To give me audience: if the midnight bell  
 Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
 Sound on into the drowsy race of night;  
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,  
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
 Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,  
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,  
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes  
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment, —  
 A passion hateful to my purposes;  
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,  
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;  
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,  
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:  
 But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;  
 And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy which you shall find with me  
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

*First Exec.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed

*Hub.* Unmanly scruples! fear not you look to't.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*]

Young lad, come forth, I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince, having so great a title  
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I:  
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,  
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,  
I should be merry as the day is long;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me:  
He is afraid of me and I of him.  
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?  
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy which lies dead;  
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:  
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
That I might sit all night and watch with you:  
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.  
Read here, young Arthur.

[*Showing a paper.*]

[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!

Turning despiteous torture out of door!  
I must be brief, lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.  
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,  
I knit my handkercher about your brows,—  
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—  
And I did never ask it you again :  
And with my hand at midnight held your head,  
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
Saying, "What lack you?" and "Where lies your grief?"  
Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"  
Many a poor man's son would have lien still  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love  
And call it cunning : do, an if you will :  
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,  
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes that never did nor never shall  
So much as frown on you.

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears  
And quench his fiery indignation

Even in the matter of mine innocence;

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

And if an angel should have come to me

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth, [Stamps.

*Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out  
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?



I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!  
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,  
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angrily:  
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*First Exec.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*]

*Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend!  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,  
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;  
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,  
Though to no use but still to look on you!  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,  
Being create for comfort, to be used  
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself:  
There is no malice in this burning coal;  
The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* An if you do, you will but make it blush  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;  
 And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
 Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
 All things that you should use to do me wrong  
 Deny their office: only you do lack  
 That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,  
 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye  
 For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:  
 Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,  
 With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
 You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu.  
 Your uncle must not know but you are dead;  
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:  
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,  
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
 Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more: go closely in with me:  
 Much danger do I undergo for thee.

## THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

Pipes of the misty moorlands,  
 Voice of the glen and hills;  
 The drowning of the torrents,  
 The treble of the rills!  
 Not the braes of broom and heather,  
 Nor the mountains dark with rain,  
 Nor maiden bower, nor border tower  
 Has heard your sweetest strain.

Dear to the lowland reaper  
 And plaided mountaineer,—  
 To the cottage and the castle  
 The Scottish pipes are dear;—  
 Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch  
 O'er mountain, loch, and glade:  
 But the sweetest of all music  
 The Pipes at Lucknow played.

\* Day by day the Indian tiger  
Louder yelled and nearer crept;  
Round and round the jungle-serpent  
Near and nearer circles swept.  
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—  
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;  
"To-morrow, death's between us  
And the wrong and shame we dread."

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,  
Till their hope became despair;  
And the sobs of low bewailing  
Filled the pauses of their prayer.  
Then up spake a Scottish maiden  
With her ear unto the ground;  
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?  
The pipes o' Havelock sound."

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;  
Hushed the wife her little ones;  
Alone they hear the drum rollings,  
And the roar of Sepoy guns.  
But to sounds of home and childhood  
The Highland ear was true;—  
As her mother's cradle crooning  
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music  
Through the vision of the seer,  
More of feeling than of hearing—  
Of the heart than of the ear,—  
She knew the droning pibroch,  
She knew the Campbell's call:  
"Hark! hear ye no MacGregor's,—  
The grandest of them a' all?"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,  
And they caught the sound at last;  
Faint and far, beyond the Gomtee,  
Rose and fell the piper's blast!  
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving  
Mingled woman's voice and man's;

"God be praised!—the march of Havelock!  
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,  
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,  
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,  
Stinging all the air to life;  
But when the far-off dust-cloud  
To plaided legions grew,  
Full tenderly and blithesomely  
The pipes of rescue blew.

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,  
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,  
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,  
The air of Auld Lang Syne.  
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums  
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;  
And the tartan clove the turban,  
As the Gomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the lowland reaper,  
And plaided mountaineer—  
To the cottage and the castle  
The piper's song is dear.  
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch  
O'er mountain, glen, and glade,  
But the sweetest of all music  
The Pipes at Lucknow played.—*J. G. Whittier.*

### BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

*Mrs Felicia Dorothea Hemans (Miss Browne), poetess, b 1794, d. 1885; commenced writing at nine years of age, and published a volume of poems before she was fifteen. Her poetry is essentially lyrical and descriptive, always sweet, natural, and pleasing, and some of her shorter pieces possess great beauty and pathos.*

'Twas night in Babylon; yet many a beam,  
Of lamps far glittering from her domes on high,  
Shone, brightly ringing in Euphrates' stream  
With the clear stars of that Chaldean sky,  
Whose azure knows no cloud: each whispered sigh  
Of the soft night-breeze through her terrace bowers,  
Bore deepening tones of joy and melody,

O'er an illumined wilderness of flowers ;  
And the glad city's voice went up from all her towers.  
But prouder mirth was in the kingly hall,  
Where, 'midst adoring slaves, a gorgeous band !  
High at the stately midnight festival,  
Belshazzar sat enthroned. There luxury's band  
Had showered around all treasures that expand  
Beneath the burning East ; all gems that pour  
The sunbeams back ; all sweets of many a land,  
Whose gales waft incense from their spicy shore ;  
—But mortal pride looked on, and still demanded more.

With richer zest the banquet may be fraught,  
A loftier theme may swell the exulting strain !  
The lord of nations spoke,—and forth were brought  
The spoils of Salem's devastated fane.  
Thrice holy vessels !—pure from earthly stain,  
And set apart, and sanctified to Him,  
Who deigned within the oracle to reign,  
Revealed, yet shadowed ; making noonday dim,  
To that most glorious cloud between the cherubim.

They came, and louder pealed the voice of song,  
And pride flashed brighter from the kindling eye,  
And He who sleeps not heard the elated throng,  
In mirth that plays with thunderbolts, defy  
The Rock of Zion !—Fill the nectar high,  
High in the cups of consecrated gold !  
And crown the bowl with garlands, ere they die,  
And bid the censers of the temple hold  
Offerings to Babel's gods, the mighty ones of old !

Peace !—is it but a phantom of the brain,  
Thus shadowed forth, the senses to appal,  
Yon fearful vision ?—Who shall gaze again  
To search its cause ?—Along the illumined wall,  
Startling, yet riveting the eyes of all.  
Darkly it moves,—a hand, a human hand,  
O'er the bright lamps of that resplendent hall,  
In silence tracing, as a mystic wand,  
Words all unknown, the tongue of some far distant land !

There are pale cheeks around the regal board,  
And quivering limbs, and whispers deep and low,

And fitful starts!—the wine, in triumph poured,  
 Untasted foams, the song hath ceased to flow,  
 The waving censer drops to earth—and lo!  
 The king of men, the ruler, girt with mirth,  
 Trembles before a shadow!—Say not so!  
 —The child of dust, with guilt's foreboding sight,  
 Shrinks from the dread Unknown, the avenging Infinite!

“But haste ye!—bring Chaldea's gifted seers,  
 The men of prescience!—haply to *their* eyes,  
 Which track the future through the rolling spheres,  
 Yon mystic sign may speak in prophecies.”  
 They come—the readers of the midnight skies,  
 They that gave voice to visions—but in vain!  
 Still wrapt in clouds the awful secret lies,  
 It hath no language 'midst the starry train,  
 Earth has no gifted tongue Heaven's mysteries to explain.

Then stood forth one, a child of other sires,  
 And other inspiration!—one of those  
 Who on the willows hung their captive lyres,  
 And sat, and wept, where Babel's river flows.  
 His eye was bright, and yet the pale repose  
 Of his pure features half o'erawed the mind,  
 Telling of inward mysteries—joys and woes  
 In lone recesses of the soul enshrined;  
 Depths of a being sealed and severed from mankind.

Yes! what was earth to him, whose spirit passed  
 Time's utmost bounds!—on whose unshrinking sight  
 Ten thousand shapes of burning glory cast  
 Their full splendence?—Majesty and might  
 Were in his dreams;—for him the veil of light  
 Shrouding Heaven's inmost sanctuary and throne  
 The curtain of the unutterably bright  
 Was raised!—to him, in fearful splendour shown,  
 Ancient of Days! e'en Thou padest thy dread presence known.

He spoke: the shadows of the things to come  
 Passed o'er his soul: “O king, elate in pride!  
 God hath sent forth the writing of thy doom—  
 The one, the living God by thee defied!  
 He, in whose balance earthly lords are tried,  
 Hath weighed, and found thee wanting. 'Tis decreed

The conqueror's hands thy kingdom shall divide,  
 The stranger to thy throne of power succeed !  
 Thy days are full—they come,—the Persian and the Mede !”

There fell a moment's thrilling silence round—  
 A breathless pause!—the hush of hearts that beat,  
 And limbs that quiver:—Is there not a sound,  
 A gathering cry, a tread of hurrying feet?  
 —’Twas but some echo in the crowded street,  
 Of far heard revelry ; the shout, the song,  
 The measured dance to music wildly sweet,  
 That speeds the stars their joyous course along—  
 Away ; nor let a dream disturb the festal throng !

Peace yet again ! Hark ! steps in tumult flying,  
 Steeds rushing on, as o’er a battle-field !  
 The shouts of hosts exulting or defying,  
 The press of multitudes that strive or yield !  
 And the loud startling clash of spear and shield,  
 Sudden as earthquake’s burst ; and, blent with these,  
 The last wild shriek of those whose doom is sealed  
 In their full mirth ;—all deepening on the breeze.  
 As the long stormy roll of far-advancing seas !

And nearer yet the trumpet’s blast is swelling,  
 Loud, shrill, and savage, drowning every cry :  
 And, lo ! the spoiler in the regal dwelling,  
 Death—bursting on the halls of revelry !  
 Ere on their brows one fragile rose-leaf die,  
 The sword hath raged through joy’s devoted train ;  
 Ere one bright star be faded from the sky,  
 Red flames, like banners, waved from dome and fane ;  
 Empire is lost and won—Belshazzar with the slain.

### GUY MANNERING.

CHARACTERS—MEG MERRILLS and DOMINIE SAMPSON.

*Meg.* From one peril I have preserved young Bertram ! His greatest and his last is still to come. From that, too, will I protect him, for I was born to raise the house of Ellangowan from its ruins. I told Hatteraick and his murderous crew, when they forced the child away, e’en when the villain’s dagger at his infant throat forced my unwilling secrecy to their fiendish plan, that should the sweet blossom live to ripen into manhood, and return to his native land,

I'd set him in his father's seat again. I'll do it, though I dig my own grave in the attempt.

*Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON, looking at his clothes*

*Dom.* Truly, my outward man doth somewhat embarrass my sensations of identity. My vestments are renovated miraculously.

*Meg.* Stop!—I command thee!

*Dom.* Avoid thee! She's mad.

*Meg.* No, I am not mad!—I've been imprisoned for mad—scourged for mad—banished for mad—but mad I am not!

*Dom.* 'Tis Meg Merrilies, renowned for her sorceries! I haven't seen her for many a year. My blood curdles to hear her! I am perturbed at thy words—Woman, I conjure thee! Nay, then, will I flee incontinently!

*Meg.* Halt! stand fast, or ye shall rue the day, while a limb of you hangs together!

*Dom.* *Conjuro te, nequissima, et scelestissima!*

*Meg.* What gibberish is that? Go from me to Colonel Mannering.

*Dom.* I am fugacious.

*Meg.* Stay!—Thou tremblest! Drink of this!

*Dom.* I am not a-thirst, most execrable—I mean, excellent—

*Meg.* Drink! and put some heart in you.

*Dom.* Lo; I obey!

[*Drinks.*

*Meg.* Can your learning tell what this is?

*Dom.* Praised be thy bounty—wine

*Meg.* Will you remember my errand now?

*Dom.* I will, most pernicious—that is, pertinacious—

*Meg.* Then tell Colonel Mannering, if ever he owed a debt to the House of Ellangowan, and hopes to see it prosper, he must come, instantly, armed, and well attended, to the Glen, below the Tower of Dorncleugh, and fail not on his life! you know the spot?

*Dom.* I do—where you once dwelt, most accursed—that is, most accurate.

*Meg.* Ay, Abel Sampson, there<sup>1</sup> blazed my hearth for many a day! and there, beneath the willow, that hung its garlands over the brook, I've sat, and sung to Harry Bertram, songs of the olden time. That tree is withered now, never to be green again; and old Meg Merrilies will never sing blythe songs more. But I charge you, Abel Sampson, when the heir shall have his own—as soon he shall—

*Dom.* Woman!—what sayest thou?

*Meg.* That you tell him not to forget Meg Merrilies, but to build up the old walls in the glen, for her sake, and let those that live



there be too good to fear the beings of another world ; for, if ever the dead come back among the living, I'll be seen in that glen many a night after these crazed bones are whitened in the mouldering grave. I have said it, old man ! you shall see him again, and the best lord he shall be that Ellangowan has seen this hundred years. The moment is at hand, when all shall behold

Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,  
Meet on Ellangowan's height.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

### LAST MOMENTS OF MOZART.

A few months before the death of the celebrated Mozart, a mysterious stranger brought him an anonymous letter, in which his terms for a requiem were required. Mozart gave them. Soon after the messenger returned, and paid a portion of the price in advance. To the composition of this requiem he gave the full strength of his powers. Failing to learn the name of him who had ordered it, his fancy soon began to connect something supernatural with the affair. The conviction seized him that he was composing a requiem for his own obsequies. While engaged in this work, and under this strange inspiration, he threw himself back, says his biographer, on his couch, faint and exhausted. His countenance was pale and emaciated; yet there was a strange fire in his eye, and the light of gratified joy on his brow that told of success.

His task was finished, and the melody, even to his exquisite sensibility, was perfect. It had occupied him for weeks; and, though his form was wasted by disease, yet the spirit seemed to acquire more vigour, and already claim kindred to immortality; for oft, as the sound of his own composition stole on his ear, it bore an unearthly sweetness that was to him too truly a warning of his future and fast coming doom.

Now it was finished, and, for the first time for many weeks, he sank into a quiet and refreshing slumber. A slight noise in the apartment awoke him, when, turning towards a fair young girl who entered,—“Emilie, my daughter,” said he, “come near to me—my task is over—the requiem is finished. *My requiem*,” he added, and a sigh escaped him.

“Oh! say not so, my father,” said the girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes, “you must be better, you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it; do let me bring you something refreshing, and I am sure we will nurse you well again.”

"Do not deceive yourself, my love," said he; "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone can I hope for succour; and it will be granted, Emilie, in the time of my utmost need; yes, in the hour of death, I will claim His help who is always ready to aid those who trust in Him; and soon, very soon, must this mortal frame be laid in its quiet sleeping place, and this restless soul return to Him who gave it."

The dying father then raised himself on his couch;—"You spoke of refreshment, my daughter; it can still be afforded my fainting *soul*. Take these notes, the last I shall ever pen, and sit down to the instrument. Sing with them the hymn so beloved by your mother, and let me once more hear those tones which have been my delight since my earliest remembrance."

Emilie did as she was desired; and it seemed as if she sought a relief from her own thoughts; for, after running over a few chords of the piano, she commenced, in the sweetest voice, the following lines:—

Spirit! thy labour is o'er,  
 Thy term of probation is run,  
 Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,  
 And the race of immortals begun.  
 Spirit! look not on the strife  
 Or the pleasures of earth with regret—  
 Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,  
 To mourn for the day that is set.  
 Spirit! no fetters can bind,  
 No wicked have power to molest;  
 There the weary, like thee—the wretched shall find,  
 A Heaven—a mansion of rest.  
 Spirit! how bright is the road,  
 For which thou art now on the wing!  
 Thy home it will be with thy Saviour and God,  
 Their loud halleluahs to sing!

As she concluded the last stanza, she dwelt for a few moments on the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then waited in silence for the mild voice of her father's praise. He spoke not—and, with something like surprise, she turned towards him. He was laid back on the sofa, his face shaded in part by his hand, and his form reposing as if in slumber. Starting with fear, Emilie sprang towards him and seized his hand; but the touch paralysed her, for she sank senseless by his side. He was *gone*! With the sound of the sweetest melody ever composed by human thought, his soul had winged its flight to regions of eternal bliss.—*Anon.*

## THE WITCHES' PROPHECY.

[Macbeth is an example of the miserable consequences resulting from a weak will as to either good or evil Lady Macbeth is an impersonation of evil passions and powers, yet never so far removed as to be beyond the pale of our sympathy, retaining as she does to the last a womanly love for her husband and her father.]

MACBETH, Thane of Cawdor. ... .. LADY MACBETH, his Wife

SCENE—*In the outer Hall of Macbeth's Castle. Time, Night.*

*Enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold,  
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark! Peace!  
It was the owl that shriek'd; the fatal bellman  
Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it:  
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugg'd their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

*Macb.* [Within.] Who's there?—what, ho!

*Lady M.* Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,  
And 'tis not done: the attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready,  
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband!

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

*Lady M.* I heard the owls scream and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark! Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried *Murder!*  
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:  
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodged together.

*Macb.* One cried, *God bless us!* and *Amen* the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,  
Listening their fear. I could not say Amen,  
When they did say, God bless us.

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could I not pronounce Amen?  
I had most need of blessing, and Amen  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep,—the innocent sleep!  
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—"

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cried, "Sleep no more," to all the house:  
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength to think  
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: Go, carry them, and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more;  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers, the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No! this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,  
Making the green—one red.

*Re-enter* LADY MACBETH.

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
 To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking  
 At the south entry.—retire we to our chamber.  
 A little water clears us of this deed:  
 How easy is it then! Your constancy  
 Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:  
 Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
 And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost  
 So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [*Knock.*]  
 Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

## THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport;  
 And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the Court;  
 The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,  
 And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed;  
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show—  
 Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions; with horrid laughing jaws;  
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams—a wind went with their paws;  
 With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another,  
 Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;  
 The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;  
 Said Francis then, "Faith! Gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king,—a beauteous lively dame,  
 With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same;  
 She thought, "The Count my lover is brave as brave can be—  
 He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me:  
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine!  
 I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;  
 He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild.  
 The leap was quick, return was quick—he has regained the place,—  
 Then threw the glove—but not with love—right in the lady's face.  
 "In truth," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat:  
 "No love," quoth he, "BUT VANITY, SETS LOVE A TASK LIKE THAT!"

—*Lugh Hunt.*

## CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

[Inez de Castro was a Castilian lady, famous for her beauty and her misfortunes. Don Pedro, son of Alphonse, fell in love with and secretly married her. The king on discovering the union demanded that the prince should abandon her, and on his son refusing, caused Inez to be slain in 1335. On succeeding to the throne, two years afterwards, Don Pedro executed summary vengeance on her murderers, caused the body of Inez to be disinterred, and crowning her remains, proclaimed her his queen.]

There was music on the midnight;  
From a royal fane it rolled,  
And a mighty bell, each pause between,  
Sternly and slowly tolled.  
Strange was their mingling in the sky,  
It hushed the listener's breath;  
For the music spoke of triumph high,  
The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnight  
A sound of many feet;  
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness  
Along the shadowy street:  
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,  
As it neared the minster gate,  
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed  
From a scene of royal state.

Full glowed the strong red radiance  
In the centre of the nave,  
Where the folds of a purple canopy  
Swept down in many a wave;  
Loading the marble pavement old  
With a weight of gorgeous gloom,  
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,  
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,  
High on a glittering throne,  
A woman's form sat silently  
'Midst the glare of light alone.  
Her jewelled robes fell strangely still—  
The drapery on her breast  
Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,  
So stonelike was its rest!

But a peal of lordly music  
Shook e'en the dust below,  
When the burning gold of the diadem  
Was set on her pallid brow !  
Then died away that haughty sound,  
And from the encircling band  
Stepped prince and chief, 'midst the hush profound,  
With homage to her hand.

Why passed a faint, cold shuddering  
Over each martial frame,  
As one by one, to touch that hand,  
Noble and leader came ?  
Was not the settled aspect fair ?  
Did not a queenly grace,  
Under the parted ebon hair,  
Sit on the pale still face ?

Death ! death ! canst *thou* be lovely  
Unto the eye of life ?  
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast  
With thy cold mien at strife ?  
—It was a strange and fearful sight,  
The crown upon that head,  
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,  
All gathered round the dead !

And beside her stood in silence  
One with a brow as pale,  
And white lips rigidly compressed,  
Lest the strong heart should fail :  
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,  
Watching the homage done,  
By the land's flower and chivalry,  
To her, his martyred one.

But on the face he looked not,  
Which once his star had been ;  
To every form his glance was turned  
Save of the breathless queen :  
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,  
Of her beauty still was there,  
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,  
It was not for *him* to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,  
 The treasures of the earth,  
 And the priceless love that poured those gifts,  
 Alike of wasted worth!  
 The rites are closed—bear back the dead  
 Unto the chamber deep!  
 Lay down again the royal head,  
 Dust with the dust to sleep!

There is music on the midnight—  
 A requiem sad and slow,  
 As the mourners through the sounding aisle  
 In dark procession go;  
 And the ring of state, and the starry crown,  
 And all the rich array,  
 Are borne to the house of silence down,  
 With her, that queen of clay!

And tearlessly and firmly  
 King Pedro led the train;  
 But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,  
 When they lowered the dust again.  
 'Tis hushed at last the tomb above—  
 Hymns die, and steps depart:  
 Who called thee strong as Death, O Love?  
*Mightier thou wast and art.—Mrs. Hemans.*

### THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

Do you know the Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea?  
 Have you met with that dreadful Old Man?  
 If you haven't been caught, you will be, you will be;  
 For catch you he must and he can.

He doesn't hold on by your throat, by your throat,  
 As of old in the terrible tale;  
 But he grapples you tight by the coat, by the coat,  
 Till its buttons and button-holes fail.

There's the charm of a snake in his eye, in his eye,  
 And a polypus-grip in his hands;  
 You cannot go back, nor get by, nor get by,  
 If you look at the spot where he stands.



Oh, you're grabbed! See his claw on your sleeve, on your sleeve!  
It is Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea!  
You're a Christian, no doubt you believe, you believe:  
You're a martyr, whatever you be!

Yes, your dinner will keep; let it cool, let it cool,  
And Madam may worry and fret,  
And children half-starved go to school, go to school;  
He can't think of sparing you yet.

Hark! the bell for the train! "Come along! come along!  
For there isn't a second to lose."  
"ALL ABOARD!" (He holds on.) "Fsht! ding-dong! Fsht!  
ding-dong!"  
You can follow on foot if you choose.

There's a maid with a cheek like a peach, like a peach,  
That is waiting for you in the church;—  
But he clings to your side like a leech, like a leech,  
And you leave your lost bride in the lurch.

There's a babe in a fit—hurry quick! hurry quick!  
To the doctor's as fast as you can!  
The baby is off, while you stick, while you stick,  
In the grip of the dreadful Old Man!

I have looked on the face of the Bore, of the Bore;  
The voice of the Simple I know;  
I have welcomed the Flat at my door, at my door;  
I have sat by the side of the slow;

I have walked like a lamb by the friend, by the friend,  
That stuck to my skirts like a burr;  
I have borne the stale talk without end, without end,  
Of the sitter whom nothing could stir:

But my hamstrings grow loose, and I shake, and I shake,  
At the sight of the dreadful Old Man;  
Yea, I quiver and quake, and I take, and I take,  
To my legs with what vigour, I can!

Oh the dreadful Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea!  
He's come back like the Wandering Jew!  
He has had his cold claw upon me, upon me—  
And be sure that he'll have it on you!—*O. W. Holmes.*

## A TRIFLE—WITH A MORAL.

A man there was sore vexed in mind—for why?—His pigtail hung behind; the thing he fain would alter. Thinks he—"With half a turn here goes to see it stick beneath my nose—this tail that hangs behind me." So bounce! he turns him round about; 'tis ~~adū~~, he cannot make it out; the tail still hangs behind him. The other way with might and main he pirouettes; 'tis labour vain—the tail still hangs behind him. He turns him left—he turns him right; 'tis all the same; unlucky wight, the tail still hangs behind him. Like a teetotum, round and round he spins; and yet, no change is found; the tail still hangs behind him. He keeps on spinning, hard and fast, "*Twill sure*,"—thinks he—"come right at last!" The tail still hangs behind him.—*Chamisso*.

## THE TWO HOMES.

See'st thou my home?—'tis where yon woods are waving,  
In their dark richness, to the summer air,  
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,  
Leads down the hill a vein of light,—'tis there!

'Midst those green wilds how many a fount lies gleaming,  
Fringed with the violet, coloured with the skies!  
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaming,  
Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

My home! the spirit of its love is breathing  
In every wind that plays across my track;  
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing,  
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved—there prayed for—there my mother  
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye;  
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother;  
Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.

There in sweet strains of kindred music blending,  
All the home-voices meet at day's decline;  
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending,—  
There laughs my home—sad stranger! where is thine?

Askest thou of mine?—In solemn peace 'tis lying,  
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away;

'Tis where *I*, too, am loved with love undying,  
 And fond hearts wait my step—But where are they?  
 Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling,  
 Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air!  
 I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling  
 My lonely heart that love unchanged is there.

And what is home, and where, but with the loving?  
 Happy *thou* art that so canst gaze on thine!  
 My spirit feels but, in its weary roving,  
 That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother!  
 Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene!  
 For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,  
 I well believe—but dark seas roll between.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

### OTHELLO'S DEFENCE.

[Desdemona, the daughter of Brabantio, a wealthy senator of Venice, falls in love with Othello, a Moor, who is general of the army then engaged in war with the Turks]

DUKE OF VENICE,... .. —  
 BRABANTIO, . . . . . a Senator; Father of Desdemona.  
 OTHELLO,.. . . . General of the Venetian Army.

SCENE—*The Venetian Palace. Time, Midnight.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
 Against the general enemy Ottoman.  
 I did not see you; welcome, signior: [To Brabantio.  
 We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours. good your grace, pardon me;  
 Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,  
 Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care  
 Take hold on me; for my particular grief  
 Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature  
 That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
 And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter!

*Bra.* My daughter! O, my daughter!

*Duke.* Dead?

*Bra.* Ay, to me;  
 She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted

By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:  
 For nature so preposterously to err,  
 Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
 Sans witchcraft could not—

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding,  
 Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,  
 And you of her, the bloody book of law  
 You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
 After your own sense; yea, though our proper son  
 Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.  
 Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,  
 Your special mandate, for the state affairs,  
 Hath hither brought.

*Duke.* We are very sorry for it.  
 What, in your own part, can you say to this? [To Othello.

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
 My very noble and approved good masters,—  
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
 It is most true; true, I have married her;  
 The very head and front of my offending  
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
 And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;  
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
 Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used  
 Their dearest action in the tented field;  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
 In speaking for myself; yet by your gracious patience,  
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
 (For such proceedings I am charged withal,)  
 I won his daughter with.

*Bra.* A maiden never bold:  
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
 Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,  
 Of years, of country, credit, everything,  
 To fall in love with what she feared to look on!  
 It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect,

Would Desdemona seriously incline;  
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
 Devour up my discourse; which I observing,  
 Took once a pliant hour; and found good means  
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
 But not intently; I did consent,  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.  
 She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;  
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
 She wish'd she had not heard 't; yet she wish'd  
 That Heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me.  
 And bade me if I had a friend that loved her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;  
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;

And I loved her, that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used;  
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

—*Shakspeare*

## A LAUGH—AND A MOAN.

The brook that down the Valley  
So musically drips,  
Flowed never half so brightly  
As the light laugh from her lips.

Her face was like the lily,  
Her heart was like the rose,  
Her eyes were like a heaven,  
Where the sunlight always glows.

She trod the earth so lightly  
Her feet touched not a thorn;  
Her words wore all the brightness  
Of a young life's happy morn.

Along her laughter rippled  
The melody of joy;  
She drank from every chalice  
And tasted no alloy.

Her life was all a laughter,  
Her days were all a smile,  
Her heart was pure and happy,  
She knew not gloom nor guile.

She rested on the bosom  
Of her mother, like a flower  
That blooms far in a valley  
Where no storm-clouds ever lower

And—"Merry! merry! merry!"  
Rang the bells of every hour,  
And—"Happy! happy! happy!"  
In her valley laughed the flower.

There was not a sign of shadow,  
There was not a thorn nor thorn,  
And the sweet voice of her laughter  
Filled with melody the morn.

. . . . .

Years passed—'twas long, long after,  
And I saw a face at prayer,  
There was not a sign of laughter,  
There was every sign of care.

For the sunshine all had faded  
From the valley and the flower,  
And the once fair face was shaded  
In life's lonely evening hour.

And the lips that smiled with laughter  
In the valley of the morn,  
In the valley of the evening  
They were pale and sorrow-worn.

And I read the old, old lesson  
In her face and in her tears,  
While she sighed amid the shadows  
Of the sunset of her years.

All the rippling streams of laughter  
From our hearts and lips that flow,  
Shall be frozen, cold years after,  
Into icicles of woe.—*Abram J. Ryan.*

### THE FROST.

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,  
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;  
So, through the valley, and over the height,  
In silence I'll take my way.  
I will not go on like that blustering train—  
The wind, and the snow, the hail and the rain,  
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,  
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;  
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed  
In diamond beads; and over the breast  
Of the quivering lake he spread  
A coat of mail, that it need not fear  
The downward point of many a spear,  
That he hung on its margin far and near,  
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,  
And over each pane like a fairy he crept;

Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,  
By the light of the moon were seen  
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;  
There were bevvies of birds, and swarms of bees,  
There were cities, with temples and towers; and these  
All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—  
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there  
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,  
“Now just to set them thinking,  
I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he;  
“This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three;  
And the glass of water they’ve left for me  
Shall ‘tchick,’ to tell them I’m drinking.”—*H. F. Gould.*

### THE CANT OF CRITICISM.

And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?

O, against all rule, my lord; most ungrammatically! Betwixt the substantive and adjective (which should agree together, in number, case, and gender) he made a breach thus—stopping as if the point wanted settling. And after the nominative case (which your lordships knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue, a dozen times, three seconds and three-fifths, by a stop-watch, my lord, each time—

Admirable grammarian!—But, in suspending his voice was the sense suspended likewise? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?

I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord.

Excellent observer! And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about?

Oh! ’tis out of all plumb, my lord,—quite an irregular thing! not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle. I had my rule and compasses, my lord, in my pocket.

Excellent critic!

And, for the epic poem your lordship bid me look at,—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu’s—’tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions.

Admirable connoisseur! And did you step in to take a look at the grand picture in your way back?



'Tis a melancholy daub, my lord; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!—And what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Carrichis—or the grand contour of Angelo!

Grant me patience!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!—I would go fifty miles on foot, to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased, he knows not why and cares not wherefore.—*Sterne.*

### THE SEIZURE OF VIRGINIA.

[The play of "Virginius" was written in 1818, when Sheridan Knowles was a teacher of elocution residing in Glasgow. It was sent by a Mr. Tate to Macready, who at once accepted it, and paid the author £400 for its performance during twenty nights.]

#### FIVE SPEAKERS.

APPIUS CLAUDIUS,..... ..	the Roman Consul.
CAIUS CLAUDIUS, . . . . .	his Kinsman.
NUMITORIUS, . . . . .	Uncle to Virginia.
ICILIUS, . . . . .	Betrothed to Virginia.
VIRGINIA, . . . . .	a Roman Maiden.

#### SCENE—*The Forum.*

*Num.* Wherefore do you hold  
That maiden's hand?

*Claud.* Who asks the question?

*Num.* I! Her uncle, Numitorius.

*Claud.* Numitorius, you think yourself her uncle—Numitorius,  
No blood of yours flows in her veins, to give you  
The title you would claim. Most noble Appius!  
If you sit here for justice—as I think  
You do—attend not to the clamour of  
This man, who calls himself this damsel's *uncle*.  
She is my property—was born beneath  
My father's roof, whose slave her mother was,  
Who (as I can establish past dispute)  
Sold her an infant to Virginius' wife,  
Who never had a child.  
My slave I have found and seiz'd—

Mine own I shall retain—yet giving them  
Should they demand it, what security  
They please, for re-producing her.

*App.* Why that

Would be but reasonable.

*Num.* Appius!

My niece's father is from Rome, thou know'st.  
Serving his country. Is it not unjust,  
In the absence of a citizen, to suffer  
His right to his own child to be disputed?  
Grant us a day to fetch Virginius,  
That he himself may answer this most foul  
And novel suit—Meanwhile to me belongs  
The custody of the maid—her uncle's house  
Can better answer for her honour than  
The house of Claudius. 'Tis the law of Rome  
Before a final sentence, the defendant  
In his possession is not to sustain  
Disturbance from the plaintiff.

*Cit.* A just law, sir.

*Cit.* And a most reasonable demand.

*App.* Silence, you citizens; will you restrain  
Your tongues, and give your magistrate permission  
To speak? The law is just—most reasonable—  
I fram'd that law myself.

But are you, Numitorius, here defendant?  
That title, none but the reputed father  
Of the young woman has a right to—How  
Can I commit to thee what may appear  
The plaintiff's property; and if not his,  
Still is not thine? I'll give thee till to-morrow  
Ere I pass a final judgment—But the girl  
Remains with Claudius, who shall bind himself  
In such security as you require,  
To re-produce her at the claim of him  
Who calls her daughter. This is my decree.

*Num.* A foul decree. Shame! shame!

*Cit.* A villainous decree.

*Virginia.* Help. Help me, friends!

*Id.* Good citizens, what do you with our weapons,  
When you should use your own? Your hands!—your hands!  
He shall not take her from us.

Appius! before I quit the Forum, let me  
Address a word to you.

*App.* Be brief, then!

*Ital.* Is't not enough you have depriv'd us, Appius,  
Of the two strongest bulwarks to our liberties,  
Our tribunes and our privilege of appeal  
To the assembly of the people? Cannot  
The honour of the Roman maids be safe?  
Thou know'st this virgin is betroth'd to me,  
Wife of my hope—Thou shalt not cross my hope  
And I retain my life—attempt it not!—  
I stand among my fellow-citizens—  
His fellow-soldiers hem Virginius round;  
Both men and gods are on our side; but grant  
I stood alone, with nought but virtuous love  
To hearten me—alone would I defeat  
The execution of thy infamous  
Decree! I'll quit the Forum now, but not  
Alone—my love! my wife! my free-born maid—  
The virgin standard of my pride and manhood—  
I'll bear off safe with me—unstain'd—untouch'd!—*J. S. Knowles*

### PROVIDENT NATURE.

Nature, like a cautious testator, ties up her estate so as not to bestow all on one generation, but has a forelooking tenderness and equal regard to the next and the next, and the fourth, and the fortieth age

There lie the inexhaustible magazines. The eternal rocks, as we call them, have held their oxygen or lime undiminished, entire, as it was. No particle of oxygen can rust or wear, but has the same energy as on the first morning. The good rocks, those patient waiters, say, "We have the sacred power as we received it. We have not failed of our trust, and now—when in our immense day the hour is at last struck—take the gas we have hoarded; mingle it with water, and let it be free to grow in plants and animals, and obey the thought of man."

The earth works for him. The earth is a machine which yields almost gratuitous service to every application of intellect. Every plant is a manufacturer of soil. In the stomach of the plant development begins. The tree can draw on the whole air, the whole earth, on all the rolling main. The plant is all suction-pipe—imbibing from the ground by its root, from the air by its leaves, with all its might.

The air works for him. The atmosphere, a sharp solvent, drinks the essence and spirit of every solid on the globe—a menstruum which melts the mountains into itself. Air is matter subdued by heat. As the sea is the grand receptacle of all rivers, so the air is the receptacle from which all things spring, and into which they all return. The invisible and creeping air takes form and solid mass. Our senses are sceptics, and believe only the impression of the moment, and do not believe the chemical fact that these huge mountain-chains are made up of gases and rolling wind.

But Nature is as subtle as she is strong. She turns her capital day by day; deals never with dead, but ever with quick subjects. All things are flowing, even those that seem immovable. The adamant is always passing into smoke. The plants imbibe the materials which they want from the air and the ground. They burn, that is, exhale and decompose their own bodies into the air and earth again. The animal burns, or undergoes the like perpetual consumption. The earth burns—the mountains burn and decompose—slower, but incessantly.

It is almost inevitable to push the generalization up into higher parts of nature, rank over rank into sentient beings. Nature burns with internal fire of thought and affection, which wastes while it works. We shall find finer combustion and finer fuel. Intellect is a fire: rash and pitiless, it melts this wonderful bone-house which is called man. Genius even, as it is the greatest good, is the greatest harm. Whilst all thus burns—the universe in a blaze kindled from the torch of the sun—it needs a perpetual tempering, a phlegm, a sleep, atmospheres of azote, deluges of water, to check the fury of the conflagration: a hoarding to check the spending; a centripetence equal to the centrifugence; and this is invariably supplied.—*Emerson*

## WRECK OF THE "ARIEL."

James Fenimore Cooper, American novelist, b. 1789, d. 1851. He wrote thirty-four novels, and is sometimes called "the Scott of America." Many of his stories have been translated into German and French.

[The *Pilot* is a stirring description of sea life, and Long Tom Coffin is the best sailor character ever drawn. He has a reckless daring, unswerving fidelity, and there is a childlike affection in his love of all connected with the sea.]

Lifting his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest. "God's will be done with me," he cried: "I saw the first timber of the *Ariel* laid, and shall live just long enough to see it turned again afloat; after which I wish to live no longer." But his shipmates were far beyond the sounds of his voice before

these were half uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible, by the numbers it contained, as well as the raging of the surf; and as it rose on the white crest of a wave, Tom saw his beloved little craft for the last time. It fell into a trough of the sea, and in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjoining rocks. Tom still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising, at short intervals, on the waves, some making powerful and well-directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell, and others wildly tossed, in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy as he saw Barnstable issue from the surf, where one by one several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted. Many others of the crew were carried in a similar manner to places of safety; though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctant eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

The heavy groaning, produced by the water in the timbers of the *Ariel*, at that moment added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea. The water, thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach, was necessarily returned to the ocean, in eddies, in different places favourable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter-currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the "under-tow," Dillon had unknowingly thrown his person; and when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer, and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot. The old seaman, who at first had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance, and, forgetful of his own fate, he shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim to the ears of his shipmates on the sands:

"Sheer to port, and clear the under-tow! Sheer to the southward!"

Dillon heard the sounds which were borne to him on the crests of the towering waves, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object; he, however, blindly yielded

to the call, and gradually changed his direction until his face was once more turned toward the vessel. Tom looked around him for a rope, but all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment, his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm and inured to horrors as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow to exclude the look of despair he encountered; and when, a moment afterward, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation. "He will soon meet his God, and learn that his God knows him!" murmured Tom to himself.

## SOLILOQUY OF LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

SCENE II — *Venice A Street.**Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.*

Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.* My conscience says,—*No, take heed, honest Launcelot, take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels:* Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *Via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend; *for the heavens! rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste,—well,* my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not;* *Budge,* says the fiend; *Budge not,* says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew, my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnate; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.—*Shakspeare.*

## BENEDICK AND BEATRICE

## EIGHT CHARACTERS.

DON PEDRO,	. . .	Prince of Arragon.
CLAUDIO,	. . .	} Noblemen Favourites of the Prince.
BENEDICK,	. . .	
LEONATO,	....	Governor of Messina.
HERO,	.. . .	his Daughter.
BEATRICE,	..	his Niece.
MARGARET,	. .	} Attendants on Beatrice.
URSULA,	... .	

SCENE—*Leonato's Garden.*

*Bened.* What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

*Beat.* Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

*Bened.* Then is courtesy a turncoat. — But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart: for, truly, I love none.

*Beat.* A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank heaven, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

*Bened.* Heaven keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours.

*Bened.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

*Bened.* I would my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer. But keep your way; I have done.

*Beat.* You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

[*They retire, the rest advancing.*]

*Don P.* By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not even sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

*Don P.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband?

*Leon.* Oh! by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

*Don P.* She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

*Leon.* Oh lord! My lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad. [*They retire; Benedick comes forward.*]

*Bened.* I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please heaven. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

*Don P.* [*Observing Benedick is listening.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

*Claudio.* O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits. [*Aside to Pedro.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so doat on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

*Bened.* [*Listening.*] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

*Don P.* May be, she doth but counterfeit.

*Claudio.* 'Faith, like enough.

*Leon.* Counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

*Don P.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

*Leon.* No; and swears she never will. that's her torment.

*Claudio.* 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says. "Shall I," says she, "that have so often encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?" Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; "Oh, sweet Benedick! Heaven give me patience!"

*Leon.* She doth, indeed; the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do desperate outrage to herself.



*Don P.* It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

*Claudio.* To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

*Don P.* An he should, it were an alms to hang him: she's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

*Claudio.* Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

*Don P.* Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter, let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

[*A dinner bell rings.*]

*Leon.* My lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready. [*They rise.*]

*Don P.* [*Aside to Leonato.*] Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see. Let us send her to call him to dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Benedick advances softly.* This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage. But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No! When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady. I do spy some marks of love in her.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Beat.* Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bened.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

*Bened.* You take pleasure, then, in the message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach. Signior; fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

*Bened.* Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to

dinner;”—there’s a double meaning in that. “I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me”—that’s as much as to say—any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. *[Exit.]*

## MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

[The poem is founded on fact. The abbey referred to in it is still standing near the village of Kirkstall, a few miles from Leeds. A melodrama by T. E. Wilkes has likewise been written on the same subject.]

Who is she—the poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes seem a heart overcharged to express? She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs; she never complains, but her silence implies the composure of settled distress. No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek, cold and hunger awake not her care: through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak on her poor withered bosom, half bare; and her cheek has the deadly, pale hue of despair. Yet cheerful and happy (nor distant the day) poor Mary the Maniac hath been; the traveller remembers, who journeyed this way, no damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay, as Mary, the Maid of the Inn. Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight, as she welcomed them in with a smile; her heart was a stranger to childish affright; and Mary would walk by the abbey at night, when the wind whistled down the dark aisle.—She loved, and young Richard had settled the day, and she hoped to be happy for life; but Richard was idle and worthless, and they who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say, that she was too good for his wife.

’Twas in autumn; and stormy and dark was the night, and fast were the windows and door; two guests sat enjoying the fire that burned bright; and smoking in silence, with tranquil delight they listened to hear the wind roar. “’Tis pleasant,” cried one, “seated by the fire-side, to hear the wind whistle without.” “What a night for the abbey!” his comrade replied; “methinks a man’s courage would now be well tried, who should wander the ruins about. I myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear the hoarse ivy shake over my head; and could fancy I saw, half-persuaded by fear, some ugly old abbot’s grim spirit appear—for this wind might awaken the dead!” “I’ll wager a dinner,” the other one cried, “that Mary will venture there now.” “Then wager, and lose,” with a sneer he replied, “I’ll warrant she’d fancy a ghost by her side, and faint if she

saw a white cow." "Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?" his companion exclaimed with a smile; "I shall win, for I know she will venture there now, and earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough from the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good-humour did Mary comply, and her way to the abbey she bent; the night it was gloomy, the wind it was high, and, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky, she shivered with cold as she went. O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid, where the abbey rose dim on the sight; through the gateway she entered—she felt not afraid; yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade seemed to deepen the gloom of the night. All around her was silent, save when the rude blast howled dismally round the old pile; over weed-covered fragments, still fearless she passed, and arrived at the innermost ruin at last, where the elder tree grew in the aisle. Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near, and hastily gathered the bough—when the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear!—she paused—and she listened, all eager to hear—and her heart panted fearfully now!—The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head; she listened;—nought else could she hear. The wind ceased.—her heart sank in her bosom with dread, for she heard in the ruins, distinctly, the tread of footsteps approaching her near! Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear, she crept, to conceal herself there; that instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear, and she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear, and between them a corpse did they bear. Then Mary could feel her heart's blood curdle cold! Again the rough wind hurried by—it blew off the hat of the one, and behold! even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled; she fell—and expected to die! "Stay—the hat!" he exclaims,—"Nay, come on, and fast hide the dead body," his comrade replies. She beholds them in safety pass on by her side—she seizes the hat—fear her courage supplied, and fast through the abbey she flies. She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door, she cast her eyes horribly round; her limbs could support their faint burden no more, but exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor, unable to utter a sound. Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart, for a moment the hat met her view; her eyes from that object convulsively start, for, alas! what cold horror thrilled through her heart, when the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by, his gibbet is now to be seen; not far from the road it engages the eye the traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh, of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.—*Softly*.

## DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Miss Osgood, who is a native of Fryeburg, Maine, contributed this poem to *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1885.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass  
He turned them into the river-lane;  
One after another he let them pass,  
Then fastened the meadow bars again.  
Under the willows, and over the hill,  
He patiently followed their sober pace;  
The merry whistle for once was still,  
And something shadowed the sunny face.  
Only a boy! and his father had said  
He never could let his youngest go;  
Two already were lying dead  
Under the feet of the trampling foe.  
But after the evening work was done,  
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun  
And stealthily followed the footpath damp  
Across the clover and through the wheat,  
With resolute heart and purpose grim,  
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,  
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.  
Thrice since then had the lanes been white,  
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;  
And now, when the cows came back at night,  
The feeble father drove them home.  
For news had come to the lonely farm  
That three were lying where two had lain;  
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm  
Could never lean on a son's again.  
The summer day grew cool and late,  
He went for the cows when the work was done  
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,  
He saw them coming one by one,—  
Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,  
Shaking their horns in the evening wind.

Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,—  
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air  
The empty sleeve of army blue;  
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,  
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,  
And yield their dead unto life again;  
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn  
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;  
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;  
And under the silent evening skies  
Together they followed the cattle home.

### THE KINDLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

'Twas a kindly old pedagogue, long ago,  
Tall and slender, and sallow, and dry;  
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,  
His long, thin hair was as white as snow;  
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye,  
And he sang every night as he went to bed,  
“Let us be happy down here below;  
The living should live, though the dead be dead,”  
Said the kindly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,  
Writing, and reading, and history too,  
Taking the little ones on his knee,  
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,  
And the wants of the smallest child he knew:  
“Learn while you're young,” he often said,  
“There is much to enjoy down here below;  
Life for the living, and rest for the dead,”  
Said the kindly old pedagogue, long ago.  
With stupidest boys, he was kind and cool,  
Speaking only in gentlest tones;  
The rod was scarcely known in his school;

Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,  
And too hard work for his poor old bones ;  
"Besides, it was painful,"—he sometimes said,  
"We should make life pleasant here below,  
The living need charity more than the dead,"  
Said the kindly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,  
With roses and woodbine over the door ;  
His rooms were quiet and neat and plain,  
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,  
And made him forget he was old and poor.

"I need so little," he often said,  
"And my friends and relatives here below  
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"  
Said the kindly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the most pleasant times that he had, of all,  
\* Were the sociable hours he used to pass,  
With his chair tipped back to a neighbour's wall,  
Making an unceremonious call,

Over a pipe and a friendly glass ;—  
"This was the sweetest pleasure," he said,  
"Of the many I share in here below ,  
Who has no cronies, had better be dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

The kindly old pedagogue's wrinkled face  
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles ;—  
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,  
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,  
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles ;—

"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,  
"I've lingered a long while here below,  
But my heart is fresh, if my youth be fled !"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,  
Every night when the sun went down,  
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,  
Leaving its tenderest kisses there  
On the kindly old pedagogue's kindly old crown ;  
And feeling the kisses, he smiled and said,  
"'Tis a glorious world down here below

Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"

Said the kindly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door one midsummer night,

After the sun had sunk in the west,

And the lingering beams of golden light

Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,

While the odorous night-wind whispered "Rest!"

Gently, gently he bowed his head,—

There were angels waiting for him, I know;

He was sure of happiness, living or dead,

This kindly old pedagogue, long ago.—*George Arnold.*

### THE ROAD TO RUIN.

Thomas Holcroft, dramatist, b 1745, d 1809 At first a stable-boy, then a tramping shoemaker, then a strolling actor, and finally a successful dramatist, and the first to introduce to the English stage adaptations from the French.

#### FOUR CHARACTERS.

MR DORNTON,	..	a Banker.
„ SULKY,	.. .. .	his Partner.
„ SMITH,	.	his Confidential Clerk.
HARRY DORNTON,	.	his Son.

SCENE—*Room at Mr. Dornton's. Time, Night.*

*Harry.* My dear Mr. Sulky, how do you do?

*Sulky.* Very ill

*Harry.* Indeed? I am very sorry! What's your disorder?

*Sulky.* You.

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sulky.* Ruin, bankruptcy, infamy!

*Harry.* The old story!

*Sulky.* To a new tune.

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sulky.* You are—

*Harry.* What, my good cynic?

*Sulky.* A fashionable gentleman.

*Harry.* I know it.

*Sulky.* And fashionably ruined.

*Harry.* No;—I have a father

*Sulky.* Who is ruined likewise.

*Harry.* Ha, ha, ha! Is the Bank of England ruined?

*Sulky.* I say, ruined. Nothing less than a miracle can save the house. The purse of Fortunatus could not supply you.

*Harry.* No; it held nothing but guineas. Notes, bills, paper for me!

*Sulky.* Such effrontery is insufferable. For these five years, sir, you have been driving to ruin more furiously than—

*Harry.* An ambassador's coach on a birth-night. I saw you were stammering for a simile.

*Sulky.* Sir!—

*Harry.* Youth mounts the box, seizes the reins, and jehus head-long on in the dark; passion and prodigality blaze in the front, bewilder the coachman, and dazzle and blind the passengers; wisdom, prudence, and virtue are overset and maimed or murdered; and at last, repentance, like the footman's flambeau lagging behind, lights us to dangers when they are past all remedy.

*Sulky.* Laugh on, sir! Perhaps you will be less ready to grin when you see how you have paragraphed yourself.

*Harry.* Paragraphed myself! Me! Where!

*Sulky.* In the *St. James' Evening*.

*Harry.* Me?

*Sulky.* Stating the exact amount.

*Harry.* Of my loss?

*Sulky.* Yours.—You march through every avenue to fame, dirty or clean.

*Harry.* Well said!—Be witty when you can; sarcastic you must be, in spite of your teeth. But I like you the better. You are honest. You are my cruets of Cayenne, and a sprinkling of you is excellent.

*Sulky.* Well, sir, when you know the state of your own affairs, and to what you have reduced the house, you will perhaps be less ready to grin.

*Harry.* Reduced the house! Ha, ha, ha!

*Enter MR. DORNTON, with a newspaper in his hand.*

*Dornton.* So, sir!

*Harry.* [*Bowing.*] I am happy to see you, sir.

*Dornton.* You are there, after having broken into my house at midnight!—And you are here [*pointing to the paper*], after having ruined me and my house by your unprincipled prodigality! Are you not a scoundrel?

*Harry.* No, sir. I am only a fool.

*Sulky.* Good-night to you, gentlemen.

[*Going.*]

*Dornton.* Stay where you are, Mr. Sulky, and be a witness to my solemn renunciation of him and his vices!

*Sulky.* I have witnessed it a thousand times.



*Dornton.* But this is the last. Are you not a scoundrel, I say?  
[*To Harry*]

*Harry.* I am your son.

*Dornton.* [*Calling off*] Mr. Smith! Bring in those deeds.

*Enter MR. SMITH, with papers.*

You will not deny you are an incorrigible squanderer?

*Harry.* I will deny nothing.

*Dornton.* A nuisance, a wart, a blot, a stain upon the face of nature!

*Harry.* A stain that will wash out, sir.

*Dornton.* A redundancy, a negation; a besotted sophisticated incumbrance; a jumble of fatuity; your head, your heart, your words, your actions, all a jargon; incoherent and unintelligible to yourself, absurd and offensive to others!

*Harry.* I am whatever you please, sir.

*Dornton.* Bills never examined, everything bought on credit, the price of nothing asked! Conscious you were weak enough to wish for baubles you did not want, and pant for pleasures you could not enjoy, you had not the effrontery to assume the circumspect caution of common sense! And, to your other destructive follies, you must add the detestable vice of gaming!

*Harry.* These things, sir, are much easier done than defended.

*Dornton.* But here.—Give me that parchment! [*To Mr. Smith.*] The partners have all been summoned. Look, sir! Your name has been formally erased!

*Harry.* The partners are very kind.

*Dornton.* The suspicions already incurred by the known profligacy of a principal in the firm, the immense sums you have drawn, this paragraph, the run on the house it will occasion, the consternation of the whole city—You are disinherited!—Read!

*Harry.* Your word is as good as the bank, sir.

*Dornton.* I'll no longer act the doting father, fascinated by your arts!

*Harry.* I never had any art, sir, except the one you taught me.

*Dornton.* I taught you! What, scoundrel? What?

*Harry.* That of loving you, sir.

*Dornton.* Loving me!

*Harry.* Most sincerely!

*Dornton.* Why, can you say, Harry—rascal, I mean—that you love me?

*Harry.* I should be a rascal indeed if I did not, sir

*Dornton.* Harry! Harry! No; confound me if I do!—sir, you are a vile!—

*Harry.* I know I am.

*Dornton.* And I'll never speak to you more.

*Harry.* Bid me good-night, sir. Mr Sulky here will bid me good-night, and you are my father!—Good-night, Mr. Sulky.

*Sulky.* Good-night.

*Harry.* Come, sir—

*Dornton.* [*Struggling with passion.*] I won't!—If I do!—

*Harry.* Reproach me with my follies, strike out my name, dishonour me; I deserve it all, and more,—But say, “Good-night, Harry!”

*Dornton.* I won't!—I won't!—I won't!—

*Harry.* Poverty is a trifle; we can whistle it off;—but enmity—

*Dornton.* I will not!

*Harry.* Sleep in enmity? And who can say how soundly?—Come! good-night.

*Dornton.* I won't! I won't!

[*Runs off.*]

*Harry.* Say you so?—Why, then my noble-hearted dad, I am indeed a scoundrel!

*Re-enter MR. DORNTON.*

*Dornton.* Good-night, Harry!

[*Exit.*]

*Harry.* God bless you for those words Good-night!

[*Exit.*]

## THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

[A plea for ill-paid needlewomen The poem appeared in *Punch* in 1841, and was soon afterwards translated into nearly every European language.]

With fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread,  
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
 She sang the “Song of the Shirt!”

“Work! work! work!  
 While the cock is crowing aloof!  
 And work—work—work—  
 Till the stars shine through the roof!

It's oh! to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work—  
Till the brain begins to swim;  
Work—work—work—  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
Seam and gusset and band,  
Band and gusset and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh, men with sisters dear!  
Oh, men with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives!  
Stitch—stitch—stitch  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death,  
That phantom of grisly bone?  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own—  
It seems so like my own,  
Because of the fasts I keep;  
O God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!  
My labour never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread—and rags;  
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—  
A table—a broken chair—  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work  
"From weary chime to chime;

Work—work—work

As prisoners work for crime!  
Band and gusset and seam,  
Seam and gusset and band,  
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed  
As well as the weary hand!

“Work—work—work

In the dull December light;  
And work—work—work  
When the weather is warm and bright;  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs  
And twit me with the spring.

“Oh! but to breathe the breath

Of the cowslip and primrose sweet;  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet;  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want  
And the walk that costs a meal!

“Oh! but for one short hour!

A respite however brief!  
No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart;  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,

With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread;  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—  
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—

She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”—*Thomas Hood.*

## THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, born in Belfast, 1810, died 1886. Educated at Trinity College, called to the bar in 1838, and in 1859 became a Q.C. He had been an ardent student of Celtic archæology, and in 1867 was appointed to the congenial post of deputy-keeper of Irish records. He began his literary life when very young, his first effort being the following ballad, which was at once accepted by *Blackwood*, and highly eulogized by the editor, "Christopher North." Wilson's verdict has since been fully confirmed by the public

Come, see the *Dolphin's* anchor forged. 'tis at a white heat now.  
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; tho' on the forge's brow  
The little flames still fitfully play thro' the sable mound;  
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,  
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;  
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below;  
And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every thro'e:  
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, what a glow!  
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright; the high sun shines not so!  
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;  
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row  
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe;  
As, quivering thro' his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow  
Sinks on the anvil—all about, the faces fiery grow—  
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out;" bang, bang, the sledges go  
Hurrah! the jettèd lightnings are hissing high and low;  
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;  
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow  
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,  
And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!  
Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad;  
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode;  
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road—  
The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean pour'd  
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast 'by the board;  
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains!  
But courage still, brave mariners—the Bower yet remains,  
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky high,  
Then moves his head, as tho' he said, "Fear nothing—here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;  
 Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime;  
 But, while ye sling your sledges, sing—and let the burden be,  
 The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we'

Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;  
 Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;  
 Our anchor soon must change its bed of fiery rich array,  
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;  
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,  
 For the yeo-heave-o', and the heave-away, and the sighing seaman's  
 cheer;

When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and home;  
 And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;  
 A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.—  
 O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,  
 What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green  
 sea!

O deep-sea Diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?  
 The hoary-monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now  
 To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,  
 And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging  
 tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea unicorn,  
 And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;  
 To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;  
 And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn:—  
 To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles  
 He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles,  
 Till, snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;  
 Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far-astonished shoals  
 Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in a cove,  
 Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undiné's love  
 To find the long-hair'd mermaidens; or, hard-by icy lands,  
 To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?  
 The *Dolphin* weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;  
 And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,  
 Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play—

But shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave—  
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand  
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,  
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,  
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—  
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round  
thee,  
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,  
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—  
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-yard grave,  
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—  
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,  
Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

## TRUTH.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, American essayist and poet, b. 1803, d. 1882. He graduated at Harvard in 1821, taught for five years in a school, and in 1829 became minister of a Unitarian church in Boston, but resigned his charge in 1832. Subsequently he travelled in Europe, and on returning to the United States delivered a series of lectures, which were published under such titles as "Representative Men," "English Traits," "The Conduct of Life," &c. Lowell writes of him —

His is we may say  
A Greek head, on right Yankee shoulders, whose range  
Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other th' Exchange;  
'Tis refreshing to old-fashioned people like me  
To meet such a primitive pagan as he,  
In whose mind all Creation is duly respected  
As parts of himself—just a little projected.

Human character evermore publishes itself. The most fugitive deed and word, the mere air of doing a thing, the intimated purpose, expresseth character. If you act, you show character; if you sit still, if you sleep, you show it. You think, because you have spoken nothing when others spoke, and have given no opinion on the times, on the church, on slavery, on marriage, on socialism, on secret societies, on the college, on parties and persons, that your verdict is still expected with curiosity as a reserved wisdom. Far otherwise; your silence answers very loud. You have no oracle to utter; and your fellowmen have learned that you cannot help them; for, oracles

speak. Doth not wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice?

Dreadful limits are set in nature to the powers of dissimulation. Truth tyrannizes over the unwilling members of the body. Faces never lie, it is said. No man need be deceived, who will study the changes of expression. When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens. When he has base ends, and speaks falsely, the eye is muddy and sometimes asquint.

I have heard an experienced counsellor say, that he never feared the effect upon a jury of a lawyer who does not believe in his heart that his client ought to have a verdict. If he does not believe it, his unbelief will appear to the jury, despite all his protestations, and will become their unbelief. This is that law whereby a work of art, of whatever kind, sets us in the same state of mind wherein the artist was when he made it. That which we do not believe, we cannot adequately say, though we may repeat the words never so often. It was this conviction which Swedenborg expressed, when he described a group of persons in the spiritual world endeavouring in vain to articulate a proposition which they did not believe; but they could not, though they twisted and folded their lips even to indignation.

A man passes for that he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man know that he can do anything—that he can do it better than anyone else—he has a pledge of the acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment-days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new-comer is as well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed, and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school, with better dress, with trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions: an older boy says to himself, "It's of no use; we shall find him out to-morrow." "What has he done?" is the divine question which searches men, and transpierces every false reputation. A fop may sit in any chair of the world, nor be distinguished for his hour from Homer and Washington; but there need never be any doubt concerning the respective ability of human beings. Pretension may sit still, but cannot act. Pretension never feigned an act of real greatness. Pretension never wrote an Iliad, nor drove back Xerxes, nor christianized the world, nor abolished slavery.



## THE CRITIC.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, dramatist and politician, b 1751, d 1816 A dramatic star of the first magnitude, and among the comic writers of the last century, shines like Hesperus among the lesser lights. His most popular comedies are *The School for Scandal* and *The Rivals*, his best known drama *Pizarro*; and his most telling political oration the invective against Warren Hastings. He was remarkable for his carelessness and dilatory habits. The last act of *The Critic* was not written until the night before it was acted.

[Sir Fretful Plagiary, a character in the comedy of *The Critic*, is a playwright whose dramas are mere plagiarisms from the refuse of obscure volumes. The humour of the scene consists in the attempt of Sir Fretful to appear pleased with the adverse criticism of his comedy by his mischievous friends. Richard Cumberland the dramatist, noted for his vanity, was the model of this character.]

*Three speakers: DANGLE, SNEER, and SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.*

*Dan.* The servant has announced Sir Fretful Plagiary.

*Sneer.* You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

*Dan.* O yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

*Sneer.* Well, and you think it execrable, don't you!

*Dan.* Why, between ourselves, I must own—though he's my friend—that it is one of the most—admirable—He's here.

*Enter SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.*

Ah, my dear friend!—we were just speaking of your tragedy.—Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

*Sneer.* You never did any thing beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

*Sir F.* You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours—and Mr. Dangle's.

*Dan.* But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet?—or can I be of any service to you?

*Sir F.* No, no, I thank you; I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it. I thank you though. But, come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, eh?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

*Dan.* Why, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to—

*Sir F.* With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious!—but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

*Sneer.* Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

*Sir F.* Sir, you can't oblige me more.

*Sneer.* I think it wants incident.

*Sir F.* Good gracious! you surprise me!—wants incident!—

*Sneer.* Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

*Sir F.* Too few? believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference; but I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

*Dan.* Really I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the first four acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest any thing, it is, that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

*Sir F.* Rises, I believe you mean, sir?

*Dan.* No; I don't, upon my word.

*Sir F.* Yes, yes, you do, upon my honour—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you—no, no—it don't fall off.

*Dan.* Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

*Sir F.* The newspapers!—sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable——Not that I ever read them; no—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

*Dan.* You are quite right: for it certainly must hurt an author's delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

*Sir F.* No!—quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric. I like it of all things.—An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

*Sneer.* Why, that's true; and that attack, now, on you the other day—

*Sir F.* What? where?

*Dan.* Aye, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

*Sir F.* Oh, so much the better.—Ha, ha, ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

*Dan.* Certainly, it is only to be laughed at: for—

*Sir F.* You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

*Sneer.* Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious—

*Sir F.* O lud, no! Anxious!—not I—not the least. I—but one may as well hear, you know.

*Dan* Sneer, do you recollect?—Make out something.

*Sneer.* I will. [*Aside to Dangle*]—Yes, yes; I remember perfectly. [*Aside to Sneer.*]

*Sir F.* Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

*Sneer.* Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention, or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all authors living.

*Sir F.* Ha, ha, ha!—Very good!

*Sneer.* That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common-place book—where stray jokes, and pilfered witticisms, are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

*Sir F.* Ha, ha, ha!—Very pleasant!

*Sneer.* Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste;—that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you: so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments—like a bad tavern's worst wine

*Sir F.* Ha, ha!

*Sneer.* In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

*Sir F.* Ha, ha!

*Sneer.* In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating.

*Sir F.* [*After great agitation.*] Now another person would be vexed at this!

*Sneer.* Oh, but I wouldn't have told you,—only to divert you.

*Sir F.* I know it—I am diverted—ha, ha, ha!—Not the least invention! Ha, ha, ha! Very good!—very good!

*Sneer.* Yes—no genius! ha, ha, ha!

*Dan.* A severe rogue! ha, ha, ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

*Sir F.* To be sure—for if there is any thing to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse,—why, one is always sure to hear of it—from one's confounded good-natured friend or another!

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Charles Lamb, b 1775, d 1834 "Essentially a Londoner, London life supplied him with his richest materials; and yet his mind was so imbued, so saturated with our older writers, that he is original by the mere force of self-transformation into the spirit of the elder literature"

Every man hath *two birthdays*: two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which, in an especial manner, he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birthday, hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand anything in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

Of all sound of all bells—(bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth—all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected—in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary when he exclaimed—

"I saw the skirts of the departing Year!"

It is no more than what, in sober sadness, every one of us seems to be conscious of, in that awful leave-taking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some of my companions affected rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. But I am none of those who—

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years,—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armour-proof against old discouragements.

I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play over again *for love*, as the gamesters phrase it, games for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel.

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony. In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me.

### MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Henry Glassford Bell, poet and prose writer; b. 1805, d. 1874. Founded and conducted for some years the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and was the author of *Memoir of Mary Queen of Scots* (2 vols.), *Romances*, and many miscellaneous poems. He received the appointment of Sheriff of Lanarkshire, which he held till his death.

I looked far back into the past, and lo! in bright array,  
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages pass'd away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,  
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep  
falls;

And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow crept,  
And, all around, the noonday light in drowsy radiance slept.  
No sound of busy life was heard, save, from the cloister dim,  
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.  
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,  
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;  
And little reck'd they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,  
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than  
theirs;

And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,  
Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart line;  
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,  
And, as they flew, they left behind a long continuing light.

The scene was changed.—It was the court, the gay court of Bourbon,  
Where, 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers throng;

And proudly kindles Henry's eye, well pleased, I ween, to see  
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry.

But fairer far than all the crowd, who bask on fortune's tide,  
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!  
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond deep love of one—  
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun.  
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,  
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy bespeak.  
Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant  
hours,

She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers?

The scene was changed.—It was a bark that slowly held its way,  
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;  
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes  
Upon the fast receding hills that dim and distant rise.  
No marvel that the lady wept,—there was no land on earth  
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth:  
It was her mother's land; the land of childhood and of friends;  
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends;  
The land where her dead husband slept; the land where she had  
known

The tranquil convent's hush'd repose, and the splendours of a throne:  
No marvel that the lady wept,—it was the land of France,  
The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance!

The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;  
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!—  
One gaze again—one long last gaze; "Adieu, fair France, to thee!"  
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed.—It was an eve of raw and surly mood,  
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood  
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,  
That seem'd to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds  
The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek, her smile was sadder now;  
The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her brow;  
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;  
The Stuart *sceptre* well she sway'd, but the *sword* she could not wield.  
She thought of all her blighted hopes, the dreams of youth's brief day,  
And summon'd Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play  
The songs she loved in other years, the songs of gay Navarre,  
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatelars:

They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,  
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils.  
But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas' battle-cry!  
They come, they come! and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!  
Stern swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, her words, her prayers  
are vain,"

The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!  
Then Mary Stuart brush'd aside the tears that trickling fell,  
"Now for my father's arm," she said, "my woman's heart, farewell!"

The scene was changed.—It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,  
And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,  
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign  
The traitorous scroll that snatch'd the crown from her ancestral line:  
"My lords, my lords!" the captive cried, "were I but once more free,  
With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me,  
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,  
And once more reign, a Stuart queen o'er my remorseless foes!"  
A red spot burn'd upon her cheek, stream'd her rich tresses down;  
She wrote the words—she stood erect, a queen without a crown!

The scene was changed.—A royal host a royal banner bore;  
The faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more:  
She staid her steed upon a hill, she saw them marching by,  
She heard their shouts, she read success in every flashing eye:  
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away,  
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—where are they?  
Scatter'd, and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone—  
O God! to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has won;  
Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part;  
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart.

The scene was changed.—Beside the block, a sullen headsman stood,  
And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip with  
blood.

With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,  
And breathless silence chain'd the lips, and touch'd the hearts of all.  
knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom,  
saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering for the tomb!  
knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone;  
knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd with every tone;  
knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold;  
knew that bounding grace of step, that symmetry of mould

Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,  
 I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy smile,—  
 Even now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal morn,  
 A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!  
 Alas, the change! she placed her foot upon a triple throne,  
 And on the scaffold now she stands, beside the block, *alone!*  
 The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd  
 Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps  
 bow'd!

Her neck is bar'd—the blow is struck—the soul has pass'd away!  
 The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece of clay!  
 A solemn text! Go, think of it, in silence and alone,  
 Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne!

## REPLY OF MR. PITT,

ON BEING TAUNTED FOR HIS YOUTH BY SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

William Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham), b 1708, d 1778 One of the most illustrious of British statesmen, and a powerful opponent of Sir Robert Walpole In 1741 he delivered the following eloquent speech in the House of Commons, as reported by Dr. Johnson for the *Gentleman's Magazine*; but it is generally believed that there is more of Johnson than of Pitt in the speech.

Sir—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing, that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely, age may justly become contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt; and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.



But youth, sir, is not my only crime : I have been accused of acting a theatrical part.—A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves to be mentioned only that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language, and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience.

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall anything, but age, restrain my resentment; age, which always brings with it one privilege—that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I *had* acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure. the heat which offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery.—I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

## THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

“And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.”—Deut. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave;  
But no man dug that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

Noiselessly as the spring-time

Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills

Open their thousand leaves,—  
So, without sound of music,

Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,

His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,  
Follow the funeral car.

They show the banners taken,

They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute gun.

This was the bravest warrior

That ever buckled sword;  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word;

And never earth's philosopher  
Traced, with his golden pen,  
On the deathless page, truths half so sage  
As *he* wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour?

The hill-side for his pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait,  
With stars for tapers tall,  
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,  
Over his bier to wave;  
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,  
To lay him in the grave.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!

O dark Beth-peor's hill!  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.

God hath his mysteries of grace,—

Ways that we cannot tell;  
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep  
Of him he loved so well.—*Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

## BRUTUS AND PORTIA.

[Brutus was the cherished friend of Caesar, who had saved his life in battle. He, however, forgot the favour, became Caesar's enemy, and joined in a conspiracy with many distinguished Romans, who slew Caesar at the base of Pompey's statue. Brutus was afterwards defeated at the battle of Philippi; and committed suicide. His wife Portia also killed herself when she heard of the fate of her husband.]

*Enter* PORTIA.

*Por.* You have ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my side. and yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walked about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.  
I urged you farther; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:  
Yet I insisted; yet you answer'd not,  
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal,  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night?  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of. And upon my knees

I charm you, by my once commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it expected I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation.  
Dwell I but in the suburbs  
Of your good pleasure?

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife,  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret,  
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:  
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman well reputed—Cato's daughter.  
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound.  
Can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife!  
Portia, go in awhile;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
And all the charactery of my sad brows. —*Shakspeare.*

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## CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

Daniel Webster, one of the greatest of American orators, jurists, and statesmen, was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782. At the age of fifteen he entered Dartmouth College, where he graduated in due course, and adopted the legal profession. When in his nineteenth year, he delivered a Fourth of July oration, at the request of the citizens of Hanover. All his works bear the impress of a comprehensive intellect and exalted patriotism. He became a senator in 1828, secretary of state in 1850, and died at Marshfield in 1852. The last words he uttered were, "I still live." A marble block, placed in front of his tomb, bears the inscription, "LORD, I BELIEVE, HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF"—The following extract is from a speech delivered by him on the hundredth birth-day of Washington in 1832.

The maxims upon which Washington conducted our foreign relations were few and simple. The first was an entire and indisputable impartiality towards foreign states. He adhered to this rule of public conduct against very strong inducements to depart from it, and when the popularity of the moment seemed to favour such a departure. In the next place, he maintained true dignity and unsullied honour in all communications with foreign states. It was among the high duties devolved upon him, to introduce our new government into the circle of civilized states and powerful nations. Not arrogant or assuming, with no unbecoming or supercilious bearing, he yet exacted for it from all others entire and punctilious respect. He demanded, and he obtained at once, a standing of perfect equality for his country in the society of nations; nor was there a prince or potentate of his day, whose personal character carried with it, into the intercourse of other states, a greater degree of respect and veneration.

His own singleness of purpose, his disinterested patriotism, were evinced by the selection of his first cabinet, and by the manner in which he filled the seats of justice and other places of high trust. He sought for men fit for office; not for offices which might suit men. Above personal considerations, above local considerations, above party considerations, he felt that he could only discharge the sacred trust which the country had placed in his hands, by a diligent inquiry after real merit, and a conscientious preference of virtue and talent. The whole country was the field of his selection. He explored that whole field, looking only for whatever it contained, most worthy and distinguished. He was, indeed, most successful, and he deserved success for the purity of his motives, the liberality of his sentiments, and his enlarged and manly policy.

Washington's administration established the national credit, made provision for the public debt, and for that patriotic army whose in-

terests and welfare were always so dear to him; and, by laws wisely framed, and of admirable effect, raised the commerce and navigation of the country, almost at once, from depression and ruin to a state of prosperity. Nor were his eyes open to these interests alone. He viewed with equal concern its agriculture and manufactures, and, so far as they came within the regular exercise of the powers of this government, they experienced regard and favour.

It should not be omitted, even in this slight reference to the general measures and general principles of the first president, that he saw and felt the full value and importance of the judicial department of the government. An upright and able administration of the laws he held to be alike indispensable to private happiness and public liberty. The temple of justice, in his opinion, was a sacred place, and he would profane and pollute it who should call any to minister in it not spotless in character, not incorruptible in integrity, not competent by talent and learning, not a fit object of unhesitating trust.

Finally, gentlemen, there was in the breast of Washington one sentiment so deeply felt, so constantly uppermost, that no proper occasion escaped without its utterance. He regarded the union of these States less as one of blessing, than as the great treasure-house which contained them all. Here, in his judgment, was the great magazine of all our means of prosperity; here, as he thought, and as every true American still thinks, are deposited all our animating prospects, all our solid hopes for future greatness. He has taught us to maintain this union, not by seeking to enlarge the powers of the government on the one hand, nor by surrendering them on the other; but by an administration of them at once firm and moderate, pursuing objects truly national, and carried on in a spirit of justice and equity.

Full of gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of the century which is now commenced. A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth with no less of sincere admiration than we now commemorate it. When they shall meet, as we now meet, to do themselves and him that honour, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horizon, so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, still flowing on toward the sea, so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the Capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in his course visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country!

ing as critically to what we were saying as if he fancied we were talking to him and expecting him to reply. I thought it very sociable in a stranger. Presently I chanced to be talking about a merchant friend of mine, and without really intending it, the remark slipped out that he was a little mean and parsimonious about paying his workmen. Instantly, from the opposite side of the room, a voice shot:

"Oh, my dear sir, really you expose yourself when you parade *that* as a surprising circumstance. Bless your heart and hide, you are ignorant of the very A B C of meanness! ignorant as the upborn babe! ignorant as unborn *twins*! You don't know *anything* about it! It is pitiable to see you, sir, a well-spoken and prepossessing stranger, making such an enormous pow-wow here about a subject concerning which your ignorance is perfectly humiliating! Look me in the eye, if you please; look me in the eye. John James Godfrey was the son of poor but honest parents in the State of Mississippi—boyhood friend of mine—bosom comrade in later years. Heaven rest his noble spirit, he is gone from us now. John James Godfrey was hired by the Hayblossom Mining Company in California to do some blasting for them—the "Incorporated Company of Mean Men," the boys used to call it. Well, one day he drilled a hole about four feet deep and put in an awful blast of powder, and was standing over it ramming it down with an iron crowbar about nine-foot long, when the cussed thing struck a spark and fired the powder, and scat! away John Godfrey whizzed like a sky-rocket, him and his crowbar! Well, sir, he kept on going up in the air higher and higher, till he didn't look any bigger than a boy—and he kept going on up higher and higher, till he didn't look any bigger than a doll—and he kept on going up higher and higher, till he didn't look any bigger than a little small bee—and then he went out of sight! Presently he came in sight again, looking like a little small bee—and he came along down further and further, till he looked as big as a doll again—and down further and further, till he was as big as a boy again—and further and further, till he was a full-sized man once more; and then him and his crowbar came a wh-izzing down and lit right exactly in the same old tracts and went to r-ramming down, and r-ramming down, and r-ramming down again, just the same as if nothing had happened! Now do you know, that poor cuss warn't gone only sixteen minutes, and yet that Incorporated Company of Mean Men docked him for the lost time!"

I said I had the headache, and so excused myself and went home.

And on my diary I entered "another night spoiled" by this offensive loafer.

Almost from the very beginning I regarded that man as a liar, and that opinion came to be gratifyingly and remarkably endorsed a few years after, and by wholly disinterested persons. The man Markiss was found one morning hanging to a beam of his own bedroom (the doors and windows securely fastened on the inside), dead; and on his breast was pinned a paper in his own handwriting begging his friends to suspect no innocent person of having anything to do with his death, for that it was the work of his own hands entirely. Yet the jury brought in the astounding verdict that deceased came to his death "by the hands of some person or persons unknown!" They explained that the perfectly undeviating consistency of Markiss's character for thirty years towered aloft as colossal and indestructible testimony, that whatever statement he chose to make was entitled to instant and unquestioning acceptance as a *lie*. And they furthermore stated their belief that he was not dead, and instanced the strong circumstantial evidence of his own word that he *was* dead—and beseeched the coroner to delay the funeral as long as possible, which was done. And so in the tropical climate of Lahaina the coffin stood open for seven days, and then even the loyal jury gave him up.

But they sat on him again, and changed their verdict to "suicide induced by mental aberration"—because, said they, with penetration, "he said he was dead, and he *was* dead; and would he have told the truth if he had been in his right mind? No, sir."

—From the *Innocents at Home*, by Mark Twain.

## ON THE THEATRE.

William Ellery Channing, Unitarian minister in the United States, b 1780, d 1842

"As a preacher he was remarkable for the polished grace with which he adorned his style, and the love of pure and lofty morality with which his sentiments were inspired."

In its present state the theatre deserves no encouragement. In saying this I do not mean that the amusement is radically, essentially evil. I can conceive of a theatre which would be the noblest of all amusements, and would take a high rank among the means of refining the taste and elevating the character of a people. The deep woes, the mighty and terrible passions, and the sublime emotions of genuine tragedy, are fitted to fill us with human sympathies, with profound interest in our nature, with a consciousness of what man can do, and



dare, and suffer—with an awed feeling of the fearful mysteries of life. The soul of the spectator is stirred from its depths; and the lethargy in which so many live is roused, at least for a time, to some intenseness of thought and sensibility. The Drama answers a high purpose, when it places us in the presence of the most solemn and striking events of human history, and lays bare to us the human heart in its most powerful, appalling, or glorious workings. But how little does the Theatre accomplish this end! How often is it disgraced by monstrous distortions of human nature; and still more disgraced by profaneness, coarseness, indelicacy, and low wit, such as none take pleasure in without self-degradation. That the theatre exists in its present condition is a reproach to the community. Were it to fall, a better drama might spring up in its place. In the meantime, is there not an amusement, having an affinity with the drama, which might be usefully introduced among us? I mean, Recitation. A work of Genius, recited by a man of fine taste, enthusiasm, and powers of elocution, is a very pure and high gratification. Were this art cultivated and encouraged, great numbers, now insensible to the most beautiful compositions, might be waked up to their excellence and power. It is not easy to conceive of a more effectual way of spreading a refined taste through a community. The drama undoubtedly appeals more strongly to the passions than recitation; but the latter brings out the meaning of the author more. Shakspere, worthily recited, would be better understood than on the stage. Then, in recitation, we escape the weariness of listening to incompetent performers, who, after all, fill up most of the time at the theatre. Recitation, sufficiently varied, so as to include pieces of chaste wit, as well as of pathos, beauty, and sublimity, is adapted to our present intellectual progress, as much as the drama falls below it. Should this exhibition be introduced among us successfully, the result would be, that the power of recitation would be extensively called forth, and this would be a valuable addition to our social and domestic pleasures.

### THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame  
 By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,  
 Wha stands last and lanely, an' naeboddy carin'?  
 'Tis the puir doited loonie,—the mitherless bairn.

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lair bed;  
 Nane cōvers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;

His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,  
And litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,  
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;  
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,  
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn.'

Yon sister that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed  
Now rests in the mools where her mammie is laid,  
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,  
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,  
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;  
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn  
Whae couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn.

O, speak him na harshly,—he trembles the while,  
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;  
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn,  
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn.

—*William Thom*

## ON THE CONDITION OF INDIA.

Sheridan's first attempt as a parliamentary speaker was, like Disraeli's, a failure.

In 1787 he brought forward the charge against the celebrated Warren Hastings, governor general of India, in respect to the spoliation of the Princesses of Oude, and is said to have created so profound a sensation by his delivery of it that the House moved an adjournment in order to give time for the excitement caused by the speech to subside.]

Had a stranger, at this time, gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla—that man who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character; and who, with all his ferocity in war, had yet, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil;—if this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burned up and extinguished—of villages depopulated and in ruins—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry, he would naturally inquire, What war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country?—what civil dissensions have happened thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that

once possessed these villages?—what disputed succession, what religious rage has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent, but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties?—what merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword?—what severe visitation of Providence has dried up the fountain and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure? Or, rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour?

To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage, no merciless enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters;—no!—all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and, lo!—those are the fruits of their alliance. What, then! shall we be told, that, under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus goaded and spurred on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums? When we hear the description of the fever—paroxysm—delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when, on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds to accelerate their dissolution; and, while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to Heaven,—breathing their last and fervent prayer, that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country:—will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of those Begums in their secluded zenana? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair, into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom! What motive! That, which Nature—the common parent—plants in the bosom of man; and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes part of, his being. That feeling, which tells him that man was never made to be the property of man; but that when, through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty. That feeling, which tells him that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury, of

## MY OTHER CHINEE COOK.

the people; and that, when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed—That principle, which tells him, that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which He gave him in the creation?—to that common God, who, where he gives the form of man, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the feelings and the rights of man—That principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish—That principle, which makes it base for a man to suffer, when he ought to act—which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent quality of his race!

## MY OTHER CHINEE COOK.

Yes, I got another Johnny; but he was to Number One  
As a Satyr to Hyperion, as a rushlight to the sun;  
He was lazy, he was cheeky, he was dirty, he was sly,  
But he had a single virtue, and its name was rabbit pie.

Now those who say the bush is dull are not so far astray,  
For the neutral tints of station life are anything but gay;  
But, with all its uneventfulness, I solemnly deny  
That the bush is unendurable along with rabbit pie.

We had fixed one day to sack him, and agreed to moot the point.  
When my lad should bring our usual regale of cindered joint,  
But instead of cindered joint we saw and smelt, my wife and I,  
Such a lovely, such a beautiful, oh! such a rabbit pie!

There was quite a new expression on his lemon-coloured face,  
And the unexpected odour won him temporary grace,  
For we tacitly postponed the sacking-point till by-and-bye,  
And we tacitly said nothing save the one word, "Rabbit pie!"

I had learned that pleasant mystery should simply be endured,  
And forbore to ask of Johnny where the rabbits were procured!  
I had learned from Number One to stand aloof from how and why,  
And I threw myself upon the simple fact of rabbit pie.

And when the pie was opened, what a picture did we see!  
They lay in beauty side by side, they filled our home with glee!

How excellent, how succulent, back, neck, and leg, and thigh!  
What a noble gift is manhood! What a trust is rabbit pie!

For a week the thing continued, rabbit pie from day to day;  
Though where he got the rabbits John would ne'er vouchsafe to say;  
But we never seemed to tire of them, and daily could descry  
Subtle shades of new delight in each successive rabbit pie.

Sunday came; by rabbit reckoning, the seventh day of the week;  
We had dined, we sat in silence, both our hearts (?) too full to speak,  
When in walks Cousin George, and, with a sniff, says he, "Oh my!  
What a savoury suggestion! what a smell of rabbit pie!"

"Oh, why so late, George?" says my wife, "the rabbit pie is gone,  
But you *must* have one for tea, though. Ring the bell, my dear, for John."  
So I rang the bell for John, to whom my wife did signify,  
"Let us have an early tea, John, and another rabbit pie."

But John seemed taken quite aback, and shook his funny head,  
And uttered words I comprehended no more than the dead;  
"Go, do as you are bid," I cried, "we wait for no reply;  
Go! let us have tea early, and another rabbit pie!"

Oh, that I had stopped his answer! But it came out with a run:  
"Last-a week-a plenty puppy; this-a week-a puppy done!"  
Just then my wife, my love, my life, the apple of mine eye,  
Was seized with what seemed "mal-de-mer,"—"sick transit"  
rabbit pie!

And George! By George, he laughed, and then he howled like any  
bear!  
The while my wife contorted like a mad "convulsionnaire;,"  
And I—I rushed on Johnny, and I smote him hip and thigh,  
And I never saw him more, nor tasted more of rabbit pie.

And the childless mothers met me, as I kicked him from the door.  
With loud maternal wailings and anathemas galore;  
I must part with pretty Tiny, I must part with little Fly,  
For I'm sure they know the story of the so-called "rabbit pie."

—By J. Brunton Stephens, from collected Poems entitled *Convict Once*.

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